HOW GENERAL GIRAUD TWICE ESCAPED THE NAZIS

Collier's

JULY 24, 1943

TEN CENTS

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GEN. GEORGE C. MARSHALL, U. S. A.

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

July 24/1943

MRS HAROLD SMITH 128
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"Why Doesn't Somebody Tell Me These Things?"

ME—I'm just a dog. But my master and mistress think the world of me. And vice versa. Only trouble is they keep me in the dark about some things. Like dog food, for example.

You see, I'm crazy about Red Heart Dehydrated Dog Food. It's swell tasting. Comes in 3 flavors, you know. I just don't get it as often as I'd like to. Used to make me a bit peeved, I don't mind telling you.

Well, just the other day I was talking to Scotty about this. Did he *ever* put me in my place! Whew! Told me I was unreasonable. Said that the makers of Red Heart Dehydrated have their hands full turning out many items vital to the war effort.

Scotty says that tremendous processing and packaging changes, together with essential wartime restrictions, limit the supply of Red Heart. Gosh, I never thought of that.

Why doesn't somebody tell me these things? No wonder I can't always have Red Heart!

From now on I'm going to be just as patient as can be. At least I know that those Morrell folks are doing the best they can. So if your dealer is out of Red Heart Dehydrated from time to time, please do the best you can to keep *your* dog well fed and in good condition. After all, we *all* have to sacrifice to win this war!

(SIGNED)

Boots

DIET A BEEF FLAVOR
DIET B FISH FLAVOR
DIET C CHEESE FLAVOR
RED HEART
DEHYDRATED DOG FOOD

Feed in Rotation

RED HEART

DEHYDRATED DOG FOOD

JOHN MORRELL & CO., *General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa*

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Short Cuts to Social Success

by BOB HOPE

1. There are a dozen ways to be a social success . . . looks, clothes, money, brains, money, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a big front . . . well, I didn't exactly put it on . . . I took my girdle off.

2. First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.

3. Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like . . . "Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."

4. Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough. But film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.

5. Above all, watch your manners. For example... when you drink tea, extend your little finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point... unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright and film-free.

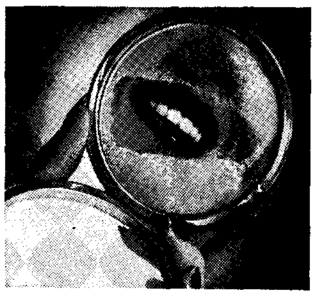
PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
CONTAINS Irium
VICTORY PACKAGE
SAME QUANTITY SAME QUALITY
Pepsodent TOOTH PASTE
CONTAINS Irium
Pep

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror shows the result when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile... safely, gently.

Easy On the Eyes!

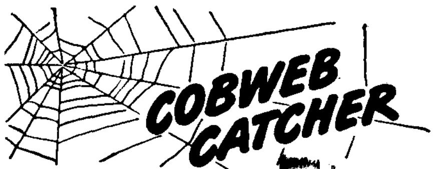
WE WELDERS USE *KLEENEX*TISSUES* TO CLEAN OUR GOGGLES AND SHADES. IT NEVER SCRATCHES—SAVES OUR EYES FOR MORE PRODUCTION!

(*from a letter by* T. V. E., Belding, Mich.)

A Blow Hard!

SINCE I SWITCHED FROM SKIMPY UNDERSIZED TISSUES TO *KLEENEX*, MY HUSBAND USES THEM FOR HANKIES DURING COLDS! WHEN HE'S GOTTA BLOW—HE'S GOTTA BLOW!

(*from a letter by* F. DS., Denver, Colo.)



COBWEB CATCHER

TIE *KLEENEX* AROUND A [illegible], CANE OR BROOM HANDLE, THEN [illegible] WHISK AWAY COBWEBS WIT[illegible] CEILING OR WALLPAPER.

(*from a letter by* F. B. C., C[illegible]io)

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ANY WEEK

WE AREN'T quite sure whether we should applaud or deplore the evidence you're sending us that under all this idealism that's going around there still survives quite a thick stratum of the practical. For example we've a letter from a brand-new rookie who was being hauled with a thousand other newly inducted soldiers to a Southern training camp by troop train. The rookies could gamble but only with the dice and cards purchased from the veteran noncoms in charge of the cars. Dice cost a dollar a pair. A deck of cards cost the same. From another recently drafted lad we learn that neither he nor his buddies had been in camp more than a week before being tapped for veterans organizations. The tapping is being done chiefly by mail. But in at least one instance an agent of one of the organizations was doing fine by arguing thus: "Join up now and get your benefits sooner. We aim to get our bonus bill before Congress before the war is over." And there's another from a sergeant who, before being inducted, lived pretty stylishly in a pretty stylish hotel which has been taken over for the duration by the Army. "We hope," the hotel's manager wrote to him, "that when the war is over and the officers who are now our guests return to the civilian status to which they are accustomed, you will again be one of our carefully selected tenants."

FROM Brigadier General Robert L. Denig, United States Marine Corps, we receive notice that Private James E. Sands who won the Navy Cross and whose portrait was on the cover of this magazine for June 12, is a Marine and not, as we took the trouble to say, a soldier—an Army soldier. To date we have received no protests from the Army.

NONE of the uniformed lads overseas from whom we hear show any enthusiasm for staying there and policing foreign parts, after the war. And yet from one of them we got a hint of something we'd like to see ourself. "All I want to see after this is over," he writes, "is the peace conference with F.D.R., Winston Churchill and Joe Stalin sitting around a table playing poker with what's left of the world. Somebody's going home without his pants, and it ain't going to be Winnie Churchill. Over here we wouldn't think of letting Winnie sit in on any of our sessions. That guy can draw deuces and lay down aces. I mean shrewd."

SO WE'VE received a manuscript from Stephen and Pattie Tower of St. Augustine, Florida. Stephen did the creating. Pattie helped with the punctuation. We may as well tell you that Stephen's seven and Pattie's ten. Looking over the general flow of war literature we feel you'd have never guessed it. Here it is: "Saturday something happen. A susprize attack it. On Australia about a mile out in the water that was a Jap sub. It had a anxious torpeato. Just then a American Firster come around the bend of Australia, the captain saw the sub, he turned the boat around. The Jap captain hear a strange noise, 9 American patrole planes came towards that sub. The captain said I whope you get the yellow rats. The boms came down the sub. That is all I ever heard of it now."

BUT we have just been informed that a singular lad of twenty-three had made so good at the Officer Candidate School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, that he was not sent forthwith into battle but retained at the Field Artillery School as an instructor. A few days later he was assigned to instruct his first class. The lowest ranking officer taking the course was a major. After standing a few moments outside the classroom door, the new lieutenant gulped thrice and entered. Striding briskly to the front of the platform he said in a loud, clear voice: "I suppose there are at least ten thousand officers in the United States Army who know more about this subject than I do." He paused. Then: "But I see none of them here today—so I shall go right ahead and speak freely." From that moment the kid had the majors, colonels and brigadiers right in his pocket.

GOT us too. . . . W. D.

THIS WEE

JULY 24, 1943

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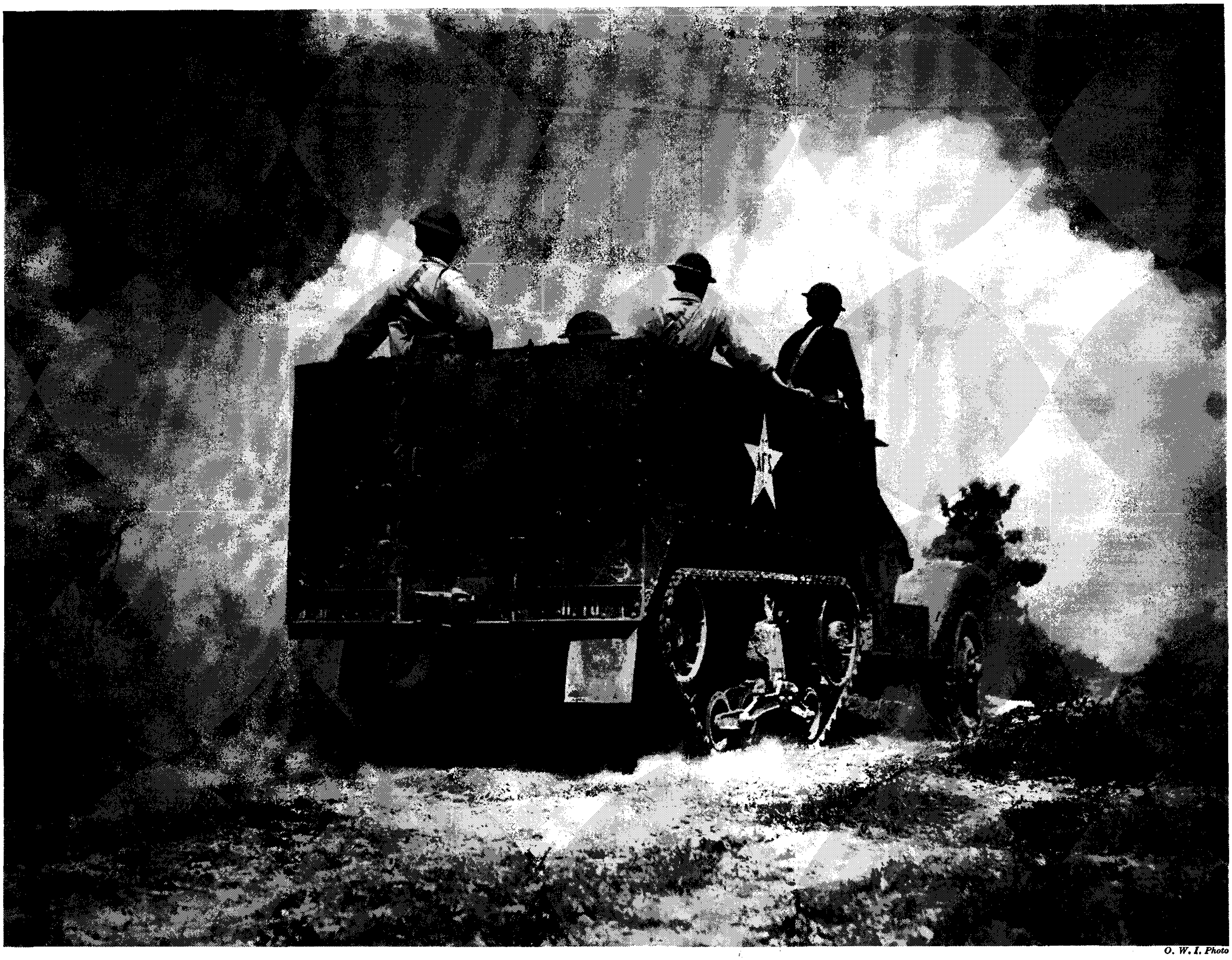

O. W. I. Photo

Track of All Trades —and Master of All

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

THE endless band rubber track you see on this army scout car started out on a farm tractor. It was 'way back in 1931 that B. F. Goodrich was the first to develop rubber tracks for slow-moving agricultural tractors.

Now this track is being used on vehicles designed for fifty-eight different military purposes! It makes possible deadly tank destroyers, fast scout cars, gun carriers, and other combat vehicles. It's truly a "track of all trades"—and master of all, for the fast, sure maneuverability of the half-track units is one of the great military advancements of this war.

In between the first track and those of today was one of the most intensive research and development programs ever undertaken by The B. F. Goodrich Company. It was carried through in cooperation with the U. S. Army Ordnance Department and climaxed with the announcement that these tracks are now to be made with substantial amounts of synthetic rubber. Compounds using synthetic rubber have proved equal in wear resistance to natural rubber.

Rubber tracks enable vehicles to travel cross-country at highway speeds, to cross ditches and streams, to travel through mud or sand that would stop a pneumatic-tired vehicle.

Called "square tires" by some, this continuous band track, in which are embedded steel cables, resists wear on roads and cutting on rock and actually saves almost 500 pounds of rubber per vehicle as compared with the use of combat tires.

Today this great development, another "first" for B. F. Goodrich, is helping to win battles—tomorrow, through peacetime applications on farms and in factories, we hope it will help win the peace.

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

ARMY E NAVY

WHY BE A FIFTH WHEEL BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?

5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHANGE ALL THAT...

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

KEEP YOUR HAIR NEAT...HEALTHY-LOOKING!

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

THE WAY YOU DO IT... Comb a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic through your hair... or rub it directly on your scalp. It keeps your hair well-groomed... checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing the natural oils of the scalp. As an extra aid, massage vigorously with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before shampooing and rub a little on afterwards. For double care of both scalp and hair, there's nothing like 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. And remember: it's different... because it contains absolutely no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢
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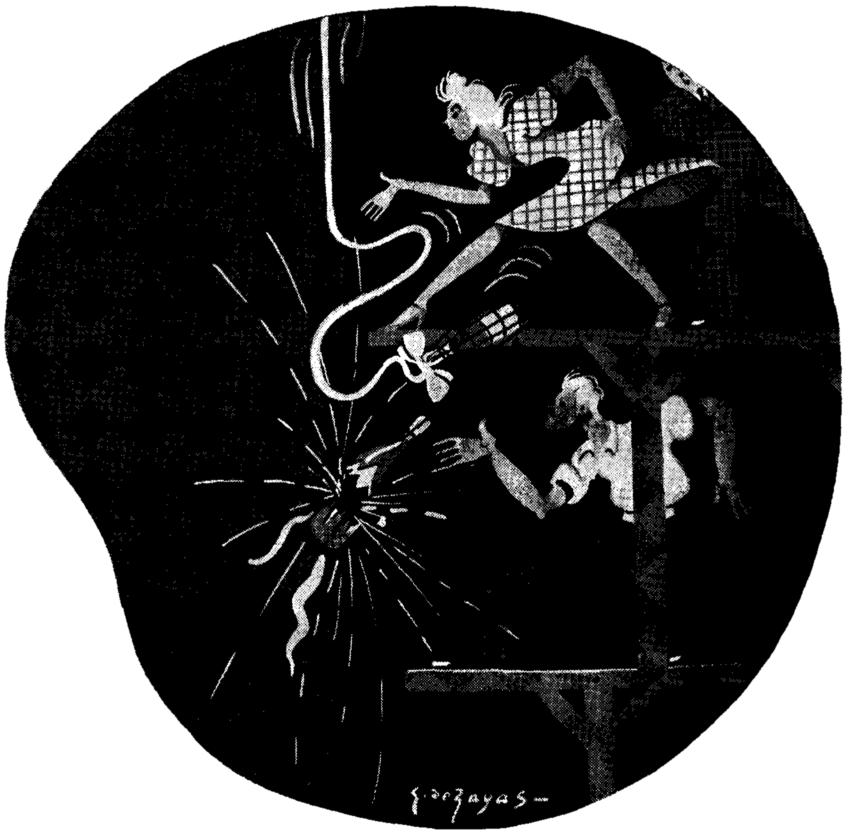


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Fearing that one of its vessels might be launched unchristened, and therefore be unlucky, a certain Seattle shipyard now stations a pinch hitter under the official platform so he can break a bottle of champagne against the ship's bow in case the lady sponsor misses through weak or wild swings.

The U. S. Marine Corps' 30-piece band is so popular in Great Britain that it has been invited to participate in the 1943 contests of the Scottish pipe band associations.

Delirium tremens affects only four per cent of habitual heavy drinkers, usually those who have indulged to excess for from 10 to 15 years. Three fourths of all cases are precipitated by a disease such as pneumonia, an accident such as a burn, or starvation or severe mental strain. In uncomplicated cases, attacks last from three to six days and are rarely fatal.

In many localities, the cost of maintaining the greens and fairways of a first-class modern 18-hole golf course is approximately $25,000 a year.

A modern cigar-making machine produces perfect cigars at the rate of one every seven seconds, or 14 times as fast as the most expert craftsman can do it by hand.—*By William Gordon, New York City.*

Since September 8, 1939, the government has created 17 new war medals and decorations, including two for merchant seamen—a Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal for heroism in submarine-infested waters and a Torpedoed Seaman Bar, which bears a silver star for each sinking survived.

Elementary aeronautics is now being taught to more than 250,000 students in over 14,000 American high schools. . . . Twenty-eight per cent of all manufacturing plants in this country are engaged in processing food.

With ordinary dice, the odds against throwing a pair are 35 to 1, against throwing the same pair two consecutive times are 1,295 to 1, three consecutive times 46,655 to 1 and four consecutive times 1,679,615 to 1.

In times of peace as well as war, no bridge may be built over any navigable water in the United States until the plans have been submitted to and approved by the Chief of Engineers of the Army and the Secretary of War.

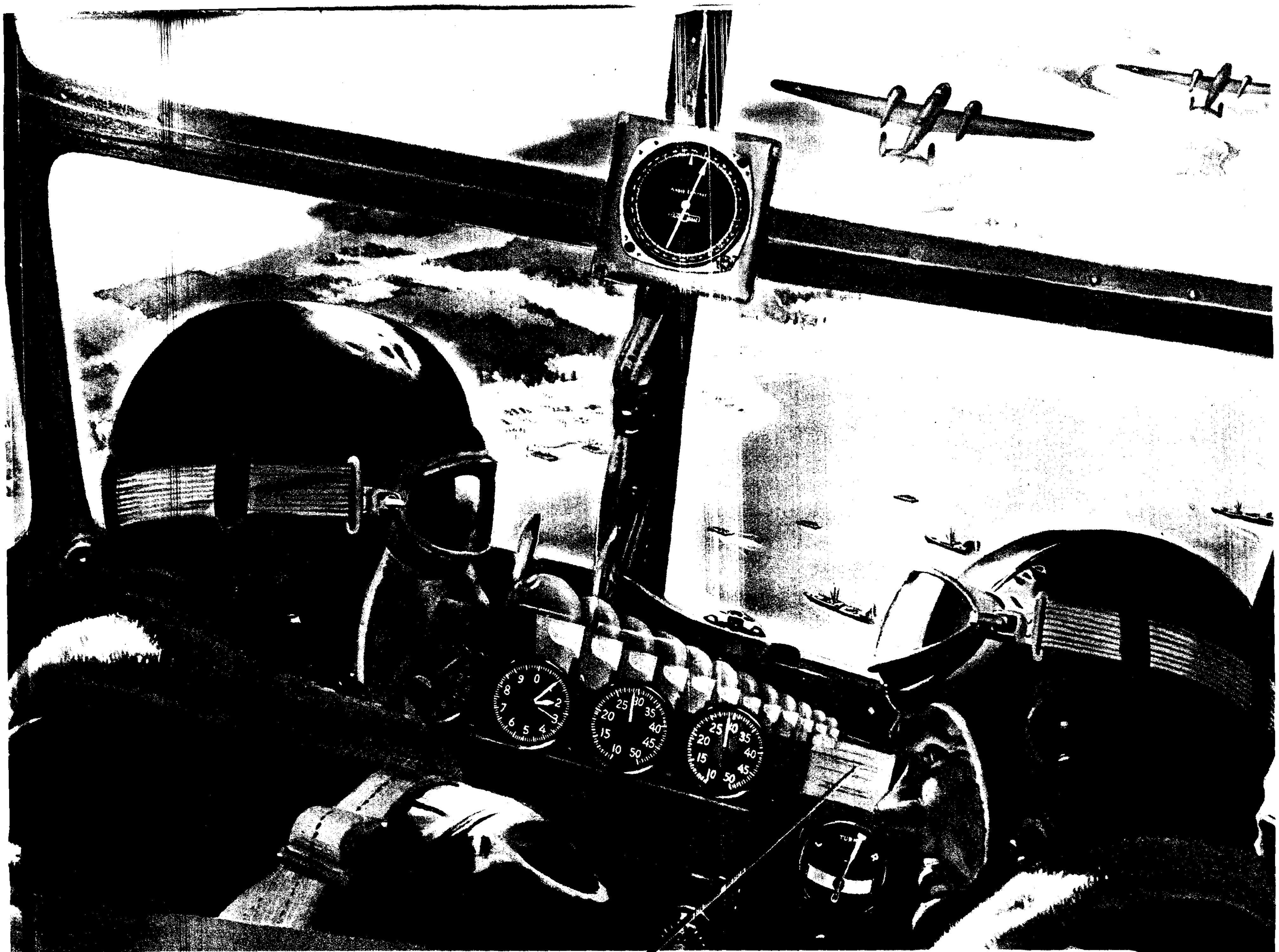
American submarines, when on the alert on the surface, can submerge entirely in 40 seconds, during which time the ballast tanks have to be opened and partly filled, the conning tower closed and all power connections switched over from the Diesel engines to the electric motors.—*By Charles S. Neumann, New York City.*

In Russia, the labor unions are empowered, for the duration, to supervise the control and enforcement of ceiling prices so they may be held in line with wages that will maintain the living standards of the workers.

Four years ago, the passengers in an airliner, arriving at the New York Municipal Airport, watched their landing in a television set installed in the plane, thus enjoying the unique experience of having both an outside and an inside view at the same time.

Since 1920, tornadoes have occurred in this country on an average of one every 60 hours, with an average property damage of $78,600. . . . Christian Science practitioners still are not permitted by law to charge for their services in Alabama, Maryland, Ohio and West Virginia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



"*THE INVISIBLE CREW*" puts Superhuman Life Into Every U.S. Fighting Machine

TO ANY PILOT, his plane is alive. He calls her the "Susy Q" or the "Mary Ann." It's the same with destroyers . . . and tanks. They all have a special kind of life... superhuman. And to endow mere machines with this superhuman "life" is peculiarly a function of "**The Invisible Crew.**"

Thus, Eclipse* Starters send the plane's engines into roaring action. Scintilla* Magnetos feed them the spark of life. Stromberg* Carburetors provide their "lungs" . . . Autosyn* and Magnesyn* systems, their unfailing "nerves." Bendix* hydraulic "muscles" lift landing gear, rotate gun turrets, open bomb-bay doors. And in the cooperative development of Radar, new Bendix achievements give to the U. S. pilot truly superhuman "sight."

Many a mother's son will be saved by this superhuman "life" in his machine. That thought inspires all the 2,500 Bendix engineers...and the many thousand Bendix workers. And the proof of their accomplishment is this: some or all of "**The Invisible Crew**" now fly with every U. S. fighting plane, sail with every U. S. fighting ship, and drive on toward victory with every U. S. jeep, half-track and tank!

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BENDIX* RADIO—Aircraft Radio Equipment for Navigation, Detection, Communication and Direction Finding, and Radio Compasses.
STROMBERG*—Automatically adjusting Aircraft Injection Carburetors, standard of the industry.
SCINTILLA*—Aircraft Magnetos, Spark Plugs and Ignition Systems.
BENDIX* PRODUCTS—Vacuum and Hydraulic Controls, Stromberg Automotive Carburetors, Universal Joints, Aircraft Gun Turrets, Aircraft Landing Gear, Wheels and Brakes.
ECLIPSE* AVIATION—Aircraft Starters, Generators and Superchargers, De-Icer Systems and other Aircraft Operational Auxiliaries.
FRIEZ*—Weather, Meteorological ...and Flight Recording Instruments.

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BACK UP OUR BOYS...BUY WAR BONDS

Every one of us can

HELP HIM FIGHT!

—by fighting gas and oil waste and driving *patriotically*

HE'S got to have more than Fire-Power to win! He needs, and gets, millions of eager horsepower! That horsepower transports him, fights beside him, supplies him, and it will bring him back to us. And it serves him equally back here at home.

Our civilian engines, carrying us to work, toting vital freight to keep our war machine humming—it's our *duty* to keep them fit, and drive them with care. So—

We watch our starts and stops. We cut out useless motor idling, reduce idling speed. We use our choke as little as we can. We drive at a steady, reasonable pace. We accelerate without wheel-spinning. We use our cars only for essential driving. And we don't waste precious gasoline and oil—and dollars—by operating a worn, carbon-choked engine!

When smoky exhaust and loss of power tell us our rings and pistons are worn, *right then* we should have our favorite repairman install genuine Sealed Power Piston Rings. They're packed in sets, individually engineered for each popular car, truck or tractor engine.

Sealed Power is turning out millions of these famous rings for our armed forces. On land, at sea and in the air, Sealed Power products are guarding fighting power. But it's still part of our duty to help keep home-front engines on the job. Your car, your truck, your bus or tractor, is part of America's supply line now! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

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Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts

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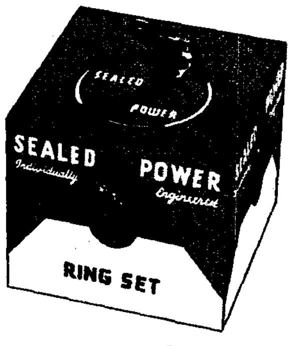

INTERNATIONAL

WING TALK

In addition to watching for enemy planes, volunteers of the aircraft-warning service help the Army and Navy find lost fliers. This trio is on guard at Staten Island, N. Y.

MOST of us by this time are familiar with the marvelous volunteer organization of civilians allied with the Army Air Forces over thousands of square miles of United States territory, functioning as the aircraft-warning system. But it is not so well known that the men and women of this vast, telephone-linked network have already furnished priceless service of another sort—an undisclosed number of rescues, and valuable information in the search for lost airplanes.

Not many days ago, two heavy, speedy Army fighter planes left an Eastern airdrome. At the controls of one was a young lieutenant who had logged only 10 hours in this type of thundering warbird. The other's book showed a mere eight hours in the "hot" model. Weather: fair to poor. Then, unexpectedly, the weather shut down, and they were far from the field.

Radio still linked the two pilots to the ground, and they asked for advice.

"Stay high," came back instructions by radio, with a message which included a compass heading for them to follow. Then a radio circuit to the nearest air defense wing information center was established, and AAF officers began to watch the big operations board on which aircraft positions are maintained 24 hours a day.

As one phone call after another buzzed in from ground observers who could see no planes but could hear engines, movable arrows traced a course across the great map in line with the direction the lost fliers had been instructed to take.

In the operations room, officers sized up the situation. Altitude? Mountains? Ceiling and visibility at near-by available airports? A lower altitude and a new course to fly were flashed by radio. The planes were clear of the mountains to the north.

More ground-observer phone calls and more arrows across the map. The planes were on the new heading. The combination of information from listening spotters on the ground and radio messages to the planes finally led them over a military airport, where they landed safely.

Such civilian-Army teamwork also explains why the Air Corps and the Navy many times know almost exactly where to start search procedure for planes that take off and don't come back.

A YEAR or more back, production managers of the nation's aircraft factories suffered continuous headaches over the loss of trained men to the armed services. When they protested to Washington, government officials chorused, "Hire women."

They did, but then the aircraft plants had woman-power problems in addition to man-power difficulties. The Waacs, Waves and Spars were recruiting the housewives the plants had trained to be plane builders. At the Boeing Flying Fortress factories in Seattle recruiters wearing skirts made considerable inroads. Boeing officials protested to the Army and Navy recruiting offices in Seattle, and the Waves and Spars agreed to lay off. The Waacs, however, kept right on, and it was necessary to take up the matter with the War Department. As a result, the Department issued a directive to the Waac recruiting offices ordering that no woman aircraft worker be accepted until the plant secures a replacement.

A GROUP of aviation enthusiasts were having a get-together in a hotel room recently, celebrating the 25th anniversary of the Air Mail. Among them was E. A. "Al" Johnson, an old McCook Field test pilot and one of the first to haul the mail over the Smokies, in the old Army DH's. True of these sessions the prop-and-bull stories were running high. Al related this typical incident of the old days:

I wanted to know the weather ahead, so I called a farmer's house which was located along my route to ask how the weather was at that spot. I knew it wasn't good. His wife answered the phone.

"What's the weather like there?" I asked.

"Oh, fine. Jes' fine," she said.

"Is it raining?"

"Nope, 'tain't rainin'."

"Is it snowing?"

"Nope, 'tain't snowin'."

"What's the temperature?"

"Wait," she said. "I'll take a look."

In a minute she returned. "Can't tell you," she said. "The fog's so thick I can't see the garsh-darned thermometer." ★★★

"I'M NOT PLAYING FOR MARBLES..."

This is it.

We're headed straight for the open doors of hell, and when we get inside they'll slam 'em shut and lock 'em. Maybe I'll come out alive, and maybe I won't.

I'll take that chance. I'll take it because I know, now, what I'm playing for over here. And it isn't marbles.

I'm not fighting for the right to wait in line for my daily bread.

I'm not using a bayonet and a knife to carve myself a hole where I'll hide in fear for the rest of my days.

I'm not betting my life out here so anyone back there can tell me where and what and how to worship.

I'm not outguessing madmen with machine guns in their hands for the privilege of being told what to say and when to say it.

I'm fighting for freedom!

I'm fighting for the things that made America the greatest place in the world to live in . . . that are going to *keep* America the greatest place in this world to live in!

So don't anybody tell me I'll find America changed.

Don't anybody tell me there's no future any more in America.

Don't anybody tell me there's a ceiling on my opportunity to make a million or be President.

Don't anybody tell me there's a bridle and bit waiting for me with *my* name on it!

That's what took the humanity out of the men I'm up against now. And I don't want any part of it!

I want to come back to the same America I left behind me . . . where our way of living has always brought us new and *better* things . . . and always will . . . the America where there's clean, hard work to do . . . where there's freedom, and justice, and opportunity for all . . . where, if you can think and plan and act on your own, there are no limits on how high you can rise, how far you can go.

That's what I'm fighting for.

That's America to me.

Keep it that way until I come back!

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

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NASH KELVINATOR

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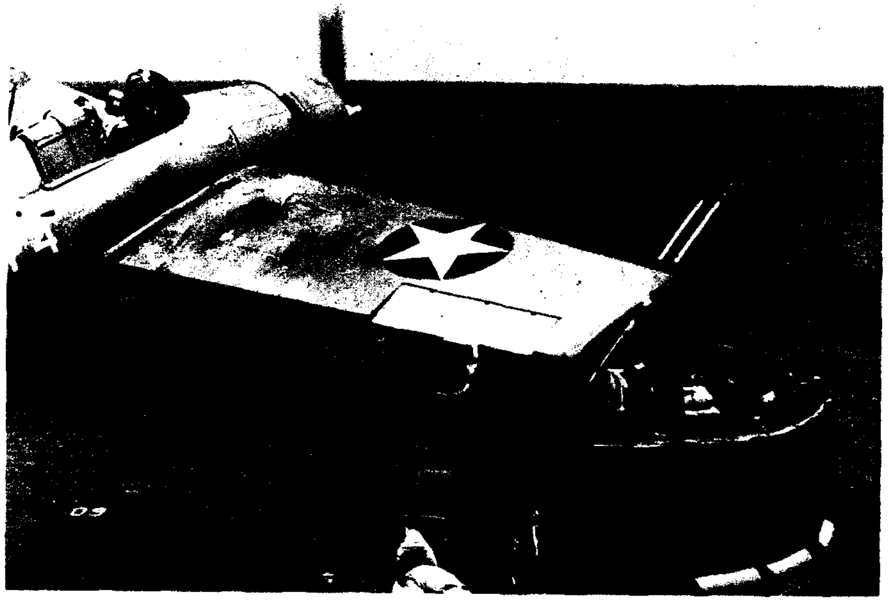
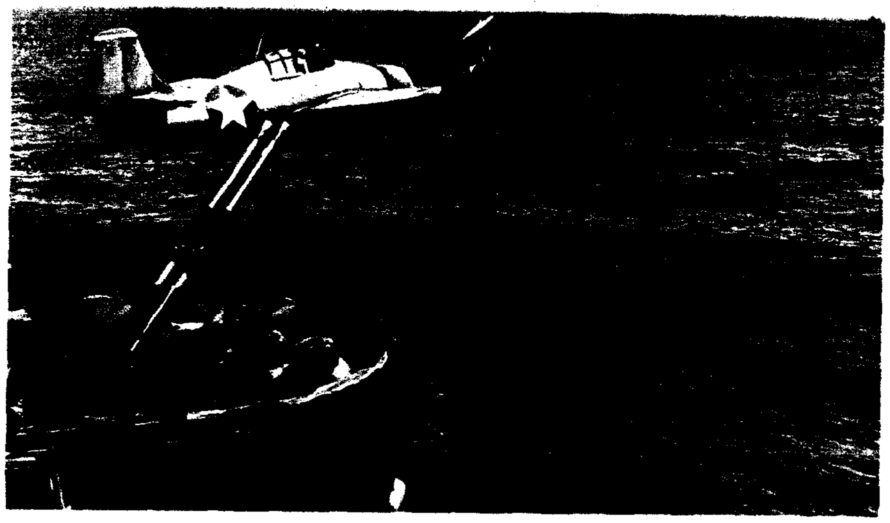
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.

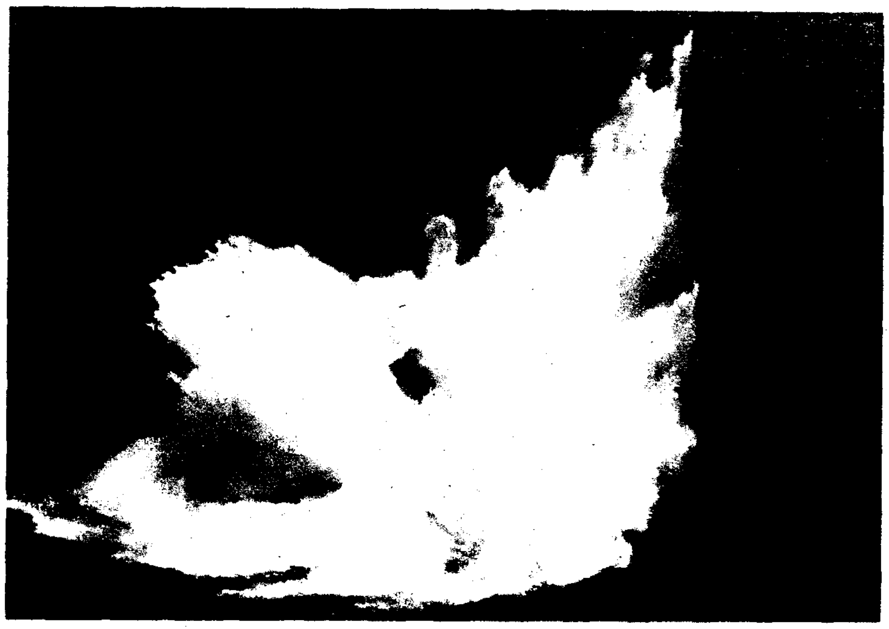


1. **Grumman Fighter,** attempting to land, veers to starboard side of ship. A sudden crosscurrent of wind could have been responsible.

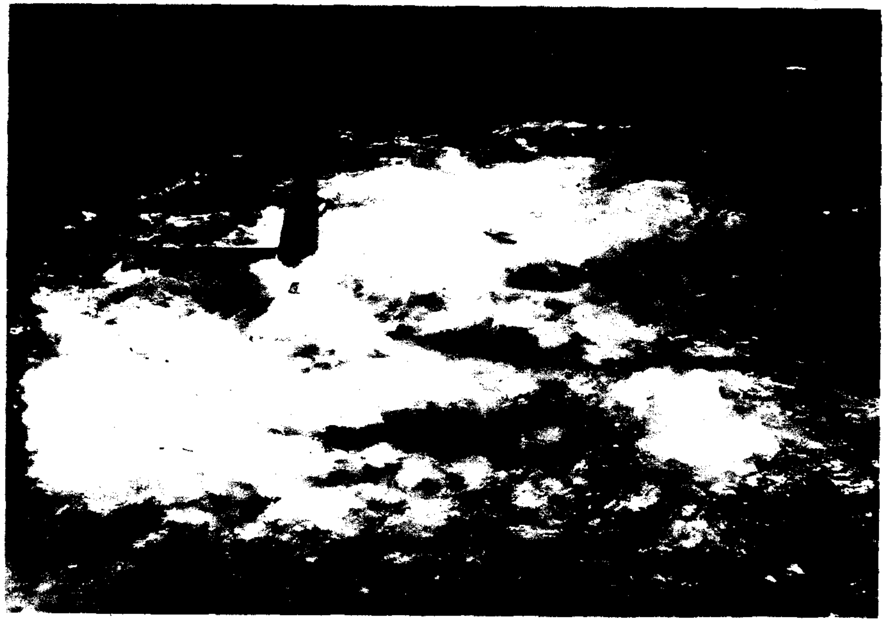


2. **The plane clips** the tops of the Bofors 40 mm. guns with sufficient force to break the tip of its wing. Pilot, nevertheless, skillfully keeps plane on even keel.

Official U.S. Navy photos



3. **Splash!** Plane will bob to surface, give pilot enough time to unfasten his safety belt and escape before plane sinks, nose first.



4. **Pilot dove clear** and was saved. Note wing tip completely broken off by impact with water. Note life raft automatically emerging from fuselage.

What does a lens-hawk do on a flat-top?

To a lot of people, an aircraft carrier is an unusual place to find a photographer. Yet he is an important member of the crew.

He's all over the ship, shooting his pictures under every conceivable condition . . . in fair weather . . . in wild, pitching seas . . . often in the midst of battle. He must be on the alert every second, ready to snap any action. He must be particularly on the watch for things that might go wrong, so that his photographic record of avoidable accidents can later be used to make good pilots *better pilots.*

For instance, the pictures shown here are an invaluable record of just one mishap. The Navy photographer who took them on a small escort carrier *did not* have the luxury of a movie camera. He used a hand-held aerial scouting camera manually operated, yet he got six clear pictures in a few seconds! Four are shown above.

Many a Navy pilot will study the pictures, will note the position of the plane's controls, note how it behaved, and will come away a wiser, surer pilot.

That's why there are lens-hawks on flat-tops!

Naturally, this kind of vitally necessary photography uses a lot of film. In fact nearly 80% of Agfa Ansco's production of films and photographic supplies goes to the armed forces or to industries serving them!

This means that while the war goes on you'll not have as much film for *your* camera as you used to have. But remember: somewhere there's a Navy photographer who's helping some other fellow fly the better for it.

AGFA ANSCO BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

KEEP YOUR EYE ON ANSCO—FIRST WITH THE FINEST

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 24, 1943

HOW GENERAL GIRAUD TWICE ESCAPED THE NAZIS

BY PAUL BRINGUIER

One of the war's greatest stories of personal valor, told here for the first time

NOT very long after he had taken command in Algiers, General Henri Giraud was going to the theater, to a gala affair for the benefit of the Red Cross. At seven-thirty, the air-raid siren sounded through the mild March night, and almost immediately the antiaircraft batteries went into action.

I was in the garden of the Summer Palace. I stepped back under a marble portico to seek cover from the bursting bombs, and, as I did so, I heard a step. Turning, I saw that the general had stopped behind me.

The sky was filled with balls of fire. We could hear the Germans flying above the city and dipping toward the harbor. The sharp crackling of machine-gun fire stood out above the puffing of the ack-ack and the heavy clatter of bursting bombs.

"Very pretty fireworks," I said.

"Not bad," replied the general.

Showers of bullets and shrapnel fell in the garden. The bits of steel cut the leaves like hail and fell noisily on the gravel.

"Bring my carriage," the voice at my side ordered the spahi guard.

"But, General," I remonstrated, "do you think they will have the fete now?"

"Why not?" was the answer. "In any case, they expect me at eight o'clock, and it is now a quarter of."

He got into the blue car, which bore on its right fender a tricolor flag, with a little white knot, the mark of the commander in chief.

I followed in another car. The streets were dark and filled with a thick, oily, artificial fog which poured forth from enormous smokestacks on wheels and which was designed to conceal the harbor. When we finally arrived at the theater, the building was closed and dark.

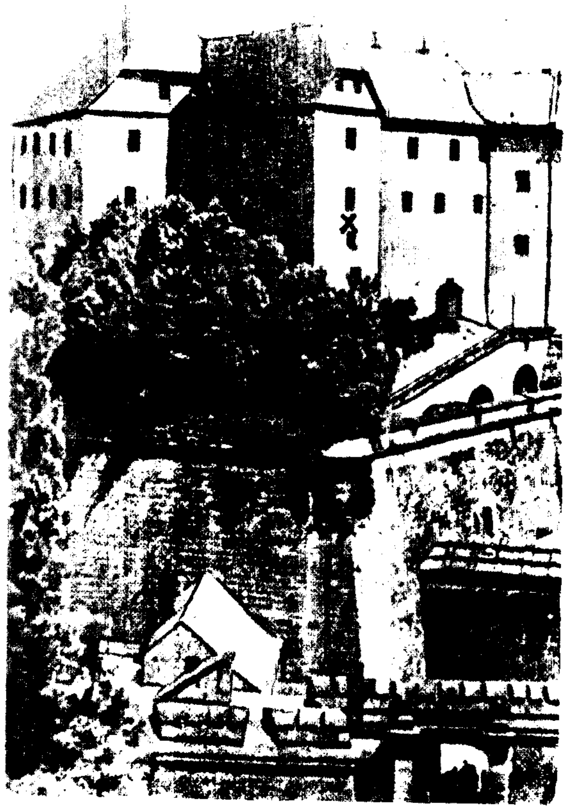
General Giraud calmly got out of the car and approached the entrance. His aide-de-camp knocked at the door. Someone eventually opened it. There was surprise and confusion on the man's face. Someone went to look for the director of the theater. Someone else bade the general enter, and, with the aid of a flashlight, guided us to the box reserved for him. Naturally, there could be no lights.

Explosion followed explosion all around us. The building shook from their force. The actors, the musicians, the theater employees were all huddled in a basement shelter. The audience had prudently stayed home. Only the general was there, sitting in his box in the darkness of the empty building, in his hand the invitation which read: "Eight o'clock." Politely, he did not refer to the situation. He only looked as if he were wondering why the performance did not begin. And it *did* begin, two hours later, when the alert was over.

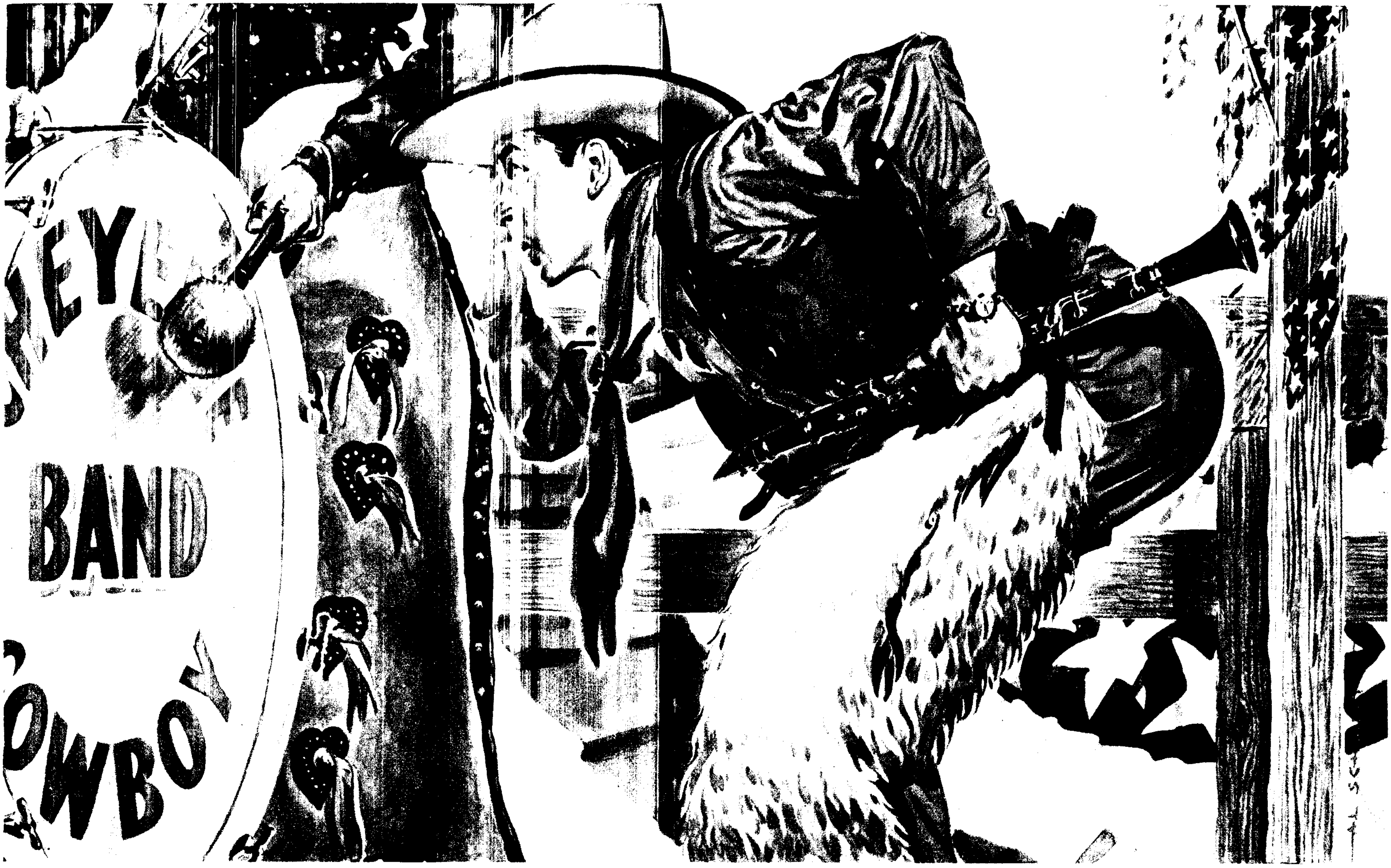
During those two hours, in this interval of forced leisure, General Henri Giraud told me in detail about his extraordinary adventures since the day when . . .

On May 10, 1940, General Giraud commanded the Seventh Army, which made up the left, the active, offensive wing of the French army. Giraud entered Belgium, *(Continued on page 53)*

Above, General Henri Giraud reviews the victorious Allied troops in Tunis, North Africa



X does not mark the window in Koenigstein from which General Giraud escaped. Actually, he escaped from a lower level and let himself down the wall at left by sliding down a rope which he made from hoarded bits of string and wire



Hidden behind the bass-drum section, Private Ding-Dong knew the moment was at hand. He edged toward the microphone

SABER AND SWING

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

"For horses they're real solid," Ding-Dong said. "They like their jive. Eight bars of the Rebel Yell, they're sent but good." The effect on the U. S. Cavalry was a near disaster—for Private Ding-Dong Williams

SERGEANT BRENNAN had the President taped. While people thought Mr. Roosevelt was seeing Churchill or dreaming up new ways of giving Adolf the whips-and-jingles, he was actually spending his days seeing to it that Dusty Brennan never got a break. Not content with having slapped those draft-board greetings on him, placing one of Detroit's best mechanics in the cavalry, of all places, now he had thrown his Sunday punch. With the whole Army to choose, President Roosevelt had gifted Sergeant Brennan with the only living clarinet who went around fondly believing he was a cavalryman.

"But that's Roosevelt," Sergeant Brennan said bitterly. "For nothing he's gotta give me this Ding-Dong Williams!"

Outside the hutment where Sergeant Brennan was making it plain he and Roosevelt had reached a parting of ways, the Wyoming wind whistled across Fort Bixel. Bleak mountains scraped the horizon, and a troop trotting across the grounds, guidons fluttering in the sun, bent their heads into the wind. Flat and lifeless in the half-hour after noon mess, only the troop and Private Ding-Dong Williams were to be seen. Looking wistfully after the guidons, he was laboriously carrying gasoline tins over to the motor pool. Five days the nation's greatest scat man had been at Fort Bixel and not yet had one of the horses even glanced at him. Sighing, he went into a garage.

"From prayers I gotta brighten him up," Dusty Brennan moaned. "What's more, he's a jinx. The first day he's here, a horse bites me. There I was minding my own business when this hay-burner—" Unfortunately no one ever learned the name of the horse so worthy of a D.S.M. His glorious name was lost in one vast, shattering explosion. Followed by a series of first-rate earthquakes, dust flew, the floor kissed the ceiling, and the hutment slowly keeled over. Grabbing their sidearms the non-coms went racing out the door.

The nearest garage had blazed up, a raging inferno whose smoke was seen over in Larabee. While the post fire equipment was rushed to the scene a small party in blue fatigues suddenly appeared in the smoke, dazedly pushing a jeep from the garage.

Not until several buckets of water had been thrown on him was it seen that it was Private Williams—the late King of Swing—looking no more dazed than usual. He blinked unhappily at Sergeant Brennan.

"Private Williams wishes to report a fire," he announced bleakly. "I kinda lit a match to count the tins and the whole place blew up."

"Match?" screamed Sergeant Brennan. "You trying to act as stupid as you look? Who told you to be counting any tins?"

"Nobody," said Ding-Dong. "I just thought you'd like to know."

Never reassuring, Dusty Brennan's face curdled to an angry yellow. With his freckles ugly red blotches against his sandy skin, he roared, "From now on, you quit thinking for yourself, you hear? Give me any more of that lip, yardbird, I'll make you eat your clarinet!"

OVER Ding-Dong's eyes, always a little on the mellow side, spread a glaze seldom found outside the better confectioners. There were times when he suspected the Army didn't appreciate his services. No matter how hard he tried to be a good soldier, folks never let him forget he was a reed artiste.

"Why don't you let me work somewhere else then?" he asked doggedly. "I'm not supposed to be making around cars and things. I'm supposed to be in the cavalry. It says so on my papers."

"Oh," Brennan roared, "so your itty papers say oo are to be in the cavalry, do ums? Now, ain't that nice?"

While not caring for this baby talk, Ding-Dong brightened. "With horses I won't be laying any eggs," he said eagerly. "I been reading Zane Grey books until I know what to do. When you get lost you just drop your reins and let your horse find the way home. Gene Autry does that, too, only he sings to his horse as they lope along."

Tormented beyond reason by Roosevelt's even shoving this off on him, "Don't you go mentioning horses to me!" Brennan shouted.

Frowning at this treason, several bow-legged veterans of the cavalry regiment lounged forward, thumbs dug in their pockets, their fists on the ready. Counting the house, Brennan made a hasty decision, hustling Ding-Dong across the parade grounds. With the sun beating down on them, Ding-Dong panted, "You shouldn't go pushing me, Sergeant. What'll people think?"

Sergeant Brennan leered at him as he shoved him into the motor pool's repair shop. "Why, I wouldn't dream of pushing you, baby," he said gaily, shoving him half the length of the building. To a corporal in coveralls he said, "Here's your new greaseball, Hazelhurst." And scowling on Fort Bixel's latest contribution to the second front, he barked, "From now on, Williams, all the horses you're gonna see is through the windows. You're staying right here until you learn to take a differential apart blindfolded." . . .

Lower than Hitler's future, Ding-Dong went into Larabee that Saturday night only to find the streets strung with banners, hailing the opening of the Frontier Days Celebration. Lost in the crowd of ranchers

(Continued on page 69)

DIPLOMAT ON THE SPOT

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

The plain folks of Russia know all about Lend-Lease and what it's doing for them, thanks to some typically straight thinking of our ambassador to Moscow. Admiral Standley's forthright diplomacy has earned him the admiration of everybody in Moscow, including Collier's correspondent

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

IT WASN'T a formal press conference. Ambassador Standley had just returned to Moscow from Kuibishev, and correspondents thought they'd drop in. Sure, he'd be glad to see them, but he had "no news." They sat in the comfortable library of Spasso House, and the ambassador told them of his long train ride back from Kuibishev, of how snow was melting in the old city, of how living conditions had improved. It was so informal that none of the correspondents were taking notes, and Eddie Page, second secretary of the embassy, who usually makes a transcript of press conferences, didn't have a notebook out.

It was Ed Gilmore of the Associated Press who asked casually, "We're sending quite a lot of stuff over here, aren't we, Mr. Ambassador?"

The ambassador said that was true. He quoted from a Lend-Lease report by Edward Stettinius. And then the ambassador dropped a bomb that exploded there in the comfortable library and was heard all over the world.

"Ever since I've been here," he said slowly, obviously choosing his words, "I've been carefully looking for recognition in the Russian press of the fact that they are getting material help not only through Lend-Lease but through the Red Cross and the Russian-American Relief, and I've yet to find any acknowledgment of that."

Eddie Page, reared in the careful standards of the State Department, swallowed twice and looked stricken. The correspondents stopped smiling, and Henry Shapiro of the United Press asked, "Is that off the record, Mr. Ambassador, or may we use it?"

"Use it." The admiral's eyes twinkled as the boys grabbed for pencils and paper. "It is not fair to mislead the American people into giving millions from their pockets, thinking they are aiding the Russian people, when the Russian people do not even know about it. The American people are doing it because of their friendly feeling toward the Russians, but the Russian people don't know a thing about it. The Soviet authorities seem to be trying to create the impression at home as well as abroad that they are fighting the war alone with their own resources only."

The correspondents no longer have automobiles in Moscow. They had to rush from the ambassador's residence two blocks to the subway. They rushed all right. They knew they had one of the biggest stories of the year. They hurried to the Foreign Office, where stories are censored, and threw the ambassador's quotes into typewriters. The censors looked and went white. The correspondents had not embellished the story; a story could be censored. They merely sent the exact wording of the ambassador's remarks, and the censors, who so cheerfully use their red pencils on our stories, could not touch a statement made by an ambassador. They passed it in full.

The next day the storm broke. Standley knew that he'd be criticized for his outspokenness. He knew that the protocol-minded, soft-tongued State Department would be horrified. The Communist newspapers in New York and London hit the ambassador with pens of vitriol.

It all began last October when Henry Cassidy of the Associated Press sent a series of questions to Stalin which Stalin answered.

In answer to a question regarding American aid, Stalin wrote bluntly: "In comparison with the assistance which the Soviet Union, by drawing off the main forces of Fascist troops, is rendering to its allies, assistance from the Allies to the Soviet Union is, meanwhile, of little effect."

This statement, given wide publication, bothered Standley, who knew exactly what aid America had sent. Shortly afterward, official Washington asked Standley to get expressions of opinion from Soviet authorities as to the effectiveness of American material being sent to the Soviet Union. Standley sent his naval aide, Admiral Jack H. Duncan, his military aide, General J. A. Michela, and the chief of the supply mission, General Philip Faymonville, to ask Soviet military, naval and trade authorities for such expressions of opinion. The Soviet authorities refused to comment. By now, Standley's blood was up.

He told the Soviet authorities that the Lend-Lease appropriation bill was to come up shortly before Congress, and that Congress, though generous, was apt to be sensitive if it believed that money it appropriated for Russian Lend-Lease materials was going down the well; that it was doing no good at all. Standley consulted nobody, but Standley's a straight thinker. He would smoke them out.

"Enemy of Russia"

And smoke them out he did, that afternoon early in March in the comfortable library in Spasso House. Congress, reading of the acknowledgment by Soviet authorities of the helpfulness of our material, unanimously voted the full appropriation to Russia. Standley, "enemy of Russia," had done a great deal more for Russia than American Communists who so glibly give the Soviet Union mere ineffectual lip service. The reason is, of course, that Standley knows and loves Russia. American Communists have little in common with, and little knowledge of, Russia at all.

Standley today is a very young seventy-one. He has the liking and admiration of every correspondent in Moscow and the admiration of every Soviet official. Standley and Stalin have a lot in common. Both are realistic men of action who hate red tape. Each has only one interest—the welfare of his own country. It may come as a shock to American Communists to learn that Stalin cares as much about their plans to achieve political power in America as he does about the habits of Eskimos in Greenland. He broke with Trotsky because Trotsky cared more for international Communism than he did for his own country.

"The Soviet authorities," said Admiral Standley, "seem to be trying to create the impression that they are fighting the war alone." The correspondents stopped smiling. The secretary looked stricken. "Use it," the admiral said to the reporters

"If we prove that our type of government is better than any other," Stalin once told Trotsky, "the rest of the world will adopt it."

"During wartime," Standley says, "diplomacy must go by the board. We are wholehearted allies of Russia. Of what use is diplomacy between allies and friends? Truth is the only kind of diplomacy worth anything in wartime."

In appearance and in action, Admiral Standley (he prefers his old naval title to the conventional "Mr. Ambassador") is what we would call an old sea dog, but he is too vital, too youthful, mentally and spiritually, ever to be called "old."

He was born, prophetically enough, on the banks of the Russian River in California, and he was not a year out of the Naval Academy before seeing active

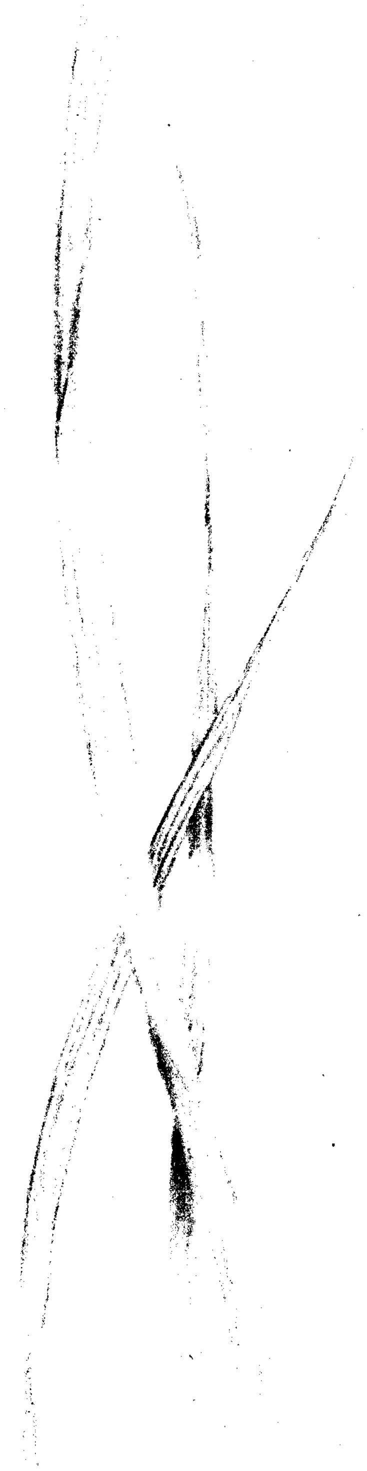
(Continued on page 30)

FISH FOR THE FRYING PAN

By Bill Wolf

ILLUSTRATED BY LEMUEL PALMER

Here's some information about the humble pan fish—perch, sunfish, catfish, bass, etc. They're not classed as game fish but, for their size, they'll put up a good fight. They're mighty good eating, too



TWO anglers, plug-casting from a boat under a broiling sun for bass and pickerel, were about to give it up as a futile task and call it a day when one of them happened to look beneath the surface and watch his underwater lure as he reeled it in.

He was amazed to see a huge school of yellow perch swimming behind and around the plug, following it and eying it speculatively, apparently trying to decide whether the lure was fish, flesh or fowl. He made another cast and the same thing happened.

An idea was born simultaneously to both fishermen. If the game fish for which they were casting wouldn't strike, why not consign them to Gehenna and catch perch instead?

Since yellow perch seldom, if ever, hit a plug, the anglers changed to fly rods, using small spinners and brightly colored flies as terminal tackle. There were no dull minutes in the next half-hour, and they wound up with a score of perch before the school moved on. That evening they sat down to a meal of the sweetest-fleshed fish in fresh water.

Yellow perch, you see, are pan fish—which simply means that they are good eating, as are all pan fish. There are many species loosely grouped as pan fish because of their savory flavor and the fact that they just fit nicely into a frying pan. The best of the lot probably are the yellow perch; but there also are white perch, the various sunfishes, the calico and crappie bass, the rock bass, and the catfish (which are superb on the table).

Their eating qualities (a considerable factor in these days of rationed food), plus the fact that they are fished for everywhere by nearly every angler from children on up to oldsters, make them the most important of all fresh-water fish, in numbers taken and consumed.

Not the least of their virtues, though, is their fighting ability. They are tough little monkeys, the lightweights of the fish world, who really should have a good press agent to show that they are as vicious scrappers as the heavyweight game fish.

Getting What You Fish For

The methods of fishing for pan fish vary, depending upon the kind of fish sought. Take those same yellow perch, for instance. Although they will hit glittering wet flies underwater and dry flies when surface-feeding, they are primarily a bait fish. Worms and live minnows will take more yellow perch throughout the year than will flies.

You rig up with two bait hooks on a leader, one slightly above the other on a dropper gut. Lead seldom is necessary to carry the bait down to the perch. You row your boat (or use an outboard if you have one) to the side of the lake from which the wind is coming. It is almost annoying to get the first bite, because you must throw over the anchor and go to work catching fish. Yellow perch travel in schools, and where you catch one, you can catch more. They will take the bait one after the other, almost as rapidly as you can bait up and pull them in, until the school moves on.

Sometimes yellow perch feed on the surface and then they will take a dry fly. They can be seen feeding along the shore and around the spatterdock and water-lily pads.

Although essentially a lake fish, the yellow perch also inhabits rivers, where the constant fight with the current makes it a stronger, more vigorous fish and a battler to catch on a fly line. In its natural range (Minnesota east to Nova Scotia and south to North Carolina), it has many names depending upon the locality, aliases such as ringed perch, red perch, raccoon perch and striped perch. The commercial catch in the Great Lakes sometimes exceeds nine million pounds.

If the yellow perch is the best eating of the pan fish, the bluegill sunfish (alias bream, brim, blue bream, copper-nosed bream, blue sunfish and dollardee) ranks first as the favorite pan fish to catch.

Sometimes, in late afternoon, the bluegills get together for a promenade near the banks. They cruise along in stately schools, a rippling patch of fish on the still water. They feed heavily then and provide perfect sport for the fly fisherman. A wet fly cast in or near the school and retrieved with short, easy twitches underneath the surface will take a bluegill on nearly every cast—if you have the right pattern. What is the right fly pattern? No one knows definitely what they will take. You must experiment, changing flies until you find one they like, and then stick to it. Remember, too, what the pattern was, so that you can use it the next time.

Most bass lakes also contain bluegill sunfish. If you are boat-fishing for bass with bass bugs on a fly rod, the bluegills will help pass away some dull hours if you give them a chance. Change to smaller bass bugs (those cork-bodied lures which look like huge insects when fished on the surface), and the bluegills will take them. Or put on small wet flies, let the fly sink under water and retrieve slowly.

The other sunfish are as much fun to catch although they don't get as large as the bluegills, which frequently grow to be a pound in weight.

The common sunfish (or sunny, or kiver, or pumpkinseed, depending upon the locality) is perhaps the best-known fresh-water fish. It usually is the first fish caught by a boy, and there are men who don't look upon it with affection because of memories of other, younger days.

This gleaming warrior with the small body and the big courage will take worms and wet or dry flies, if you persevere until you find a pattern it likes. Although the smallest of the pan fish, sunfish are good food fish.

A cousin of the common sunnie is the long-eared sunfish, the prettiest of all the pan fish. They run slightly larger than the sunnie and, in spawning season when they are most frequently taken, they are colored with the most brilliant red and orange breast and fins imaginable. Yes, they are good on the table, too, but I never kill them unless they are badly injured by the hook. They are too pretty to kill.

Larger and more important as food fish and sport fish are the calico bass and the crappie, other members of the sunfish family. These two fish occur frequently in the same water and are so much alike that many anglers can't tell them apart despite certain definite differences.

Both have a large dorsal fin. There are spines in front of this top fin, and the calico bass always has seven or eight spines, while the crappie bass has five or six. Furthermore, the calico bass is generally darker in its body markings than the crappie.

They have more aliases than a habitual criminal. Among them are: Grass bass, strawberry bass, barfish, bitterhead, lamplighter, ringed crappie, pale crappie, sacalait and *crapêt*. Under any name, however, they are sporting fish, delicately flavored, and so abundant that they are called, without much originality but lots of truth, the "fish for the millions."

Live minnows probably are the best bait for them, although they take angleworms, too. It has been my experience that they take a fly best in the evenings, just about dusk when they seem to feed on the surface. A small spinner sometimes will make the wet fly more effective.

"Goggle-Eye" Not an Epicure

A relative of the calico and crappie which rises far better to the fly (always the mark of gentlemanly fish) is the rock bass. It, too, is a member of the sunfish family and, when caught, glares at you with glowing red eyes, a characteristic which gives it the other names of "redeye" or "goggle-eye." It is readily distinguished by this marking, plus its olive-green coloring.

The rock bass is a glutton, eating almost everything, so the angler who doesn't care to use wet flies and spinners can catch it on worms, minnows, crawfish, crickets, grasshoppers and grubs.

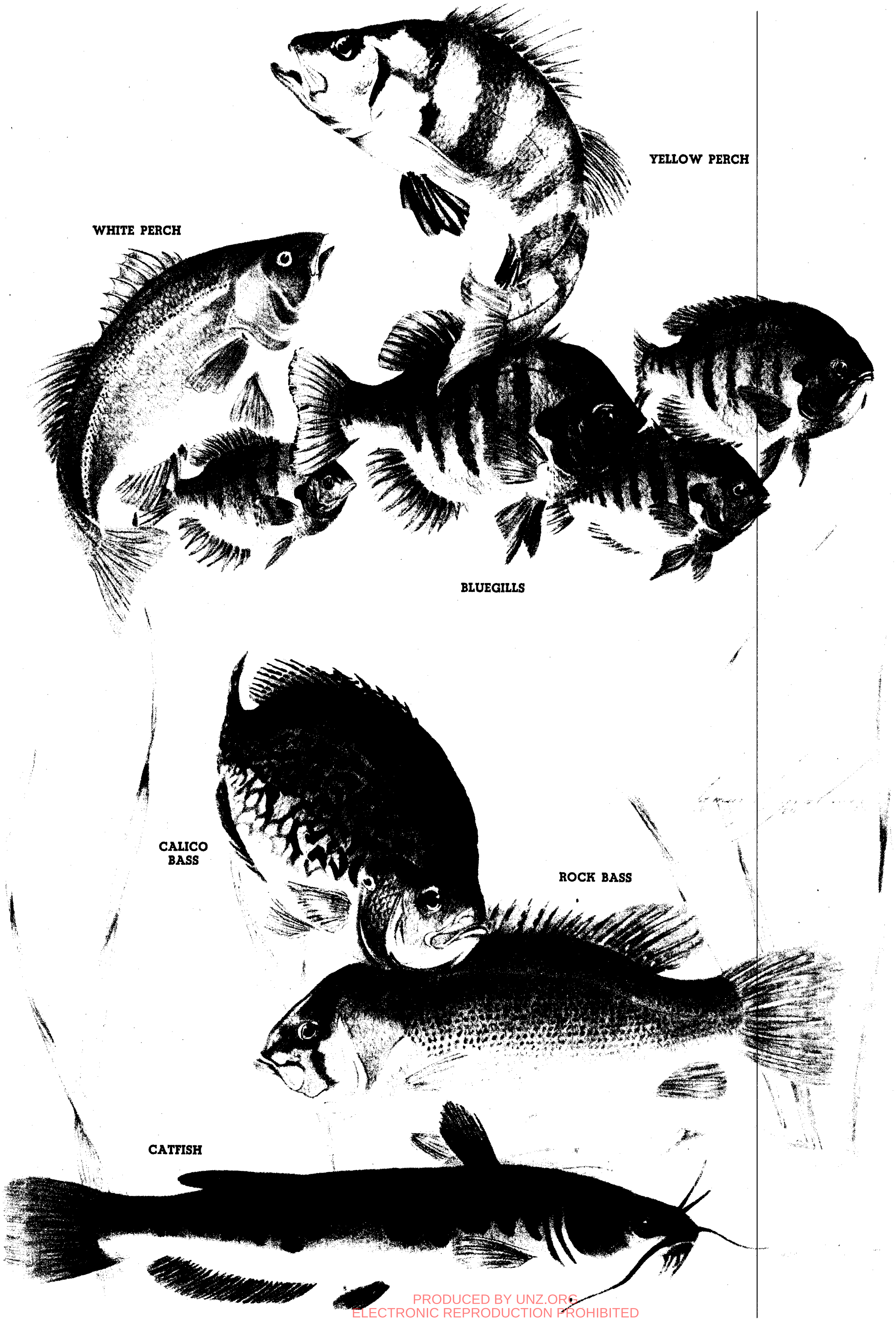
A strange fish is the white perch. It is not so important as the preceding pan fish because its range is limited to the tidal region of the Atlantic Coast from Maine to North Carolina, but it is unusual in that it is found in salt water, brackish water and fresh water.

It fights well when hooked in fresh-water rivers and creeks, and it does not hesitate to take the fly, although it can be caught equally well on shrimp bait. The commercial catch annually runs into a million or more pounds, and tremendous numbers are taken by sports anglers.

The common catfish, usually known as the bullhead or horned pout, is strictly a bait fish among the pan fish, although it fights well on light tackle. Its table qualities are excellent if you like rich flesh. They are bottom feeders, and you must carry a worm down to them. They bite best in muddy water or at night, as every country boy knows. If the water is clear, stir up the stream bottom and fool the catfish into thinking high, muddy water is at hand. It often works.

Seldom considered as pan fish are the common chubs found in almost every stream, but their flesh is firm and good except during the warmest months. If cleaned and scaled and fried until crisp and brown, they can be eaten, bones and all, like smoked herring. Try frying them in butter sometime. Rural epicures often consider them the best eating of all, and they are easy to catch on a wet fly.

This matter of cooking pan fish is simple. A bit of care in the preparation will eliminate most of the bones. The anal and dorsal fins (from which radiate small bones) should be pulled out rather than cut off. The scaled, cleaned fish should be fried well in olive oil or butter and then eaten and enjoyed. A sauce is all right if you like to bother, and slices of lemon or lime help, but pan fish require little assistance from the cook. ★★★


YELLOW PERCH
WHITE PERCH
BLUEGILLS
CALICO BASS
ROCK BASS
CATFISH

When Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Arnall first sat down on the settee in the gubernatorial mansion, they wrote a note to Talmadge: "Thank you, Governor, for leaving the mansion so neat and clean"

INTERNATIONAL

UNANIMOUS ARNALL

By Walter Davenport

While Ole Gene Talmadge sits sourly down in Sugar Creek, still a-wonderin' what hit him, his young successor has been doing a job of fumigating America's worst state government. It is a political record breaker anywhere and a miracle in Georgia

IF YOU know of a state governor who, in twenty-four days after he took office, saw his legislature accept and adopt unanimously every campaign promise he made in his bid for election, drop us a line. Mind you, we said "unanimously." Until then, we shall insist that our man holds the record.

It would be a record in our book, even *if those ten unanimously passed bills were* legislature darlings—salary boosts, pork chops, job grabs, logrollers, back-scratchers and road-building stick-ups. There'd be bound to be a few decent members.

It would be a record, even were the legislature new-manned by intelligent angels, from freshman page boy to president of the senate—not an old spittoon-shooter in the lot. Not that such legislatures are common. It would be a record, even if this new governor's predecessor, a symbol of all the misgovernment which these ten bills were aimed to correct, had overnight got religion and exhorted his erstwhile followers to throw away the wool hat and get a halo.

But all these ten campaign pledges were denials of all that the average legislature holds dear—all of them progressive, some of them radical, others not at first too popular.

And the legislature that passed them unanimously was composed largely of old-time tough-gut politicians and job moochers who for years had sat by and watched their state dying of administrative hookworm.

Moreover, this governor's predecessor strode the statehouse halls wringing his bony hands, crying out against "furrin ideas" and urging the legislators to have no truck with change. So we're asking you to match the record of the Honorable Ellis Arnall, since last March governor of the badly Talmadged state of Georgia.

Of course, we've got our fingers crossed. We've seen and heard a lot of political rockets whoosh, soar and die in mid-air. We've stood around while more impressive-looking men than Ellis Arnall started things they couldn't finish. We've run ourself groggy to behold the shining works of overballyhooed political sulfas, only to see them collapse the first time the legislature said "Nuts!" They've been either jack-in-the-boxes good for just one jump and a squeak, booby-trap operators or just political hot dogs served up by political mobs.

So we're keeping our fingers crossed, although Ellis Arnall looks genuine. Whatever else he may do or fail to do as governor of Georgia, there's his twenty-four-day record for more aspiring politicians to shoot at.

Gene Talmadge, Arnall's predecessor, left the state looking and smelling like something that Hitler wouldn't bother to ration. He ran for a third term, offering the only program he knew—Tobacco Road. He promised everybody everything, including protection against "nigger-lovin' furriners who aimed to force Georgia's lovely daughters and her noble sons to sit side by side with niggers in school." He held fish fries, hymn sings, barbecues and hoedowns. He promised to go up to Washington and "kick cheers aroun' till Georgia's ole folks got what was a-comin' to them." He busted four pairs of suspenders. Against him ran one of the very few men who, during his administration, had conducted a state office without fear. He had served under Gene with so much intelligence that had he not been a Georgia boy himself, a product of Georgia schools and her university, Gene might have called him another of them highfalutin furriners sent down by the Rockefellers and the Rosenwalds to ruinate white supremacy. Ellis Arnall had been the state's attorney general.

Landslide with Social Significance

To the amazement of a vast number of people (including Ole Gene, who's now back settin' on the courthouse steps in Sugar Creek, glowerin' in the sunshine, spittin' at the tumblebugs, madder'n a sore tooth), Ellis Arnall won by such a margin that his election too had a sort of unanimous look about it. Powerful thinkers made speeches about it and wrote pieces for the papers aimed at telling folks what had happened to Georgia, all done up in sociological jibber and anthropological oolie-droolie.

However, you'd be right in suspecting that Georgia had merely got plumb tired of being a comic-strip state. Her pride had boiled to anger when Gene caused her university system to be dropped from accredited rating by the Southern Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges. All this meant was that diplomas granted by the University of Georgia and other college units of the state's university system would not be recognized outside the state. And this major calamity to a large number of Georgia's young, and to their parents who had spent their hard-earned money to put the kids through, helped to dethrone Ole Gene. But all that's been published.

If you have any doubt that Georgia was sick and tired of Ole Gene's effort to Ku-Klux the whole state, behold what her legislature did the moment Georgia threw Ole Gene into Sugar Creek and asked Ellis Arnall to take over.

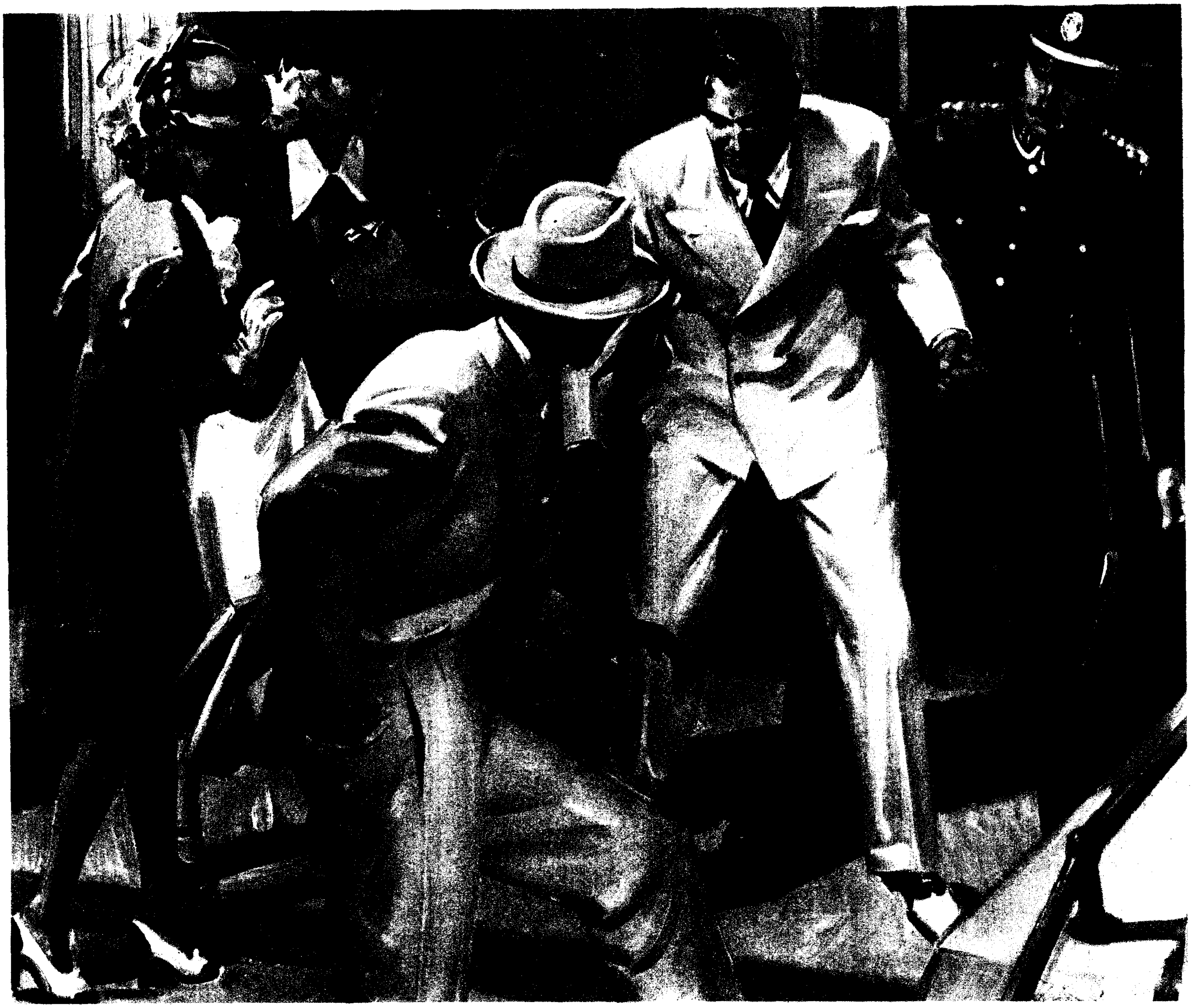
He favored a bill abolishing Ole Gene's board of regents, establishing a new and nonpolitical board. The legislature said "Yes"—190 to 0.

Next came a companion bill calling for a constitutional amendment removing the new regents from the whim of any governor. Under the old setup, Gene could and did fire regents who wouldn't dismiss teachers he hated, and overnight he appointed regents who would obey him. The legislature didn't produce one dissenting vote.

Immediately the university system was restored to good standing by the Southern Association. Diplomas from the University of Georgia are now recognized in what Ole Gene calls "furrin parts."

Then, while Ole Gene ranted, Ellis Arnall asked the legislature to pass a bill reorganizing the State Board of Education, taking it, too, out of the hands of the politicians and their contractor friends.

(Continued on page 57)



"Be careful, Kenneth, he'll shoot!" Irma called out. Duffy backed down the first step, Mercer still facing him

THE NAZI'S SISTER

By Betty de Sherbinin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

There was something queer about the girl. She was competent as well as charming, but no one trusted her. A story of the American colony in Buenos Aires that mounts quietly to a flashing crescendo

I HIRED Irma Maller because I liked her. Looking back I think I believed her story for the same reason.

Dan and I had been in Buenos Aires only two weeks; we wanted to be free to make trips to Chile and the South. An efficient governess who spoke English and Spanish seemed to be the solution where twin boys, aged six, were concerned.

We put an ad in the English-speaking papers. The results were not encouraging and finally, after interviewing a series of women between the ages of sixteen and sixty, I began to look regretfully at the travel folders on my desk and wonder if that would be all I was to see of Chile and the lakes.

Then Irma arrived.

She walked in as the others had done, stood facing me, watching me with unsmiling earnestness, her long hands fingering the crumpled remnant of my ad. She seemed to be about twenty-three, a young twenty-three, with a wistful face framed in pale yellow hair.

"My name's Irma Maller." She smiled brilliantly over her nervousness, and I realized with surprise that she was beautiful.

"I am Mrs. Carter . . ." Certainly the girl did not look as if she had ever worked as a governess. I could have taken her for a caller, for the young wife of one of Dan's associates.

She said, "I hope you haven't found anyone yet?"

"No . . ." There was no comparing her with the others who had come. Still, if she had never worked with children it was an impossible chance to take. "You have had experience?" I had to know that.

She surprised me. "I was with an English family."

"Here in Buenos Aires?"

"Yes. I worked a month on probation. Then they took me to England with them. That's why I took the job—to get to England."

"Any other experience?"

She told me she had gone to a convent in Buenos Aires. When she finished, the sisters employed her to help with English classes. This was perfect—I congratulated myself; the rest was formalities.

"The convent will give you a reference?" It was a matter of course.

"It has been moved—" she explained quickly.

"Then the English family?"

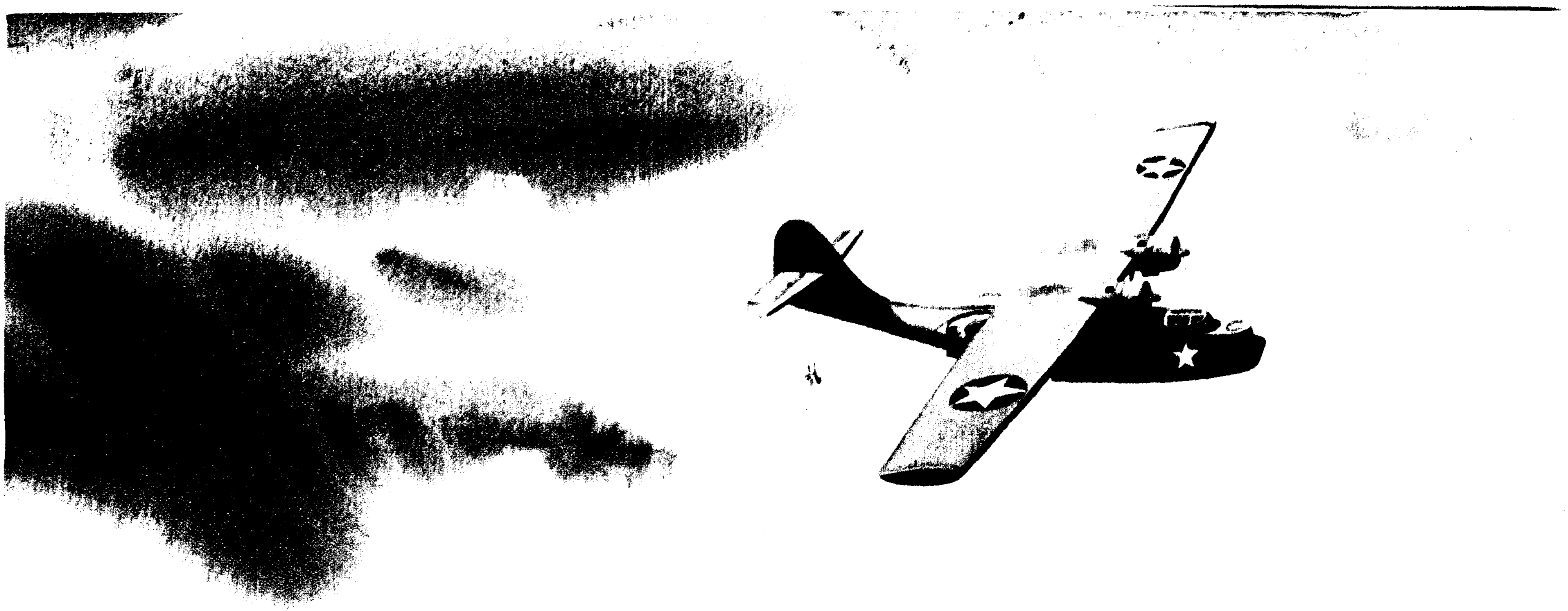
"They are still in England." She made no effort to fill in between the lines.

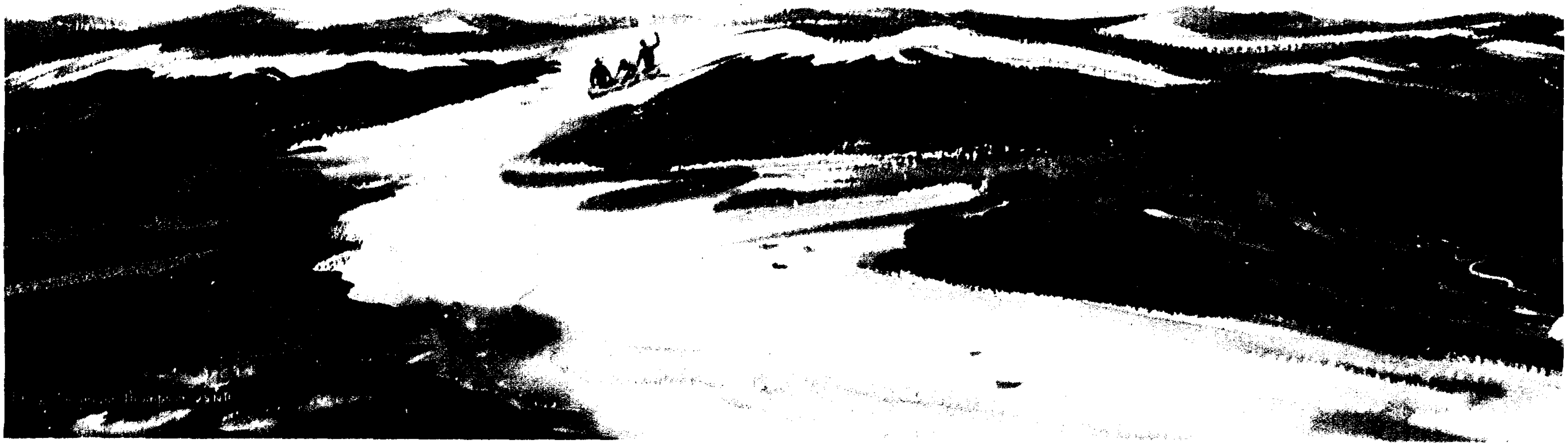
"Well, any reference you care to give." I pushed the pad on my desk toward her. She picked up the pencil uncertainly. She hesitated a minute, then conscious that I was waiting, she scribbled a name and an address. "You might add the name of the English family . . ." I said.

"Mercer . . ." And she wrote it down.

"We know a Kenneth Mercer . . ." He had flown down from the States with us—

(Continued on page 44)





Beal lashed some standard rations between two Mae Wests and waited until the plane got into position again. Then he shoved the Mae Wests out. They landed 50 feet from the raft. The Nazis paddled over and picked up the food

OLD LADY WITH A PUNCH

By Jim Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY LT. J.G. SEYMOUR THOMPSON, U.S.N.R.

She never was built to fight and dive, but the big Catalina is proving one of our best slayers of submarines

THE boys were just finishing lunch, hot from the electric grill just aft the radioman's station, and Chief J. N. Cleary was sitting easy, piloting the big Catalina at a hundred knots on her patrol course. They'd seen nothing below except a couple of Spanish ships, one of them a tanker. The radioman had phoned to the base about the Spaniards, and the base command had said to leave them alone. Maybe they were—and maybe they weren't. Anyway, Operations would keep track of them.

Thousands of feet below, the tropic sea was burnished blue and gold in the hot sunshine, and around the big seaplane the white woolly clouds drifted silently. Cleary swung his glasses in a wide sweep and then stopped them on a dark speck some miles away. . . .

The siren yelled. The beat of the motors grew higher pitched. Men tensed at the guns, listening at the phones for orders.

Lieutenant J. E. Dryden, who had been working at the navigator's table just behind Cleary's seat, took over the controls. Cleary went to his post at the bow gun. Dryden swung the Old Lady up behind a cloud and then, a few minutes later, out into the open. The submarine now was a little way ahead. A few brief orders went over the phones to gunners and radioman.

Dryden shoved forward on the yoke, and the Old Lady stuck her nose toward the sun-washed blue of the sea and went creaking and whining down like a runaway truck, three times as fast as she ever was meant to travel and still hold together.

As the big plane came down, Cleary opened fire with the bow gun, and the stinging smoke smell drifted back through the plunging craft. Two German sailors, sun-bathing on the sub's deck, scrambled to their feet and then slumped back as the heavy bullets hit. One of Cleary's bursts went right down the open tower, so no one came up to man the deck gun. It stood there, silent, under its tarpaulin, while the crew cowered below, instead of heaving steel at the Old Lady overhead.

A few hundred feet off the water, Dryden and Lieut. S. C. Beal dropped their depth bombs and then yanked back on the yoke, hard, to get the plane out of the dive. Her snub nose came up smoothly and in a few seconds her two thousand horses were hauling her skyward again, while her waist guns chattered, spraying the boat below.

"You got him, sir!" said J. F. Connell, the machinist's mate, over the phone to Dryden.

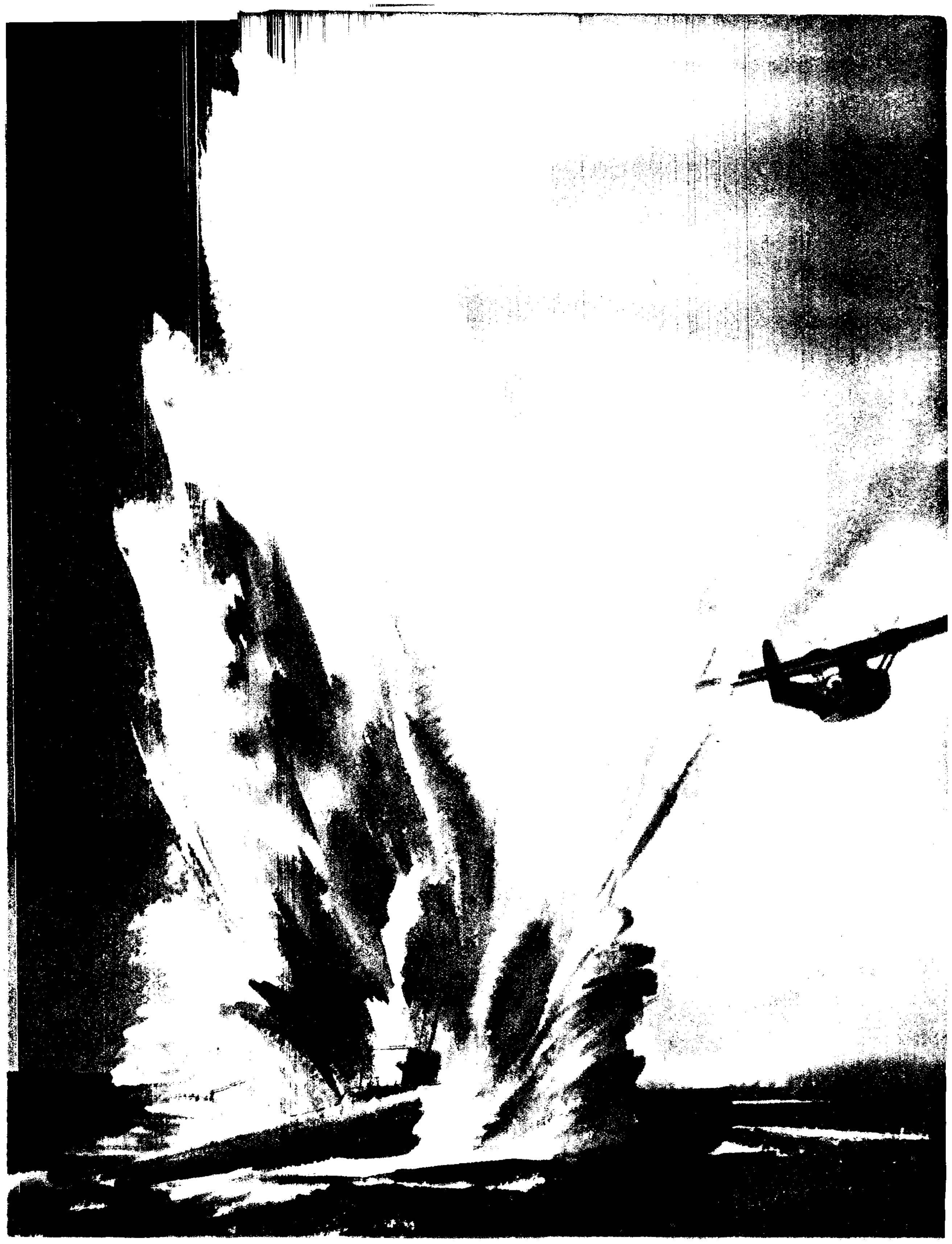
The two bombs had hit less than fifteen feet from the U-boat, just aft the conning tower. As they watched, the sub listed drunkenly and then broke in two almost amidships. It settled back, and then bow and stern rose in the air, forming a V, and slid under. There was a heavy explosion, and green water geysered forty feet into the air. A patch of foam spread over the sea, and the oil slick glinted silvery green in the sunlight. It spread until it was a quarter of a mile long, three times as wide.

As the Old Lady circled in the blue, men began to appear, swimming in the slick below. One by one they appeared until there were eleven of them. They clung to odd bits of wreckage, and some of them must have been injured, for one by one they let go and sank until there were only five left. They were hanging onto a buoy.

Lieutenant Beal shoved a two-man raft out of the plane and watched it drop, inflating itself from the carbon-dioxide bottle on the way down. It hit about thirty feet from the U-boat men. They left their buoy and swam over to it. Three climbed aboard and the other two hung on. The plane circled again and the boys dropped a bigger raft, but the five men below still clung to the small one. Four of them seemed to be boys. They wore shorts or bathing suits. The fifth was an older, gray-haired man, wearing a shirt; he seemed to be an officer. The man in the shirt waved at the PBY, but the boys shook their fists angrily.

"Better give them some chow, too," said Dryden.

Beal lashed some standard rations between two Mae Wests and waited until the plane got into position again. Then



"You got him, sir!" yelled the machinist's mate. The depth charges hit less than fifteen feet from the U-boat. The sub listed and broke in two amidships

he shoved the Mae Wests out. They inflated going down and landed fifty feet from the raft. The Nazis paddled over and picked up the food. The officer waved again.

The Old Lady climbed back amid the white, drifting clouds and went plodding along again on her patrol course. She'd done her job again and, as her long, high, square-ended wing crackled, she must have thought: What in heck will the boys want me to do next? I never was built for this sort of thing—diving like a fighter, trying to be a dive bomber, taking a chance with the antiaircraft the Nazis toss at my fat old body. . . .

On our east, south and west coasts, we have about a million square miles of water that used to be happy hunting grounds for submarines. In this zone from December, 1941, to August, 1942, U-boats got ships thick and fast, as oil, wreckage and bodies on our beaches grimly testified. Today, sinkings in this coastal area are low and getting lower. The "safety zone," too, is being extended farther out—and in time it may meet the British zone, creeping west from northwest Europe. This is the general idea, anyway.

The job of making this zone unhealthful for U-boats is under the direction of the Navy Sea Frontier Commands but Army and Navy squadrons work jointly, with plenty of friendly rivalry. Each side is keeping score, and after it's over, there'll be plenty of chortling. But today, in Combined Operations rooms, many of them buried far underground along our coasts or in offshore islands, Army and Navy officers sit side by side, working together. Army and Navy planes patrol from coastal bases under one master plan.

Tactics That Curb U-Boat Wolf Packs

Both Army and Navy are mildly optimistic about results. They feel we have the job licked—that is, we are more and more on the offensive; month by month more subs and fewer merchant ships are sunk in coastal waters. This is the result of more than a year of hard, detailed work and the examination of thousands of patrol reports out of which has come a winning system for licking the submarine danger.

Just to prevent anyone from becoming too optimistic, we lean over backward in adding up our kills. It has become almost a tradition with the pilots that they have to bring back either the periscope or the skipper's cap in order to get credit for a kill. And then the examining officers are likely to point out that the cap might have blown off or the sub might have tossed overboard a spare periscope, just to fool us. Subs *do* toss over wreckage and pump oil to make our men think the sub is *versenkt,* when it's really lying quietly ten fathoms down.

If our patrol pilots can't produce airtight proof of a sinking, they get only a "probable." The Navy figures that about four fifths of the "probables" are really kills. Even photographs of subs sinking—or apparently sinking—aren't always conclusive evidence. What all this caution adds up to is that the results of our antisub warfare probably are a great deal better than they seem.

There are plenty of shiny new planes, swift and deadly, riding the long ocean patrol beats from northern Maine 'way around to Texas; from Puget Sound to Baja California, and out among the Caribbean islands. They can spot and plan their attack on a surfaced sub in the 25 or 30 seconds it takes the U-boat to crash dive, and they drop their bombs in time to do the job. But some of the best work still is being done by the Old Ladies of the Cloudways—the PBYs from Consolidated in California.

The Old Ladies, with their high, square-ended wings and fat, chunky bodies, don't take a back seat for any slick, slim youngster hatched three months ago. They never were designed for modern high-speed warfare; they were put together originally to haul tourists around to places like Catalina Island, and were "adapted" to Navy requirements. The PBY is just a good, solid chunk of workmanlike plane, with two Wasps to haul her along, blisters for heavy machine guns, and a glass nest in her nose for a bow chaser, as they used to call them back in sloop and frigate days.

She's a reliable old crate, and you can do housekeeping in her, sleeping four or five

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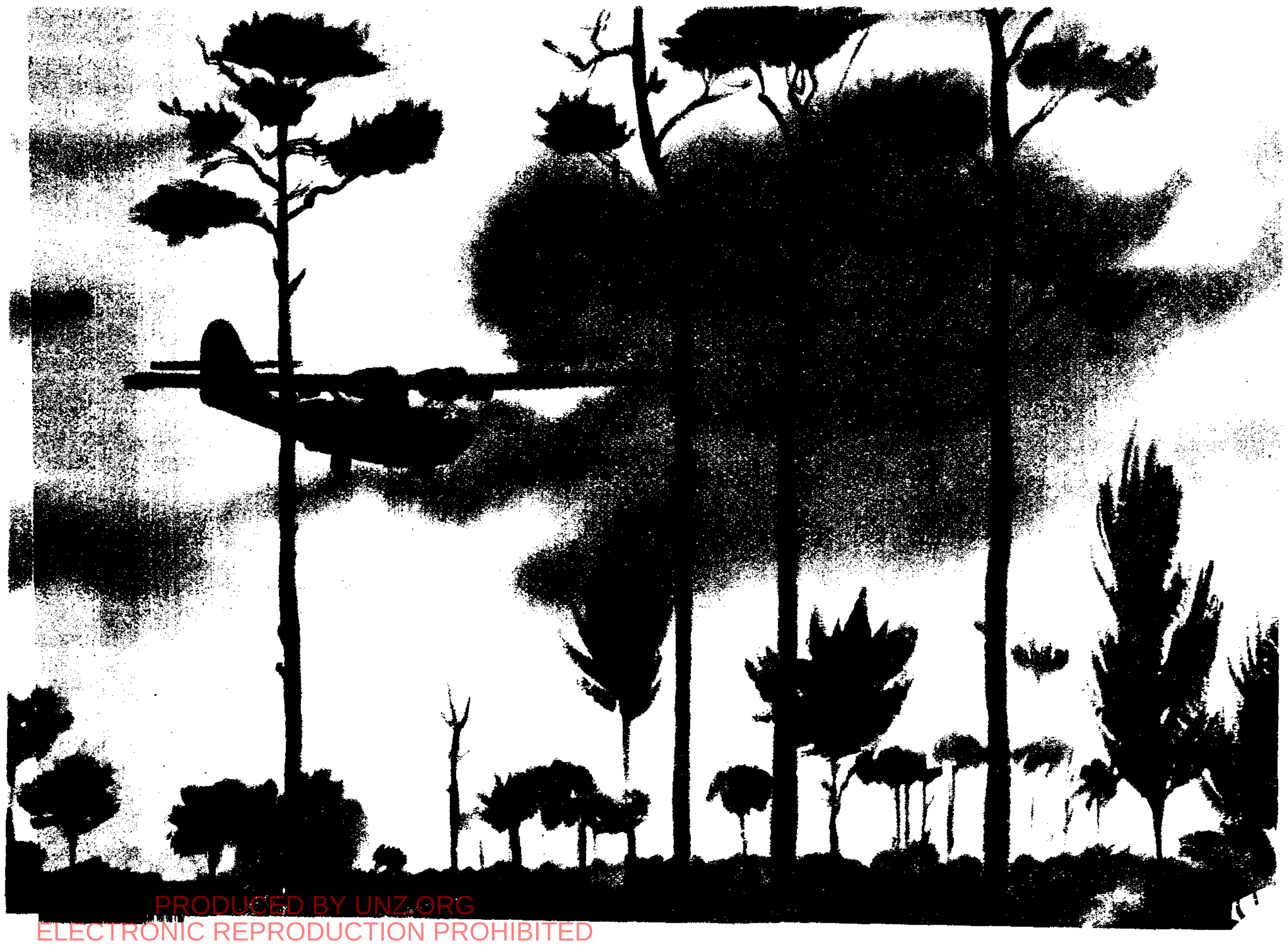
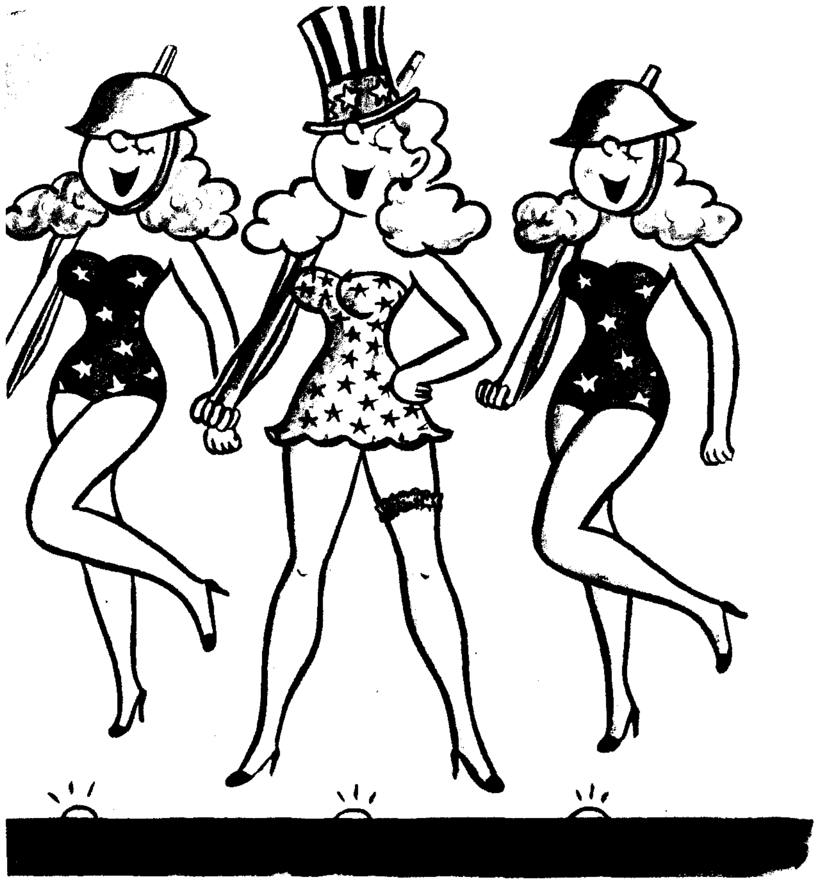


A Navy PBY-5A, amphibian patrol bomber, heads into the Florida sunset after antisubmarine patrol. Fat and stately, the Old Lady was never built for high-speed antisubmarine work. But she gets results just the same

THE TRUTH ABOUT SILLY WAR SONGS

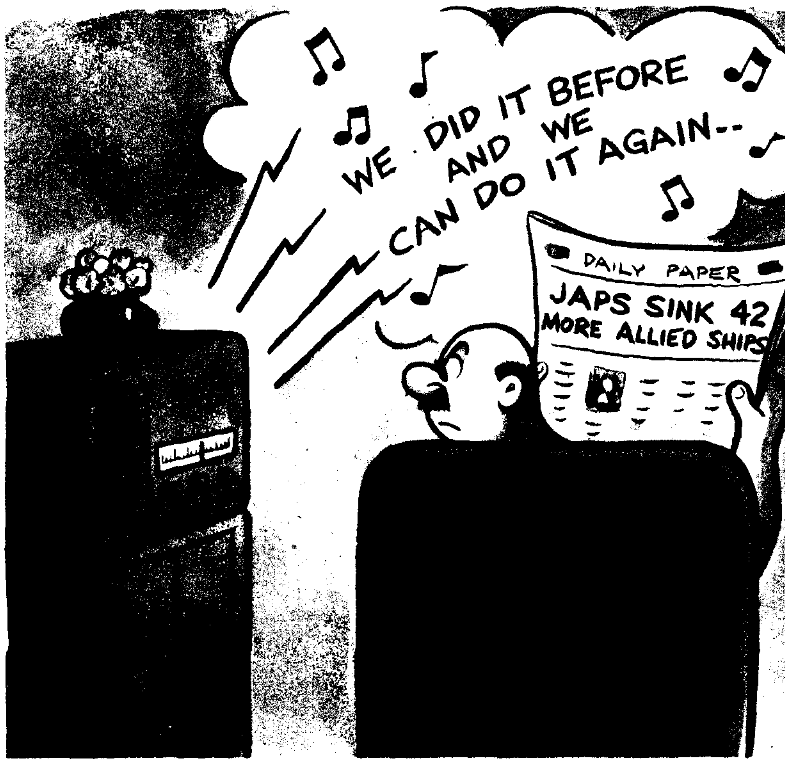
BY JOE BOOKMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY HOFF

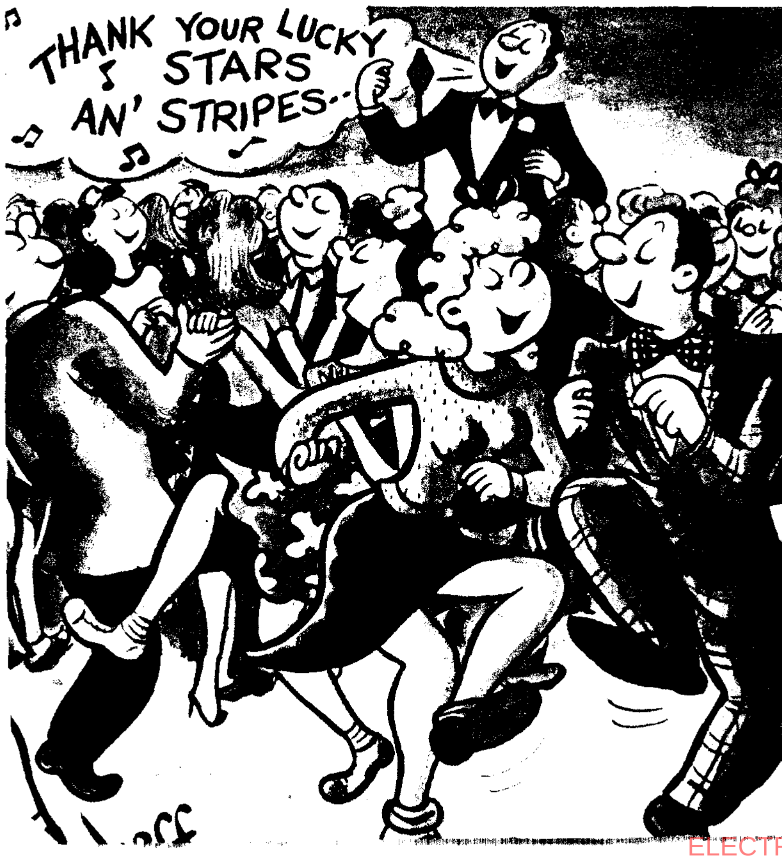


Broadway and the movies give wide circulation to the Silly War Songs. Rhyming "Tokyo" with "smokio" and "jokio" induces nausea

Have you been waiting for a truly rousing popular war song that all America will sing—and like? Well, you won't get it, and here's why


WE DID IT BEFORE AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN--
DAILY PAPER
JAPS SINK 42 MORE ALLIED SHIPS

Most of the war songs drench the U. S. with cockiness, often at the precise moment when we're taking a beating somewhere


THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS AN' STRIPES--

ON THE theory that they cared not who made a nation's Lend-Lease laws as long as they could write its songs, the Broadway song writers sprang to their pianos and retooled their muses, converting "June," "moon," "croon" and "spoon" into "scrap," "slap," "Jap" and "off the map."

Tin Pan Alley beat the automobile industry to all-out war conversion by several months. Within ten minutes after the first flash from Pearl Harbor, Benny Davis, who had participated in writing Margie shortly after World War I, was singing of arms and the man.

That Sunday afternoon, Davis was sitting in a Broadway restaurant which is the Mermaid Tavern of the modern minstrel, and when he heard the news, he cried, 'They asked for it—and they're gonna get it!"

He then dashed off a tune bearing this title, and on Monday it was published. Before the week was out, the 90-odd publishers of popular music were racing to produce the first Over There of 1942. From the presses poured ditties like Goodby, Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama; Slap the Jap; Remember Pearl Harbor; We'll Sing Hallelujah When We're Marching Through Berlin; Let's Put an Ax to the Axis; You're a Sap, Mr. Jap; He's My Uncle, Uncle Sam; Thank Your Lucky Stars and Stripes; Buckle Down, Buck Private, Buckle Down.

The trouble with these songs was that they were so synthetically forced and phony that nobody would sing them. Although war songs were plugged into American ears by radio and juke box, sensible persons simply refused to repeat such childish drivel as is contained in a number entitled I'm Uncle Sammie's Soldier Now, and in which the singer tells his sweetheart not to fear, because he will bring her home a Japanese as a little souvenir.

The war songs of early 1942 were written in the spirit of two small boys hurling threats at each other—We Did It Before and We Can Do It Again. This became slightly silly when the enemy began winning most of the early battles in the Pacific.

Arms Around the Army

The next trend was the Venus-for-Victory school of song writing, in which the stereotyped sex ballad was disguised by military camouflage. There was one called On the Shoulder of a Soldier Let Me Rest My Head Tonight. Another one, called The Old Army Game, announced that if anyone wished to be kissed, or wanted the loving they had missed, they were advised to put their arms around the Army, because love was the Army's middle name, was the ancient Army game.

The issue was stated even more bluntly by a song entitled I Wanna Be an Army Hostess. The lady explained that when a soldier held her hand, she was the happiest girl in the land. Probably, this Army hostess found one of the hearts which, according to Irving Berlin's song, are constantly being lost at the Stage Door Canteen. "A soldier boy without a heart," Mr. Berlin informs us, "has two strikes on him from the start."

Many war songs are so infantile that they'd be harmless, if it wasn't that, by debasing profound issues, they help to create a moronic ideology; a bad song, like bad money, may drive the good out of circulation. In the class of tunes apparently dedicated to the feeble-minded, my favorite is a masterpiece titled Stamp, Stamp Out the Jap With a Defense Stamp, which invites us to send up in smokio the city of Tokyo and show the Nipponese that Uncle Sam does not jokio!

Where the song writers have failed us is in the complete absence of the sublime and the heroic. The issues are life and death, freedom against slavery, but there has not been anything to stir the mind and the heart, to crystallize the issues emotionally, as in Julia Ward Howe's Battle Hymn of the Republic:

> *Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;*
> *He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored . . .*

The war, and the need for genuine folk music that knits us together, only highlights a problem that has existed for many years—our lack of honest popular music and Tin Pan Alley's tendency to choke off any possible folk expression and give us in exchange a counterfeit article. Is any improvement possible? To answer this question, it's necessary to look briefly at the way in which popular songs are written, selected and exploited.

A Chance for Local Writers

Before 1920, there were important music publishing houses is Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago, Milwaukee and San Francisco—making it possible for publishers to be near the various roots of American life and to discover new song writers with fresh regional material.

Today, the "pop" music industry is concentrated almost entirely in New York. Two huge combinations dominate the industry; the group controlled by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (the Robbins, Feist and Miller music corporations) and the Warner Brothers group (Remick, Witmark and Harms). Paramount Pictures controls Famous Music Corporation and Paramount Music Corporation.

The film companies are not so much interested in good music as they are anxious to see that their music subsidiaries plug the film songs on the air, because every time a picture song is played, the announcer must credit the movie. This is good publicity for the movie, but it's bad for music—because most picture tunes are "situation songs," written to fit something in the plot of the picture or tailored for one of the characters, and not having any intrinsic lyrical quality.

As a matter of fact, there is no relation between the merit of a tune and the number of times you hear it on the radio. Sollie Loft, president of Campbell, Loft & Porgie, one of the large independent publishers, told me: "Merit is strictly one per cent of a song's popularity. Any good publisher, if he puts on the heat, can get action and push his number-one plug song up there on the sheet."

Somebody once remarked of Harry Link, the professional manager of Leo Feist, Inc., one of the smartest song pluggers in the business, that he could set the alphabet to music and make it a hit song.

Besides the Hollywood-controlled publishers, there are some twenty other important independents. *All* the publishers have a permanently closed door against newcomers. If another Julia Ward Howe

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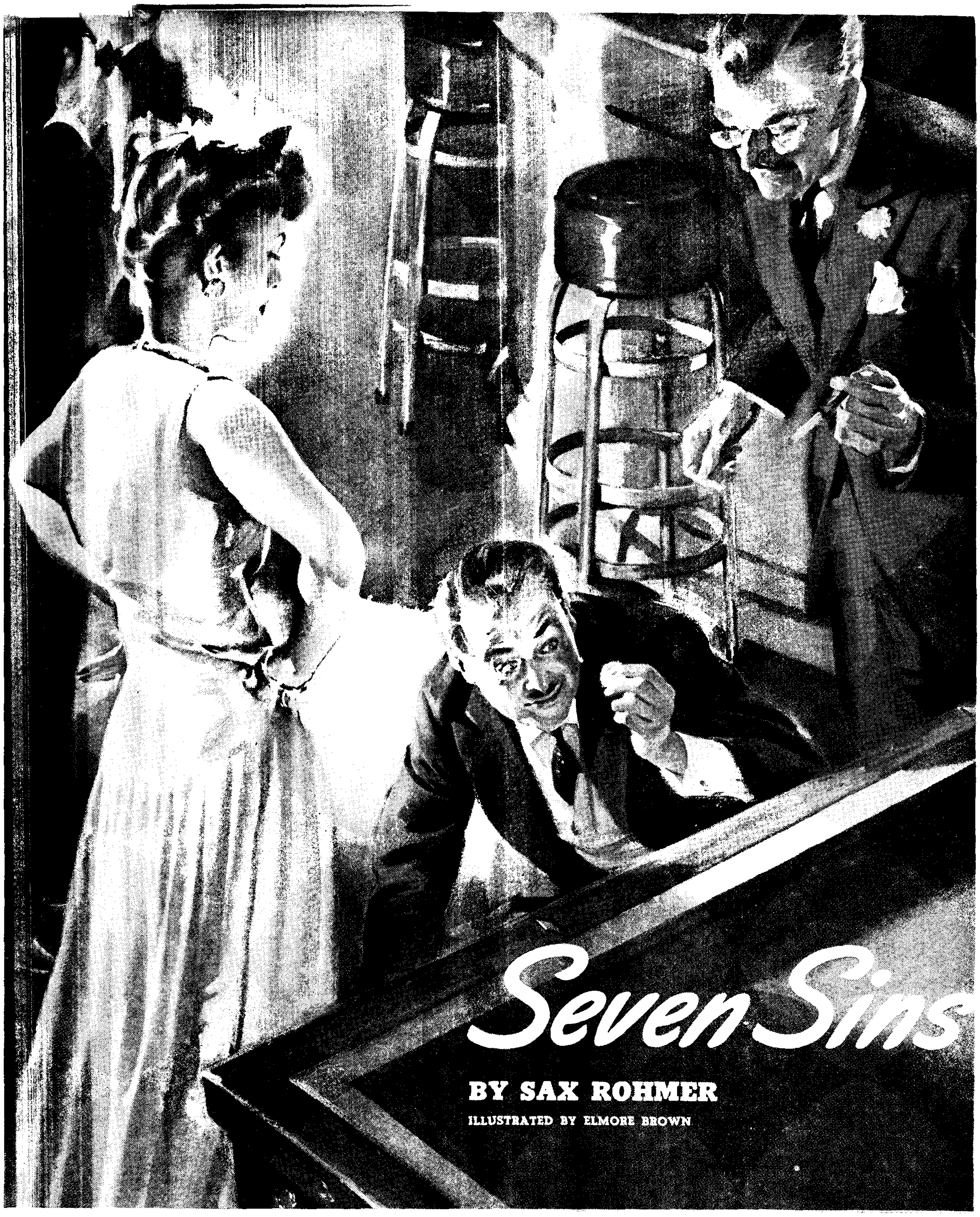


Seven Sins

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"May I inquire what you are doing?" Destrée asked. "I have dropped a chip," Bernstein said. . . . "Ah! Got it!"

The Story Thus Far:

THE body of Sir Giles Loeder, a noted radio broadcaster, is found in the London home of Lord Marcus Amberdale, late one night; it is found by Lord Marcus himself, who at once notifies Scotland Yard.

With Detective Sergeant Bluett and a physician—Dr. Fawcett—Chief Inspector Firth hurries to the scene of the crime. He interviews Lord Marcus (an eccentric who is performing some weird experiments with a notorious woman known as "Mrs. Vane."

Gaston Max, a brilliant French detective, is in London at the time, investigating a case which (so he claims) is of tremendous importance to the whole world. While disguised as a taxicab driver he learns that, shortly before the murder, Sir Giles and a girl named Rita Martin had visited a gambling establishment run by a "Mrs. Ysolde Destrée."

This discovery delights Sergeant Bluett. The sergeant, digging into the past, has learned that Mrs. Vane had once been Sir Giles' mistress; he strongly suspects that Lord Marcus killed Sir Giles, in a fit of jealousy!

Gaston Max makes further discoveries. He calls on Colonel O'Halloran, one of the big men at Scotland Yard. He says that he is looking for "a big fish"—someone who secures war cabinet secrets and forwards them to Berlin! He says that, in his opinion, Sir Giles Loeder may have been, somehow, involved in the activities of a spy ring. Then he tells the colonel that a "Mr. Julian Francis"—who occupies an apartment above Mrs. Destrée's—is a man to be watched.

Lord Marcus has an attractive cousin—Fay Perigal—who is a nurse at a R.A.F. hospital near London. She had met Sir Giles once, when he visited the hospital to collect data for his radio commentaries. On that occasion, he had given her an envelope (addressed to himself) on which he had jotted down his telephone number. One of her patients—Squadron Leader Dan Corcoran—had seen the envelope; and he had devoted much time to the effort to decipher a seemingly meaningless sentence on it.

A distinguished Frenchman—who says he is Dr. de Brion, from Fighting French headquarters—comes to the hospital, ostensibly to inspect it. He meets Nurse Perigal, who introduces him to Dan Corcoran. He examines the envelope. "Ah!" he exclaims excitedly, "the same writing! What have we here, my infants!"

IV

WELL," grumbled Dan, "we have the remarkable words, 'Pythagoric buds,' written in capitals. I can't find Pythagoric in my dictionary. That's bad enough. But in between the capitals a lot of small letters have been added. That makes it worse." He looked up from his armchair—and became silent.

Dr. de Brion's face was transfigured; indeed, his entire body seemed to radiate energy and his eyes to be on fire.

"What is it, Doctor?" Fay asked in a hushed voice.

Dr. de Brion turned to her. "It is the answer to an enigma! It is a reproach to my stupidity!" He returned the envelope to Dan. "I can remember it. Take, oh, great care of this! Heaven is on our side after all—" and he extended his hand. "Forgive me! I must go. Au revoir, Dan Corcoran, my friend. I must go."

"Now?" exclaimed Fay with such unconcealed disappointment that he came about in a swift turn, grasped her shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"My car I left at the hospital. Even now, I may not be too late. Au revoir, Miss Fay. I believe your troubles will pass like a summer cloud. God bless you both."

He snatched his hat and darted from the room.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Dan, in a voice denoting stark amazement. He turned in his chair and looked at Fay. "Hello, what is bothering you?"

Fay was staring into vacancy, and the gray eyes were speculative. "I was only wondering, Dan, why a man whose name is de Brion should carry a cigarette case with diamond initials G. M." . . .

The pall of blackout had fallen upon London when a car came racing to the main entrance of the War Office, and a man jumped out, spoke rapidly to the driver, and ran up the steps. Some slight delay occurred, and this he suffered impatiently. However, he was admitted.

Three minutes later, a staff captain rapped on a door upstairs, opened it and looked across an office the walls of which were almost entirely covered with maps, to a desk whereat Lieutenant General Sir Aubrey Bulwer (in his youth accounted the most handsome officer in the British army) was seated.

"Mr. Gaston Max is here, sir."

"Please show him in."

Gaston Max entered so promptly that evidently he had been immediately behind the captain, who retired and closed the door. One who knew the Frenchman well would have perceived that he was laboring under the influence of a powerful emotion.

"Sit down, Mr. Max. What can I do for you?"

But Gaston Max did not sit down; he crossed the room and stood before the speaker. "I have a question to ask, General. I beg that you will not hesitate to answer it—to relieve me of a terrible anxiety. The raid by Combined Operations . . . has it started?"

He leaned forward, his hands resting on the desk, and searched the lined, somewhat tired-looking face of the soldier, who met this strange regard and who seemed to hesitate. "I don't know that I'm at liberty—"

"General! I have made a request. Grant it, I beg! I know the entire composition of this force, the ships engaged, the names of the officers, the armaments and vehicles employed. I will tell you all this, in a minute. But I ask—has the expedition started?"

General Bulwer, manifestly most disturbed, seemed suddenly to make up his mind. He looked at a rather elaborate timepiece which stood before him. "The convoy with its escort left port almost exactly forty-nine minutes ago."

Gaston Max's normally pale face grew even paler, and he clapped an open palm to his forehead.

"*Mon Dieu!* I am too late!"

TEN minutes after Gaston Max had uttered that cry of despair it would have been difficult to decide whether he or General Bulwer presented the more haggard appearance.

"The details you have given me, Mr. Max, are correct in every particular. The plan of operations is almost equally so. I am appalled. All that can humanly be done I have done; but I fear that recall is impossible. The mere idea that this information is in enemy hands is nearly unendurable. They have gone—"

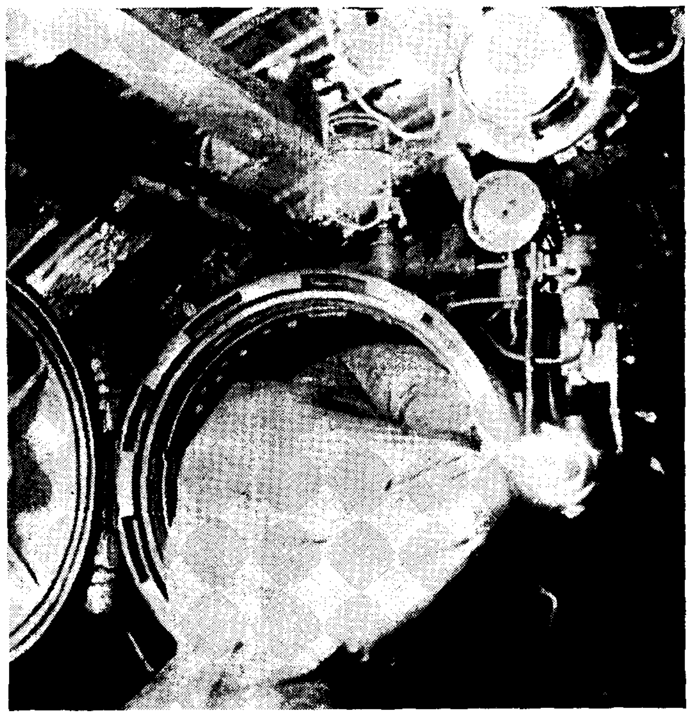
"To destruction, General—many of them, yes. For this information *is* in

(Continued on page 31)

A direct hit on the turret of a Russian ship supporting a commando raid ignites bag of powder used to load guns. Blazing powder is tossed from turret to deck

The turret is saved from explosion, but before the blazing powder charge can be hurled overboard the flames whip back and set fire to Seaman Pushkarev's uniform

Start of a daylight commando raid. Two volunteer scouts leave their sub via the torpedo tube



Wearing Momsen lungs, these Red scouts swim to the shore of enemy-held positions

Quickly surveying terrain, scouts climb a hill to signal the submarine: "Come ahead, the coast is clear"

Russian Commandos

THE scenes on these pages show a Russian commando raid on a German-held coastal position on the Black Sea. Taken from a new Soviet documentary film, Black Sea Fleet, these rare pictures tell why the Germans call the Russian commandos "The Black Death."

To the Russian people the Black Sea is as precious as the Ukraine. The Russian navy fights as fiercely for the Black Sea and the Arctic as the army fought for Leningrad and Kharkov. The giant land might of Russia is supported by her powerful Red navy.

Exact size of Russia's fleet is unknown. Her submarine fleet is generally credited with being one of the world's largest. In two years of war more than 800 enemy ships (2,000,000 tons) have been sunk. Fiercest fighters of the Russian navy are the Red commandos.

Grim tribute was paid the Russian commandos and their fleet the night of June 22, 1941—Russia's December 7th. Thousands of Nazi planes attacked, trying to knock out the Russian fleet. Like her army, Russia's navy was prepared: not a single ship was lost. Even the fall of the great naval bases at Sevastopol, Nikolaev, Odessa, did not give the Germans control of the Black Sea. There is, today, no stretch of seacoast in the Crimea or the Caucasus that can be called "German." The continuous day-and-night sorties of the Russian commandos have cost the Germans heavily in lines of communications cut, supplies lost, divisions wiped out.

Odessa, Leningrad, Sevastopol and Stalingrad—all are tributes to the Red navy and the Russian commandos as well as to the Red army and the Russian people. Commandos are men of a fierce and proud tradition. These volunteer marines and sailors seek hand-to-hand combat with Germans. They laugh a lot, and they say an hour of laughter is equal in calories to two hard-boiled eggs.

VERNON POPE

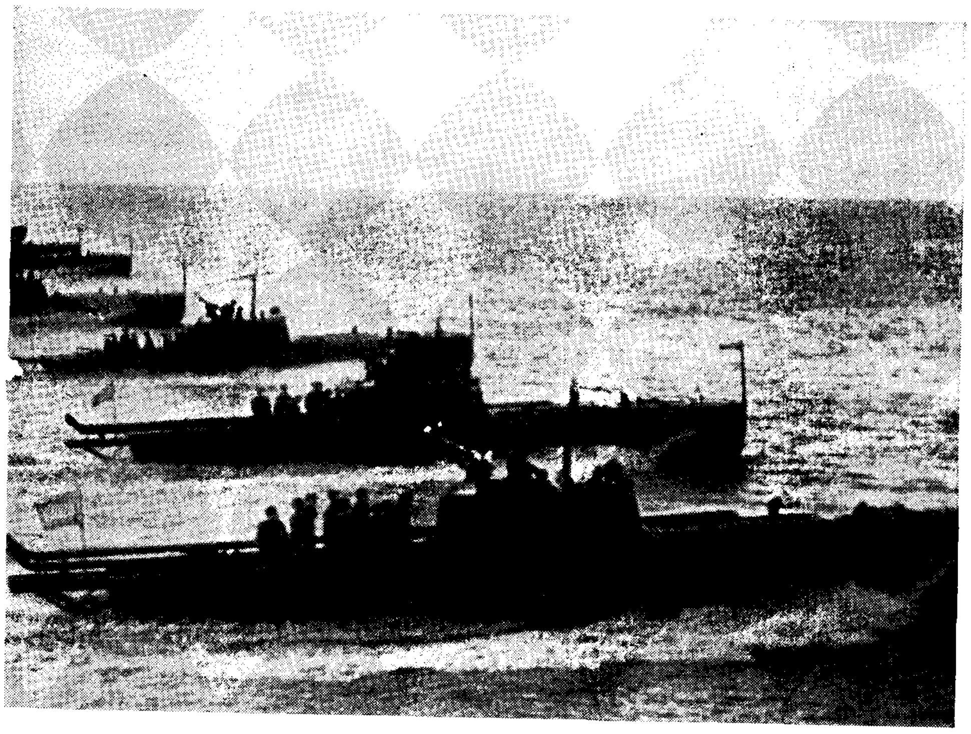
EXCLUSIVE COLLIER'S PICTURES FROM SOVFOTO-ARTKINO

Carrying tommy guns and rifles with bayonets fixed, belts of ammunition across their shoulders, the Russian commandos charge. The sky is rent with the gunfire from German coastal batteries and with savage volleys from Russian ships

The powder bag disposed of, a comrade comes to the rescue of the burning seaman, seizes him, hands him down from the gun turret to the men on the deck

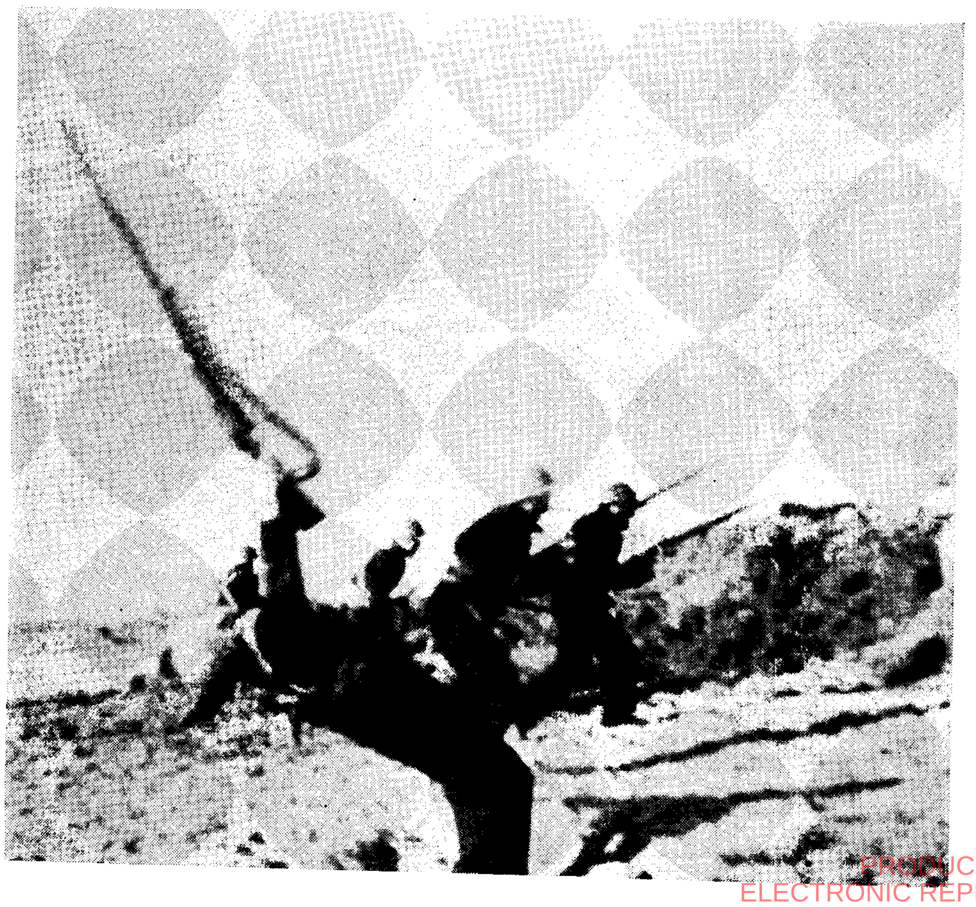
Two sailors defy burns to beat out the fire with their hands before the victim is seriously hurt. Pushkarev is one of the Russian navy's doughty "commandos"

Message is relayed to the waiting torpedo boats. These fierce sea fighters carry the commandos, clear the way for the heavy warships that follow

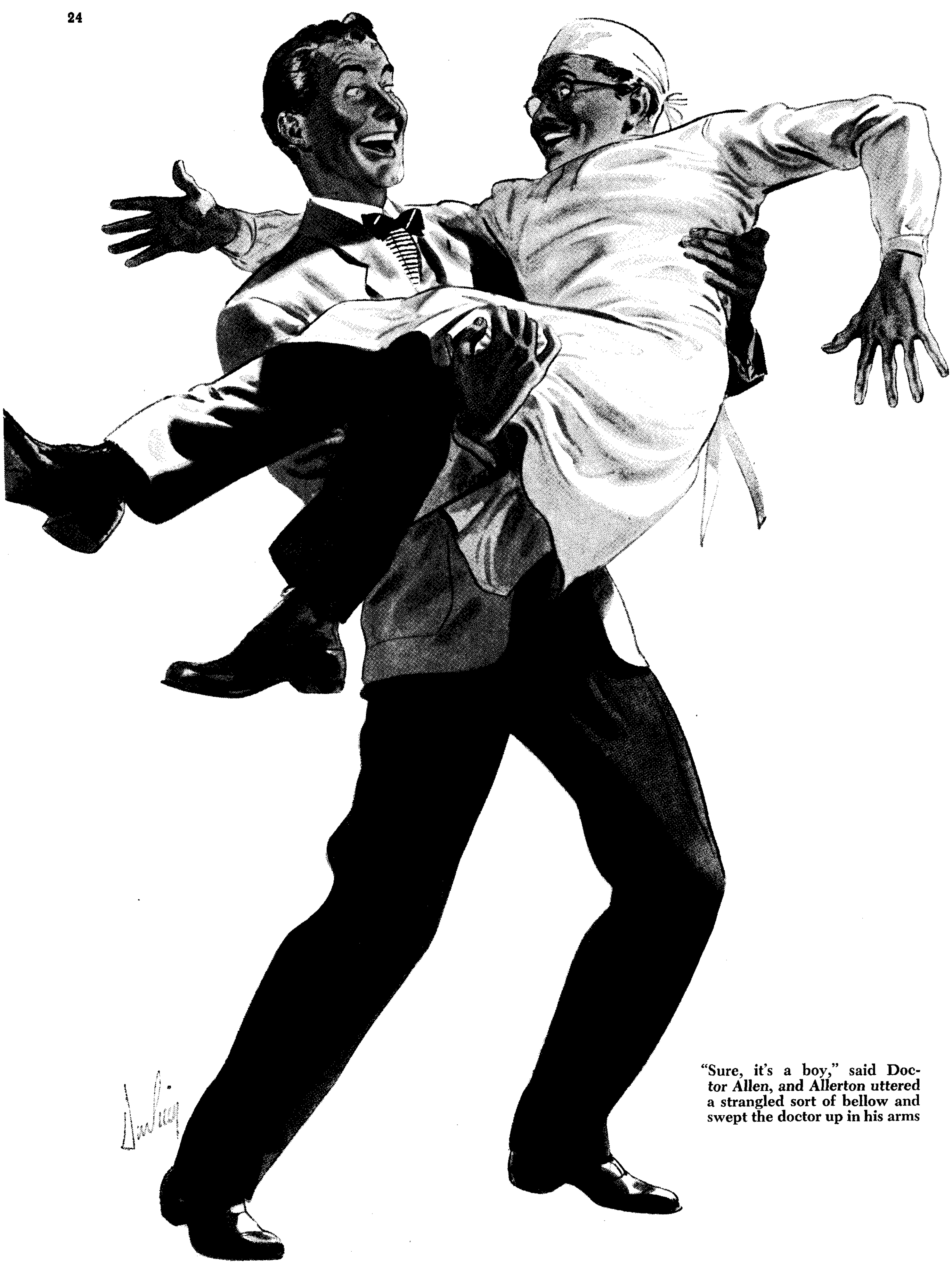


Under terrific barrage from battleships' guns, the commandos strike. Their task is to cut enemy lines of communications and destroy mountain roads

The commandos advance in wave after wave. Many are killed. The Germans counterattack but the Russians continue to advance. German snipers are dislodged from their positions as the commandos go deep into enemy territory



During a commando raid the cameraman catches a rare sight: Russian and German combatants in the same picture. Here, Germans (in the background) are seen in full flight. Enemy positions are demolished, and the raid is a success



"Sure, it's a boy," said Doctor Allen, and Allerton uttered a strangled sort of bellow and swept the doctor up in his arms

Gifts from Allerton

By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

He despised the public and never justified his own behavior. When mud was thrown at him he let it stick. And so, he thought, there was only one present he could make to the three people he had loved most

A GREAT long time since this, oh, maybe thirty-five, thirty-eight years ago or more, two men happened to meet and get acquainted in what was, and with the help of Heaven still shall be, one of democracy's great crucibles: a college lecture room. There Calzolari, whose fathers fought in Sicily against oppression, sits next to Cathcart, whose people were at the Brandywine, and Levy is near Llewellyn, and MacCullough close to Moran. These two were Allen and Allerton. It just happened that the alphabet brought them together.

Allerton was James Kenyon Allerton III, remarkable even then. Allen was just James Allen, not third, nor thirty-third. Allerton was the fourth son in direct descent to go to the university; Allen was the first man of his family ever to see the inside of a college.

Along about the third lecture, Allerton turned to Allen. "This man is a crashing bore," he said. Allen shrugged. "I wouldn't know," he said. "I'm only a Pre-Med. We got to take this stuff." "I'm General," said Allerton. "You know, culture and all. It's some of the worst baloney I ever heard in my life."

Just before their first quiz, Allerton said, "You got any notes on this, Allen?"

"Sure, I got a few notes," Allen said. "You want to take a look at them?"

Allerton took Allen's notes and leafed through them, and whistled. "Boy!" he said. "I thought you didn't know anything about this course."

"Well—well, you see, I got a scholarship," said Allen. "I—I hear you were pretty good, last Saturday, Allerton."

"You see the game?"

"No—I—I work on Saturdays."

"Yeah. Yes, of course. I'll tell you something, Allen. Most of the jobs on this club are yellow. Yellow! There are about three good characters on this club. Some are just dumb. Now, you take for instance that Fothergill. Fothergill is not yellow. I throw him a pass like a girl playing bean-bag. Right in his mitts. He drops it. So we got to start all over, from the thirty-five-yard line. 16 to 6? It should have been 40 to nothing."

THAT was Allerton. Big, rumbling, heavy, completely audible voice, hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar suit, four-dollar shirt, three-dollar tie, fourteen-dollar shoes. This was Allen: hundred and twenty-five pounds, suit, shoes, shirt, tie and underwear all together for twenty-five dollars and carrying his own lunch. Three cents a day to spend for a newspaper. He was going to college; Allerton was being sent. Nevertheless, Allerton wasn't stupid, either. Brusque, contemptuous, indifferent and imperious, he had a mind as smashing and hard as his body, and several successful generations behind him.

Once Allerton said to Allen, "Belong to a fraternity?" Allen laughed. "How could I belong to a fraternity?" he said.

"Lot of nonsense, anyhow," said Allerton. "You see, though, over in my house, you see, we want a fellow in, we defer his dues. We take his note. You see what I mean?"

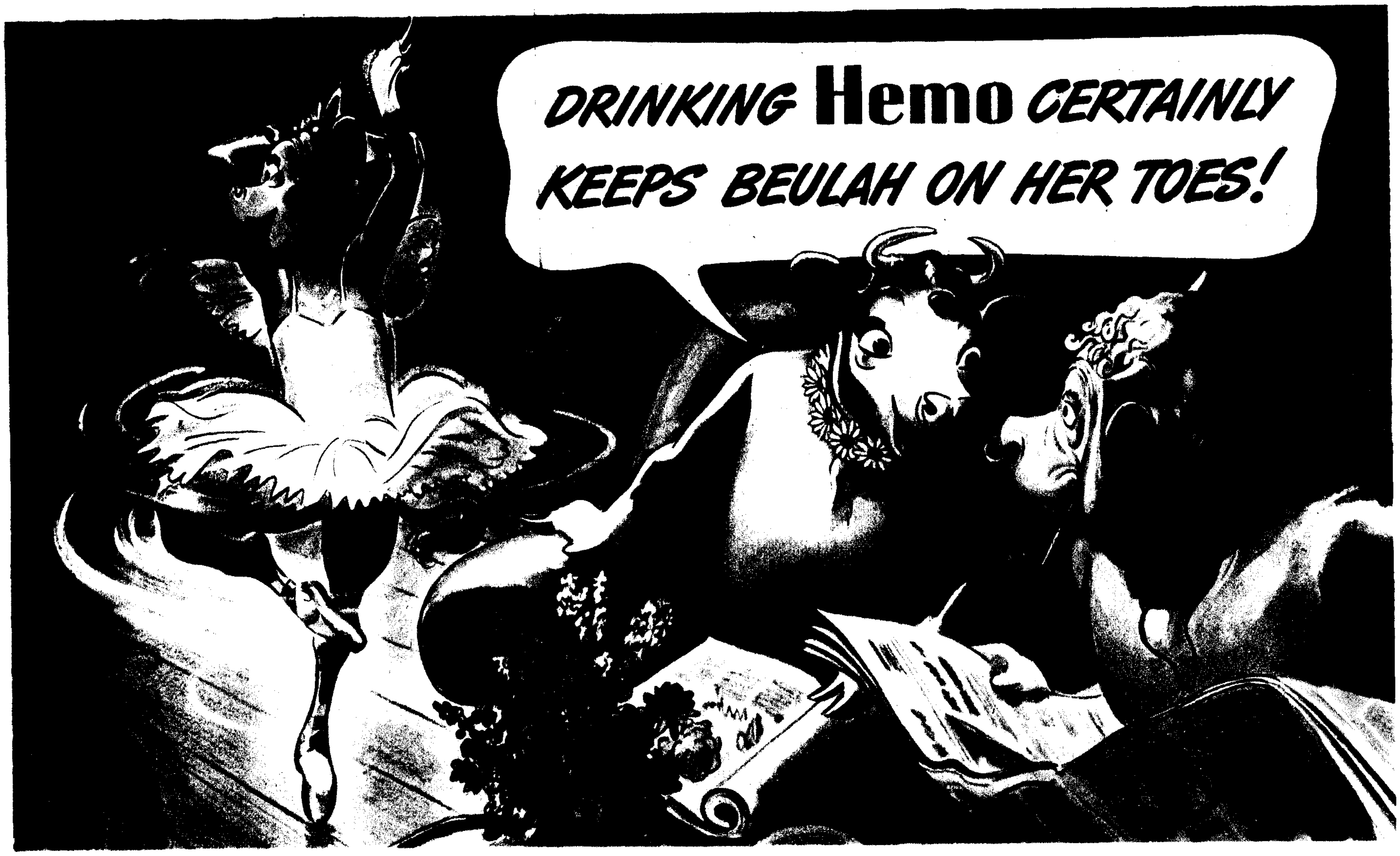
"I need every dime I got, to get through medical school. I can't be fooling around with stuff like that."

"Yeah. I see what you mean," said Allerton. What Allen never knew, never, never did know was that Allerton had already paved his way into one of the best fraternities on the campus. "Fellow's got brains," he had said. "A nice little fellow. Doesn't bother you. Keeps his mouth shut. When he has something to say, he says it. All right kind of job. I'm not fooling. We tell him, pay for his pin. A job that will be all right, for the fraternity—and if there's any difference, I'll take care of it."

After all his trouble, Allen threw it right back in his face. It didn't please Allerton at all—he was used to having his own way. Generally he got it. Ruthless, relentless, he inspired dislike and hatred and that grudging admiration which is close to fear, all his life, and maybe that suited him.

On the other hand, there was this Doctor Allen—oh, yes, he did become Doctor Allen—who was by no means the most brilliant man in the medical school. His brains were in his head, and then by a faltering sort of transfusion in his hands. They saw this, in the medical school; they knew he'd never be a Harvey, an Osler, or one of the Mayos. He'd be just another man in general practice, another man to work day and night for richer, for poorer;

(Continued on page 38)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Keep on your toes with Hemo—drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

"MY, but it's grand to see how HEMO keeps our Beulah on her toes," breathed Elsie. "Now, if everybody could have a glass of HEMO every day—"

"Ho! Ho! We'd be a nation of toe dancers!" chortled Elmer.

"Wouldn't hurt this country a bit if more of us had the *bounce* of toe dancers," laughed Elsie. "Why, Government authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not be getting enough vitamins with their meals. And, then when you stop to think that food rationing and shortages—"

"I don't want to *think*," grumbled Elmer. "I want to read that new magazine you're hoarding. If you'll pass—"

"I never pass up an opportunity," said Elsie, "to say that JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed in milk) gives half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin—"

"When I went to school," hinted Elmer, "C came before D."

"We purposely omit Vitamin C from HEMO," explained Elsie. "You get it readily if you drink fruit or tomato juice. And—"

"Blow my horn!" groaned Elmer. "Lady, *please!* May I have the magazine *now?* It's almost time for you to get the lunch anyhow!"

"Lunch!" exclaimed Elsie. "Why a glass of HEMO and a sandwich make a wonderfully nutritious lunch. *But why am I telling you this*—it's all right here in your magazine!"

▶ You can get HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer at fountains . . . Of course, you can prepare it at home *any time* for *only 2½¢ a serving!* A full-pound jar — 24 delicious drinks — costs only 59¢ at grocery or drug stores.

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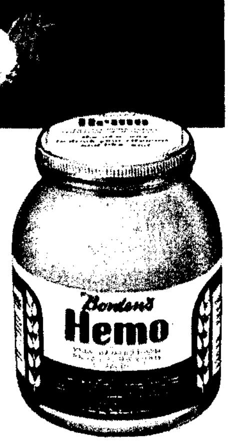
Borden's Hemo



IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

British troops, occupying Pantelleria, swarm through the rubble left after the bombardment from battleships and planes

ACME

LAST HOURS OF AN EMPIRE

BY ALFRED WAGG

BY WIRELESS FROM MALTA

Mussolini's Gibraltar—Pantelleria—had a good battery on it. The men on the cruiser H.M.S. Newfoundland knew that they had to "get" Battery 20—or be sunk. How they got it is a thrilling incident in this eyewitness story of the fall of Italy's island outposts

PERHAPS you have never heard of "Aunty," but in Malta she's about the best-known citizen. Aunty runs an old-fashioned pub. I was sitting at a table at Aunty's a few nights ago when a piano, made by F. Weber, Berlin, was giving forth with a new tune and verse. The guy at the dirty yellow keyboard was a sublieutenant in the Royal navy. His friends about him were American and British officers. The verse being concocted was Pardon Me, Boys. Have You Seen the Lampedusie Floozie?

Perhaps you've never heard of Lampedusa, either. Frankly, I hadn't until recently when four islands became the special object of combined aerial, sea and finally land offensives. They were the last outposts of Italy's dead empire along the African Mediterranean coast. They were Pantelleria, Lampedusa, Linosa and a tiny lighthouse isle called Lampione, where the only occupants in fact—the lighthouse keeper and his daughter—had to give up waiting for a fleet to come and capture them, and left some square miles of rock to our merciful administration.

On the other hand, Pantelleria, largest of the four islands in the Sicilian Straits, had long been a mysterious secret—an Italian Gibraltar. Pantelleria's assault was a serious trial show for the masterful hands of our allied brass hats. They had to "show the boys how you do it." They had never before really seen all the armed services of sea and land blast and bombard together in one operation involving so many allies.

The boys at Aunty's were part of an operation that, in two and a half days, had cleaned up these four islands without a single casualty and had successfully driven off 25 dive-bombing sorties. The loss of aircraft was negligible. Our ships were undamaged except for a few fans shaken loose from our cruiser's ceilings and some smashed crockery in a destroyer.

I was assigned aboard H.M.S. Newfoundland, the flagship of the British cruiser squadron in the Mediterranean. Admiral C. H. J. Harcourt had recently chosen the Newfoundland for his flagship, since it was new and powerful.

In addition, tall, lean, red-faced Captain William Slayter, the saltiest of old-time British navyites, was the Newfoundland's captain and also Harcourt's chief of staff. This combination of brain power represented the best for the show that would be "helpful for the future of Allied cooperation wherever required."

"The Pantelleria Plan" was not a maze of complicated ideas, as you might expect. It was simple. It was sensible. It worked. There were no "channels" to clear before one force could come to another's aid. It was accomplished through synchronized waves of assault, timed so that the shore defenses were overwhelmed by mass attack.

From the bridge deck of H.M.S. Newfoundland, I'd watched three bombardments against Pantelleria. On the first day, our squadron went out and plastered the island in order to draw fire from the shore, so that we could spot gun flashes from the enemy battery positions. While we made successive bombardment runs on the island, aerial raids by American and R.A.F. bombers combined their efforts to make the raids continuous. When we ranged seaward, the turning bombers would let go at the defenses, and as we returned for bombardment, and smoke and dust drifted off the target from their bomb explosions, we took up the bombardment again.

On two occasions, our squadron bombarded Pantelleria before the "Big Do." Each time we were confronted with one battery just west of the town that would not stay put out of action. We called these guns on our map "Battery 20." Our personal fight with Battery 20 made Pantelleria a serious business for our cruiser. Our admiral said there was no doubt that the Italians were individually good fighters. Here was proof of individual bravery.

Forty-five Minutes of Hell

On the second bombardment, I went to the topmost part of our cruiser for the best view. I sat with the gunnery officer, Royal Marine Captain MacLeod, in the gunnery control tower high above the decks. He gave Battery 20 plenty of hell for about 45 minutes, but the Italians kept going even though they had only one gun left, and the other island defenses had ceased firing.

Then came the big day. We left Malta at night. The following morning, June 11th, about daylight off Pantelleria, we met assault craft and more destroyers from North Africa. It was the first day of the third year of hostilities since the back-stabbing of France.

The chaplain prayed, "In this hour of necessity, help us." Nine minutes later, enemy aircraft gave us our first air raid.

Fortresses and Liberators with escorts of Lightnings and Spitfires had been carrying out raids on Pantelleria all night, preparing for the zero-hour landing. As morning wore on, they passed overhead in a ring-around-a-rosy routine from North Africa, then over 80 miles of water to drop bombs while fighters strafed the beaches, removing opposition from the shore line.

It was a perfect day for a landing. Visibility was very poor, and the air was clammy, at times turning to a thin drizzle. At 8:48, eighteen enemy aircraft were driven off by our fighters, screening ahead of the landing craft. At 10:30, a large formation of enemy Focke-Wulf 190s attacked our flotilla but fortunately dropped their bombs harmlessly near the Greek destroyer Queen Olga. Our fighters lost little time in driving them off.

Over twenty warships, split into two groups, opened fire on Pantelleria at 11 o'clock on June 11th, the signal hour for the time of a massed attack. The bombers had just dropped another packet. Great clouds seemed to walk across the island. As a light breeze swept the corruption in the sky clear of the beaches, we opened fire on the gun emplacements.

Closing in for the Finish

Under cover of our guns, landing craft moved up with a destroyer escort, finding their way safely into the harbor. Battery 20 dropped one 6-inch shell fifty yards to our starboard, but other batteries were on their last legs, firing faintly. The bombers and ships' gunners had done their stuff. But while Battery 20 was trying and coming too close for comfort to sinking our cruiser, the landing craft with British infantry were making their way toward shore. At 11:15, we wiped out the center gun in Battery 20.

Shortly after that, another cruiser in our squadron, H.M.S. Orion, disabled another battery farther to the west. Destroyers were tossing caution to the winds and making for close range on shore to test for machine-gun fire. Just after 11:30, the destroyer H.M.S. Nubian, which had got near the beach, reported a white flag flying from the top of the St. Elmo semaphore station which was silhouetted against the sky on the top of the first mountain ridge.

At 11:57, our first landing craft touched the beach three minutes ahead of schedule. On the shore, several large explosions appeared; the Italians were scuttling and sabotaging stores of munitions. By 12:06, flares from one beach signified that the boys were okay on shore. At 12:15, enemy aircraft coming from Sicily jettisoned their bombs far astern when a flight of Lightnings got on their tails. At 12:35, the infantry ashore sent us a message: "White flag flying on Mount Gelkhamar not confirmed means surrender of whole island."

We sat back for a breather. A sailor came around with a pailful of Cornish pastries, which is the traditional Royal navy meal during action. They called it "tiddyoggy." It's really a meat and vegetable pie the size of your hand. I took my "tiddyoggy" and sat next to our Captain Slayter who was doing a little first-class munching, too.

At 12:44, a message came from Malta that the Italian commander at Pantelleria begged to surrender on account of lack of water. This was not the real reason they folded up. When our troops got ashore, they found ample supplies and canceled a water boat. Six minutes later, we had another air attack from Sicily. The enemy planes were wide of the target again.

By 1:30, the bombings were ordered to cease. But the day wasn't over yet. Two Italian invasion barges attempting to escape were set afire and sunk. Twenty-seven aircraft, again from Sicily, raided at 3:30, but our fighters were circling too well and drove them off. By 4 o'clock, twenty of our tanks were aiding the troops

(Continued on page 66)

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 5 of a series, Marine Corps.

Some day Johnny, front line observer, will climb out of his last foxhole into a world freed from fear of dictators. When that day comes, the telephone—now speeding commands on the battlefront and production on the home front—will help to place all peoples of the earth on friendly speaking terms.

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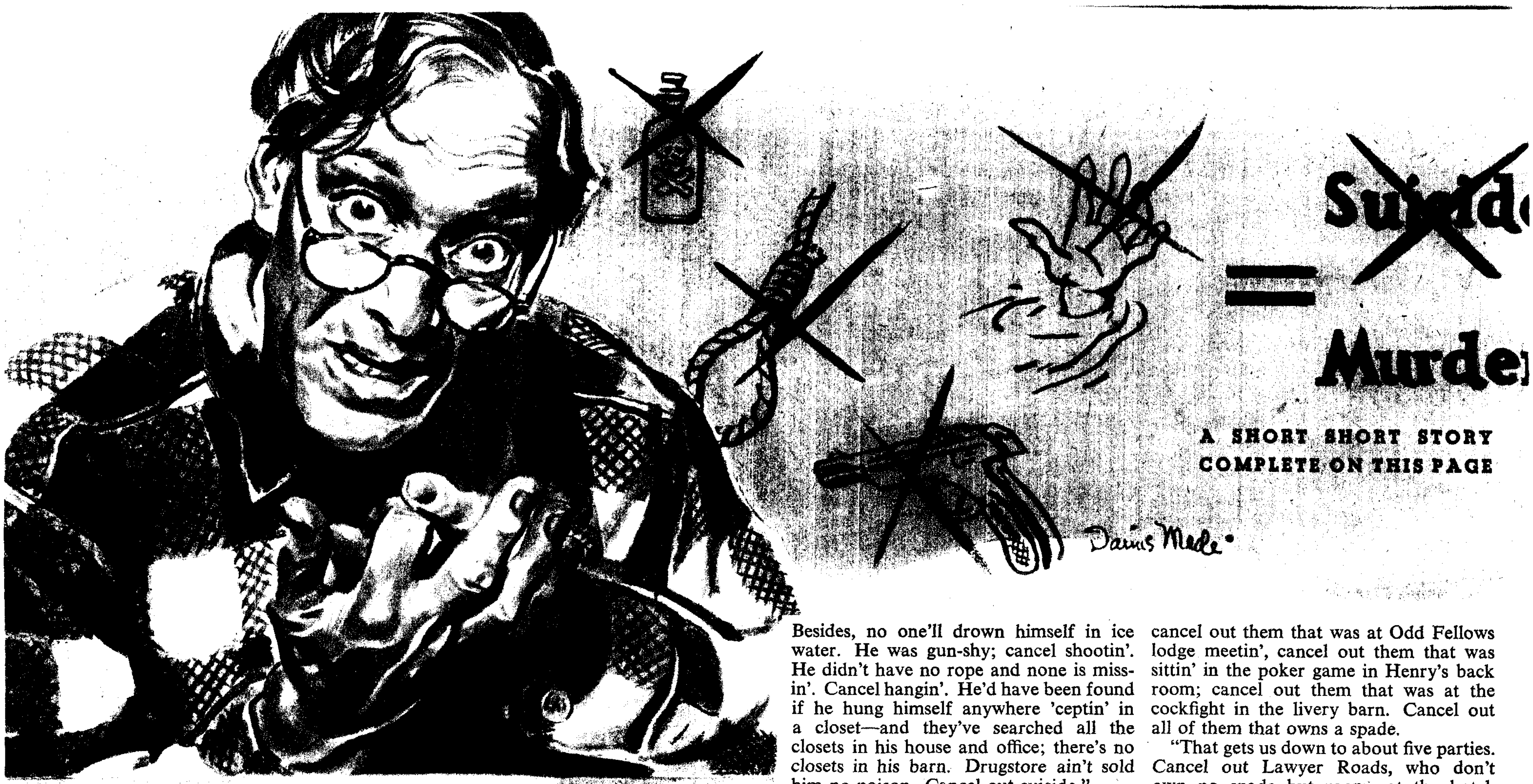

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

CANCELIN' OUT

BY HUGH FULLERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DARIUS MEDE

NEVER in the history of our old home town has there been such a mystery as the disappearance of Old Benning Colvert, nor as much astonishment as followed its solution by Little Dan Brock, our local Sherlock.

Benning, the most hated and feared man in Highland county, disappeared three days after Christmas in the coldest week of the winter. He ate supper at his home in Beech Street, told his wife he intended to walk uptown, get the mail, and stop at his office to make sure the fire in the stove was banked. He left the house at 7:20. Both Kim Moyer and Wally Stevenson passed him. He turned into Short Street in which both post office and his office were located—and vanished. He wasn't seen alive again.

No one cared much, although some pretended to be sorry for his wife. He was the richest man in the county, and held mortgages, notes and claims against about half the population—all at usurious rates. The marshal and the sheriff held the theory that he had gone to Cincinnati in some mysterious manner, but when three days passed with no word from him the disappearance became a source of argument and dissension in the village.

The hottest center of argument was at Doc Cooper's little cigar shop where the Loafers' Club met morning, afternoon and evening. Seven or eight of us regular members were in the shop when Clibby, the town marshal, came in and stood Doc off for cigars known locally as "Twofers." Little Dan Brock, who had studied law and who spent his time reading detective stories, asked: "Found old Benning yet, Clibby?"

"Nary hide nor hair," said Clibby, licking the loose wrapper of a cigar.

"Kind of slow, ain't you?"

"I suppose you could do better," said Clibby, stung by the sniff that accented Dan's query. "I suppose you could find him and catch whoever it was killed or kidnaped him?"

"Reckon I could if I put my mind to it."

"Your *mind?*" Clibby repeated insinuatingly. "Reckon maybe you'd better get busy. I'm offerin' a reward."

"Maybe I will. Maybe you'll find him if the cold lets up so you can get away from the the stove for a while."

Clibby snorted, slammed the door and departed.

"Kind of burnt him up that time, Dan, didn't you?" asked Doc admiringly.

"Reckoned I would."

"Just how'd you go about solvin' this case, Dan?" inquired Dick Spruance.

"Well, first off, I'd start cancelin' out."

"Cancelin' out; how's that?"

"Elimination, cancelin' out, same as we done in arithmetic at school. Cancel out everything that don't count and what remains is the answer."

"I mind somethin' like that," Dick confessed, "when we was studyin' fractions."

"Yep; worked every danged time, too."

"How would you go about it with Benning?" asked Doc.

Dan, pulling out a package of fine cut, said, "Well, I'll proceed to elucidate. First off, did Benning leave town or is he still here? Train had been gone twenty minutes when he left the house. No bus run that night. Benning didn't have no hoss, and didn't hire one at Jake's livery. He couldn't ride a bicycle. No one seen any rig drive through town; besides, the road was drifted shut with snow down at Hoaglands. He didn't walk; came uptown without his galoshes, and no muffler. He'd have froze to death in five miles, walkin'. Cancels out every way of leaving town; consequently he's still here."

"It figgers that way," Doc admitted.

"Now cancel on did he suicide," Dan continued judicially. "Rope? Drownin'? Poison? Shootin'?—nope. Cancel 'em all. Crick's froze solid. So are all the ponds. Besides, no one'll drown himself in ice water. He was gun-shy; cancel shootin'. He didn't have no rope and none is missin'. Cancel hangin'. He'd have been found if he hung himself anywhere 'ceptin' in a closet—and they've searched all the closets in his house and office; there's no closets in his barn. Drugstore ain't sold him no poison. Cancel out suicide."

"That means murder," said Dick Spruance, solemnly.

"Uh-huh," Dan assented, nodding and adding to his chew. "Now cancel on the murder. How did the feller kill Benning? Gunshot would have been heard; cancel out shootin'. No blood on the snow anywhere; cancel out stabbin'. Leaves bashin' over the head, or chokin'. No sign of a struggle anywhere—and no man gets choked without fightin'. I figger that someone bashed Benning over the head. Probably laid for him in the alley by the post office, and bashed him with a club."

"But where would he hide the body?" inquired Dick Spruance.

"Got to cancel out again," said Dan craftily. "First off, ground is froze down two feet, which cancels ninety-nine hundredths of the territory. No one would tackle diggin' a grave in frozen clay."

"How come you figger he *is* buried?" asked Dick.

"Ain't cancelin' out that way," said Dan. "I figger he ain't buried yet, but will be."

"How do you cancel down to that?" demanded Doc. "And like Dick says, where'd the murderer hide the body?"

"Timmy Costigan reports someone stole a spade and pick from the section shanty last night. Cancels down to the body bein' hid, and that the murderer don't own no spade. Cancelin' on where he's hid—" Dan lighted a Twofer thoughtfully.

"Might have hid him in a haymow?" Dick suggested.

"Cancel out the haymow. No murderer ain't hidin' the body in his own haymow and besides Benning weighed 185; hard to carry up a ladder. Cancel out cellars, too; every cellar in town is dug into rock."

"Might be in the sawdust down at the sawmill," Doc offered.

"Nope; cancel that. Sawdust is froze solid and covered with snow. Only one danged spot in town that don't cancel out."

"Where's that?" demanded several listeners in chorus.

"Under the grandstand in the old fairgrounds. Dirt there's dry as a bone, and loose as ashes; easy diggin'. I reckon Clibby'd find the body hid there and maybe by watchin', catch the killer buryin' it—"

"Who do you figger done it, Dan?" asked Dick Spruance.

"Got to cancel out to answer that," said Dan easily. "More'n half the people in town have wanted to kill Benning some time or other. Cancel out all them that was at two prayer meetin's Wednesday evenin'; cancel out them that was at Odd Fellows lodge meetin', cancel out them that was sittin' in the poker game in Henry's back room; cancel out them that was at the cockfight in the livery barn. Cancel out all of them that owns a spade.

"That gets us down to about five parties. Cancel out Lawyer Roads, who don't own no spade but rooms at the hotel. Cancel out old man Hunt, who has the rheumatics so he can't spade any more; cancel out Lavinny Pallisin, the old maid who is too old to garden; cancel out Parson White who has no spade but is laid up with pneumonia. What does that leave?"

Dan looked around for an answer.

"Leaves Aboo-Ben Adams, don't it?" he demanded. "He ain't got no spade and wouldn't spade if he had one."

"Kind of serious, accusin' anyone of murder," said Doc, "without no real evidence. How you figure it's Aboo? He never owed Benning nothing—Benning wouldn't lend him a cent. I know that."

"Didn't owe him nothin' is correct," said Dan. "But I heard tell that Aboo wrote a check once and signed the wrong name. Heard tell that Benning got that check and Benning used to say sometimes a bad check was better'n a good one. Cancels right down to Aboo."

The weazened little man bought two more cigars, lighted one and said: "Tell Clibby I canceled it out and solved his mystery. I'll be in to get the reward."

THAT night Marshal Clibby, with two deputies, found the body of Benning hidden under the grandstand and, hiding behind a lumber heap, waited and caught Aboo-Ben Adams when he started to dig. Aboo tried to run, but when captured, confessed he had been paying Benning for years on a forged check; had waited in the alley for Benning to come to his office, bashed him over the head with a two-by-four scantling, and hauled the body to the fairgrounds on a sled.

The city papers pounced on the case. They called Dan Brock the local Sherlock Holmes, and printed his picture and a story of how he had "canceled out" until he solved the mystery.

"You did a fine piece of deductive analysis, Dan," I said, after buying several beers and cigars for him. "I was there when you did it, and I followed it all right at the time, but there's a couple of points I'm kind of shaky on when I go over it in my mind. I wish you'd tell me again exactly how you canceled out."

"Just like arithmetic in school," said Dan. "Plain science and logic. But just between you and me and the gatepost and not for publication, I seen Aboo draggin' Ben on a sled into the fairgrounds about midnight that night and I didn't want the old lady to find out I'd set in that poker game that late."

[illegible] and spice... and everything nice...

THAT'S WHAT BOMBERS ARE MADE OF

The sweets your little girl won't eat as often as she used to.

Your extra cup of coffee.

Those Sunday drives with the kids.

The evening picnic by a quiet lake after hot days in town.

That new car you're not going to get and tires you won't have to drive on.

12,000 telephone calls.

300,000 rivets.

Aluminum and steel from your washing machine and other civilized appliances.

...add bombs, ammunition, guns, trained crews...communication systems and safety devices.

AND THAT'S WHAT BOMBERS ARE MADE OF.

Note, if you please, our contribution to these great planes with which go our hopes for peace and justice . . . for we manufacture radio communications equipment that directs the invisible pathways under stars or through blackest night . . . also hydraulic systems that actuate bomb bay doors, and gun turrets . . . these and other hydraulic items such as the important ones which simplify landings of victorious but tired pilots, are but a few of the many units of precision equipment we supply to builders of fine aircraft.

Randolph C. Walker
PRESIDENT

AIRCRAFT ACCESSORIES CORPORATION

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PRECISION AIRCRAFT EQUIPMENT
HYDRAULICS . . . . . ELECTRONICS

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At 7 A. M. you feel like 30¢

WHAT A MORNING! You wake up feeling sluggish and headachy because you need a laxative.

And then . . . the minute you get up, you take a sparkling glassful of gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.

At 9 A. M. you feel immense!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE! Taken before breakfast, Sal Hepatica usually acts *within an hour*. No discomfort or griping. You'll also be pleased to know that Sal Hepatica helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping reduce excess gastric acidity. No wonder, 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this sparkling saline laxative. Why don't you try it?

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription.

TUNE IN "DATE WITH JUDY"—Wednesdays, 9:00 P.M., EWT
"NOAH WEBSTER SAYS"—Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M., EWT

Diplomat on the Spot

Continued from page 13

service with the Asiatic Fleet, in 1898. His naval career reached its apex in 1933, when he was made a full admiral. He was always an ardent advocate of a big navy and was never backward about presenting his views. As Chief of Naval Operations, he carried on a vigorous campaign for larger naval appropriations. Forces aligned against him were strong and well organized.

"The Federated Council of Churches, American Communists, various peace organizations and pacifists like Congressman Jeanette Rankin and Dorothy Detzer all thought I was a warmonger," Standley chuckles now. "I wasn't. But I knew—and the whole Navy knew—that Japan would attack us some day and that we weren't ready. One year, I arranged a naval problem of defending the Aleutian Islands, Honolulu, Midway and San Francisco, and they said that I was deliberately trying to stir up the Japs. We knew they'd attack us and we had to have some preparations with the little material we had."

As a representative at the Disarmament Conference in London in 1934, Standley received further confirmation of his conviction that we had better have a big Navy—or else. He heard Japan's Admiral Yamamoto insist that the 5-5-3 ratio, established in 1922, be adjusted and that complete parity be recognized.

The Japs walked out of the conference, as Standley knew they would from the beginning. That is what they had come to London for—to repudiate the 1922 agreement.

After Standley returned to Washington he was for a time Acting Secretary of the Navy. At every Cabinet meeting the President would turn to him and say, "Well, Bill, what have you got on your mind?" And invariably, Standley would say bluntly, "More battleships, Mr. President. We're going to need them."

Standley once won a battleship on the Army and Navy golf course in Washington. That is one game he really could (and can) play. Once he shot a seventy-seven on the Burning Tree course in Washington. This day he was just starting out with a foursome. He saw Jim Byrnes, head of the appropriations committee, Congressman McMillan of South Carolina, and Commander Bogart, Naval liaison officer for the committee, waiting to tee off. Standley turned to his partners and said, "I'm going to leave you, boys. I'm going over and play Jim Byrnes and try to get a battleship out of him."

Playing for High Stakes

Standley did more talking than playing that afternoon, and when the game was completed he had sold Jim Byrnes. An appropriation for the battleship was forthcoming, and a little over a year ago it was launched. It was the North Carolina.

"It was the first battleship we had launched since 1921, when we built the West Virginia," Standley says, shaking his head sadly.

Admiral Standley retired in 1937, and he couldn't wait to get out to that home he had always dreamed of in La Mesa, California. He had earned a rest, he thought, and he had twelve grandchildren he wanted to know better. He did a job first as consultant for the Electric Boat Company, and on his advice they began construction of what we now know as PT boats—mighty useful little craft.

Then Washington asked him to serve on the OPM and he said simply, "I'm in the Service. I'll do what you tell me to do." The OPM was a bit of a debating society in those days, and Standley hated it. Then the President appointed him a member of the Harriman Special War Supply Mission to Russia. He took active part in the Moscow conference and was instrumental in obtaining American-made Oerlikon anti-aircraft guns for Russian merchant ships and icebreakers. He returned from Russia full of praise for the Red army and for Stalin.

"Russia will never quit," he said in a radio speech on his return. "The Red army is great. Have confidence in Russia and give her everything we can to help. She deserves it. Russia is doing things."

In his dealings with the Soviets he has been honest and frank, and he demands honesty and frankness from them. Honesty he gets—frankness he hopes to get.

Reports reached Moscow recently that Standley might resign. American correspondents, knowing the job he's doing, pleaded with him not to consider such a step. Such men as Sir Archibald Clarke Kerr, British ambassador to Moscow, went running to Spasso House to protest, not officially, but as friendly colleagues. Other diplomats followed suit. All were reassured by the knowledge that there was no immediate possibility of the admiral's resigning.

Most Difficult Job in the World

We here in Moscow believe that Standley has the most difficult diplomatic job in the world. His difficulty does not come from Soviet officials, with whom he's on the most friendly terms—it comes from the awkward, unwieldy setup instituted here by Washington. Supervision of Lend-Lease is in the hands of General Faymonville, who works entirely independently of the ambassador or of our military and naval attachés. This is quite different from the London setup, where Averell Harriman and other Lend-Lease officials work hand in hand with our military and naval authorities and all co-operate with Ambassador Winant.

Various special missions which visit Moscow are also a cause of embarrassment to Standley in his official position. Russians, quite understandably, are never quite sure as to who, in fact, is the official American representative. The recent visit of Joseph E. Davies was a case in point. Standley received little advance notice of Davies' visit, nor was he informed as to the official reason for it. Standley brought Davies to the Kremlin and then left him alone with Stalin. Davies was feted and banqueted with typical Soviet hospitality, and Standley quite definitely took second place.

The fact that Standley and Davies are old friends and that Standley harbored no personal resentment didn't obscure the fact, quite obvious to the diplomatic corps at the Kremlin and to correspondents, that Standley in his official capacity was getting a shabby deal.

Upon his arrival Davies had announced merely that he had come to Moscow to deliver a letter to Stalin. Correspondents and diplomats questioned the necessity of the whole visit. Standley is never too busy to take an hour off and run over to the Kremlin to deliver a letter. The Kremlin is on broad Mokhovaia Avenue, just across from our embassy.

Any man with less moral courage and physical stamina would long since have resigned his thankless job. But admirals don't quit under fire, and as long as Standley believes he can help the Russians in any way at all he'll remain on the job—unless his position becomes so absolutely impossible that he has no alternative but to resign.

THE END

Seven Sins

Continued from page 21

enemy hands. For hours I have been at work, but not until an hour ago did I find myself in a position to produce definite evidence—and it was an hour too late. I will show you."

He spoke and moved in the dull manner of a dispirited man. The general watched him feverishly; he had abandoned his desk and was pacing the office like a wild thing trapped.

From an attaché case Gaston Max drew out a bundle of papers. "First, the key. For this key I have sought for months. No wonder I failed. See."

General Bulwer halted in that febrile promenade, stood beside him and studied a typewritten sheet.

"Observe the top line, in capitals, with wide spaces: PYTHAGORIC BUDS."

"Yes, yes. What does it mean?"

"It means, my General, that fourteen letters of the twenty-six contained in the English alphabet are represented here. In their proper order, those omitted are: e, f, j, k, l, m, n, q, v, w, x and z. Now, regard the second line, in which I have filled in these missing letters, in that order, between the capitals:

"PeYfTjHkAlGmOnRqIvCwBxUzDS."

"Very well. What now?"

"Now, the third line, above which I have written the alphabet:

"A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P
p e y f t j h k a l g m o n r q
Q R S T U V W X Y Z
i v c w b x u z d s."

"And what does that convey?"

"It conveys, with one small flaw represented by the letter N, a scientifically shuffled alphabet! No letter, except N, is in its usual place! If you knew how difficult this is to do, you would appreciate, but yes, the cleverness of these scoundrels; for the formula has to be one that can easily be *memorized:* no code book is carried to incriminate. Hence, 'Pythagoric buds.' One remembers that; the remainder is automatic."

"And the information?"

"Messages, decipherable only by those acquainted with this key, have been cunningly, so cunningly, hidden in speeches openly broadcast from England—and listened to and transcribed in Berlin! It was the sometimes strange language—sentences, oh! so tortured—in these broadcasts which first attracted my attention. But the code defied me. Yes, I, Gaston Max, was at a loss. A divine accident—perhaps the presence of an angel—put the clue in my hands. All those details which I have given to you have been transmitted to Berlin from time to time in this way. I have records of those speeches; but it has taken me all day to decipher the coded passages. *Mon Dieu!* It took me an hour too long!"

A phone buzzed, and General Bulwer literally sprang to the instrument. His expression, as he listened, was tragic; he seemed to age before the eyes of the one who watched, a gray shadow to creep over his fine features.

He said simply, "Very good," hung up the receiver and, dropping into his chair, buried his face in his hands.

"No hope?" whispered Gaston Max.

The stricken man looked up. "They are just approaching the French coast."

GASTON MAX sank slowly down into a well-worn leathern armchair; and he, too, buried his face in his hands. The blacked-out War Office admitted no sound from a semideserted Whitehall. It was the soldier who broke that oppressive silence:

"You have one thing more to tell me: the name of the man for whom a firing party is waiting at the Tower."

Gaston Max looked up. "It is the name of a clever man, a dangerous man, an evil man—but a man who ceased to be clever or even dangerous, when under the influence of his ruling passion—women. He forgot, this poor fool, that he had (or so I suppose) been actually coding sentences for a broadcast, in his car, on the back of an envelope, when he met a girl so beautiful, and so sweet. He gave her this envelope because it bore his address. He may even have remembered the scribbled notes but have thought that they could mean nothing to her."

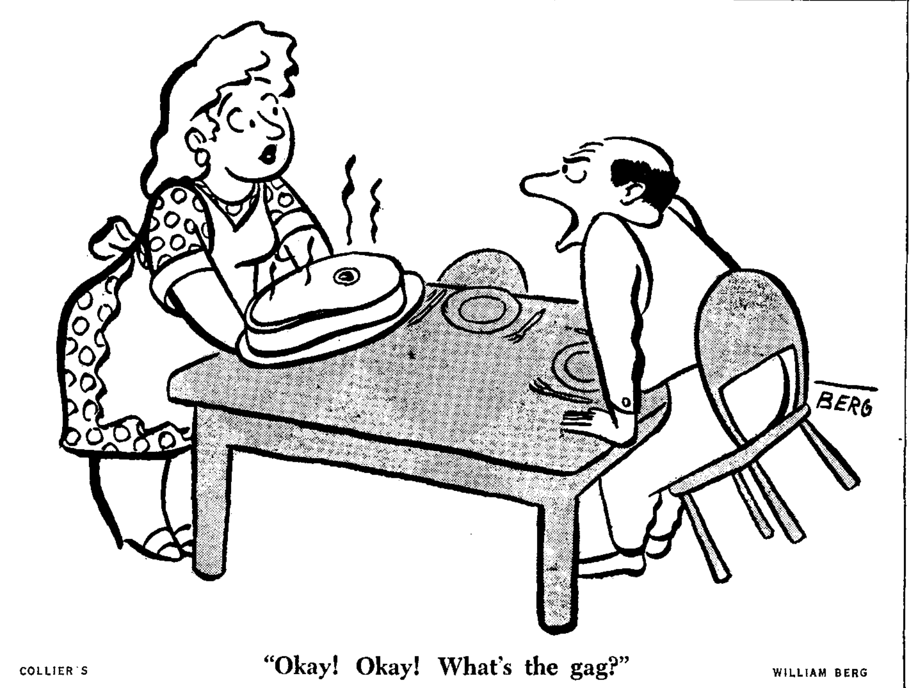
"And his name, Monsieur Max?"

"Sir Giles Loeder."

General Bulwer, clutching the edge of his desk, glared at Gaston Max as though he doubted if he had heard aright. "But, sir! *Loeder!* Gad, man! He knew *everybody!* The last time I met him (not long before his death) was at a luncheon where there were two cabinet ministers and another officer of the General Staff as well as myself! Are you mad?"

Gaston Max forced a wan smile; he shrugged. "It is because Sir Giles Loeder 'knew everybody' that he was one of the most dangerous Axis agents in England. But I have yet to learn, first, who killed him, and second, who was his chief. . . ."

A large Chinese vase rested on a lacquer



COLLIER'S "Okay! Okay! What's the gag?" WILLIAM BERG

"All I'm askin' ye is...'Why are ye needin' a shotgun?'"

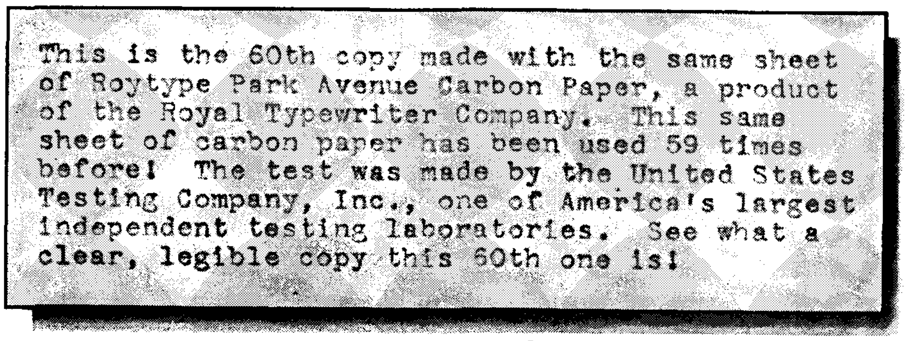
MAN: I told you I need it on account of my secretary!

DETECTIVE: *Now who's afraid of a slip of a girl like her? What's she been doin'?*

MAN: Oh, things like this . . . I noticed we are buying less carbon paper, and I found she's using *one sheet* of carbon as many as *60 times!*

DETECTIVE: *Aha! An' your carbon copies are fuzzy as a goat's beard, an' ye cannot read 'em!*

MAN: Sure I can! She's started using Roytype Park Avenue carbon paper, and getting up to 60 clean, clear, legible copies from each sheet. Look, this test copy proves it . . .



This is the 60th copy made with the same sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This same sheet of carbon paper has been used 59 times before! The test was made by the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this 60th one is!

Laboratory test No. 36351-NY, issued March 19, 1943

DETECTIVE: *Faith, it looks almost like a* first *copy! How does she do it?*

MAN: She tells me that Park Avenue is made by the Royal Typewriter people, and it's *deep-inked* by a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. Also, Park Avenue has an extension edge that lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so all areas of the paper can be used!

DETECTIVE: *It's clever they are! An' this gem of a girl . . . why are ye after shootin' her?*

MAN: The gun's not to shoot her with . . . it's to *guard* her. She's such a smart secretary I'm afraid somebody will steal her!

Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best suited to your requirements.

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Carbon Papers and Ribbons
made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY

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stool. It contained a quantity of arum lilies and had the effect of dominating the square, thickly carpeted lobby of Destrée's apartment. Shaded lights were so disposed that this vase and the waxen white petals acquired startling prominence against a background afforded by the rose tints of a Persian prayer mat which hung upon the wall.

In an oval niche a green Buddha crouched contemplating these lilies; a tiny, shaded lamp burned before him. There was a note of baroque in all the appointments. A Burmese gong poised in a wooden support gleamed mysteriously from a shadowed corner, and near it, on a ledge, stood a violet-lacquered telephone.

There was no sound, until the silence was broken by a faint buzzing. A door opened immediately, and a man came out and went to the instrument. It was Mr. Francis, with whom James Wake had had some conversation recently; Mr. Francis of the catlike walk, the clean-shaven, heavy, expressive face, the dimpled chin. Tonight he wore "tails" and presented a notable figure, since many men had given up "dressing" altogether. The telephone conversation was brief.

"Okay. Bring him right up."

MR. FRANCIS adjusted his white tie before a mirror in a lacquered frame immediately above a dainty bureau. That magnified mosquito note of an ascending elevator proclaimed itself, perceptibly increased and then stopped. The sound of a distant clanging gate, a resumption of the whine, this time diminuendo, and Mr. Francis opened the door, just as a fair young man who wore the uniform of a celebrated infantry regiment was about to press the bell.

"Ah, good evening, Captain Fyne," said Mr. Francis, his chin dimpling. "I was expecting you. Mr. Olivar told me you were coming along."

"Wasn't sure if I'd come to the right spot. Is Teddie here?"

"I am expecting him. My name is Francis."

Captain Fyne, a distrait young man, accepted the outstretched hand. As they entered the lobby and Mr. Francis closed the door, Captain Fyne looked about him in growing bewilderment.

"Let me take your cap and cane."

These being surrendered, Mr. Francis flung another door open and ushered the visitor into a small room evidently designed purely for the alleviation of thirst. A man in a white jacket presided over a red bar, and there were several armchairs and small red tables disposed here and there. Actually, only one customer was present; he wore a dark lounge suit, had iron-gray hair perfectly groomed, a brief military mustache, and a cordless monocle which presumably was retained in place by means of hypnotic suggestion. A stiffly upright figure, a slow, easy manner and an ironic savoir-faire recalled the older diplomacy. Mr. Francis performed introductions:

"Ah, Mr. Michaelis, this is Captain the Honorable Peter Fyne, a friend of Olivar's. You may not have met."

"How do you do," said Mr. Michaelis, bowing formally. "Please let me offer you a drink."

"Oh, thanks," said Captain Fyne vaguely. "I could do with one."

The barman was given instructions. "I know your brother Lord Abthorp quite well," said Mr. Michaelis. "Still out East?"

"Yes." Fyne nodded in his puzzled way. "As a matter of fact, in Cairo at the moment. Hope he doesn't push on before I arrive."

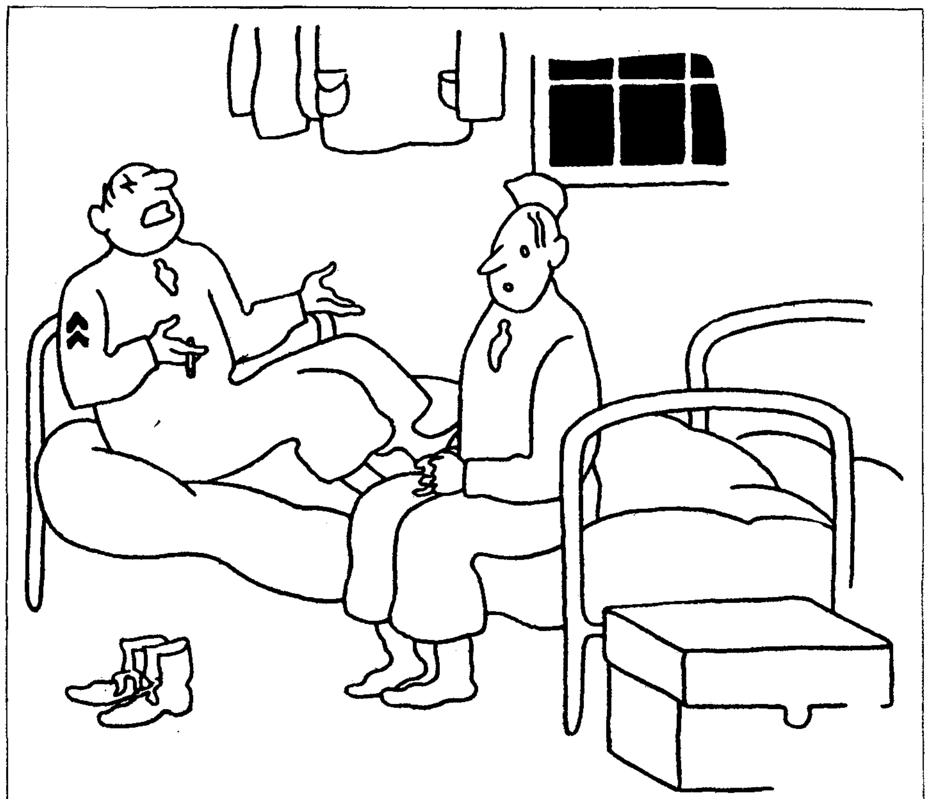
"Oh, I see. Enough soda? Good." Mr. Michaelis handed a tumbler to the new arrival. "You expect to be joining him, then?"

"Yes, rather; sailing next week."

"Well, well, here's the best of luck. If, which I trust will not be the case, I should miss seeing you again, please give my warm regards to your brother."

A tiny red light glowed just above the red bar. Mr. Francis went out, closing the door behind him. He returned in less than a minute accompanied by a slender young man of willowy figure, who carried his clothes with an almost feminine grace. His handsome features were so evenly tanned that, since the Riviera was no longer available to Londoners, one suspected sun-ray treatment or even some preparation in a bottle. His dark hair presented a series of glittering waves and his dark eyes were really beautiful, or would have been considered so if they had belonged to a girl. He wore a dinner suit, but a companion who followed him was attired in business clothes (or, alternatively, disguised as a stockbroker).

The trousers worn by this second visitor any competent stage producer would have condemned on sight as taken off the wrong hook. He had cultivated probably the smallest mustache in Europe: it looked like two full stops. And in profile his figure suggested that a finely developed torso had slipped down in some way to the neighborhood of the waistline.



"And suppose you work like blazes and get to be a full general? So what? There you're stuck!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Hello, Teddie," called Captain Fyne, as the immaculate young man entered. "You have turned up then?"

"Of course, I have. I never miss a game when there is one going."

TEDDIE'S modulated tones were marred by a slight lisp which, however, some women had found fascinating. Mr. Francis entered behind the pair and closed the door again.

"As this is your first visit, Mr. Bernstein, let me make you at home. This is Captain the Honorable Peter Fyne, and Mr. Michaelis. Mr. Olivar I guess you know already."

"Glad to meet you, Captain," said Mr. Bernstein. "How d'you do, Mr. M." He looked about him appreciatively. "Posh little place, ain't it? I'll say so."

He rubbed his hands together, hands which, in marked contrast to his rather pasty features, were distinctly red. He laughed on three rising notes of appreciation, "Ha! ha! *ha!*" revealing yellowish teeth, two of which were redeemed by gold coverings. Mr. Michaelis, who had stepped to a side table to light a cigar, rejoined the group. Mr. Bernstein, in reply to a courteous inquiry, suggested a double whisky and soda, which was promptly forthcoming.

"Ah! that's the stuff," he declared, sampling it and smacking his lips. "Goes down very well, that does. Not half!" He took another drink. "A drop of good stuff, that. What ho!"

CAPTAIN FYNE drew Teddie Olivar aside, and: "I say, Teddie," he began, and looked more bewildered than ever, "where did you find it?"

Teddie Olivar rolled his eyes, shrugged gracefully and accompanied the gesture with a movement of his shapely hands. "Really, Peter, one has to do it nowadays. I agree that the man is somewhat ungarnished, and his clothes are always shocking, but just look at my Tuxedo, for instance. How could I possibly be turned out as I am if there were no Mr. Bernsteins? And my wine cellar, Peter! Positively prewar. Mr. Bernstein again."

"Oh, I see. Black-market king?"

"Black-market emperor, Peter. A really wonderful fellow. Old Huskin would be delighted to meet him, I am sure."

"So would the police, no doubt. But that reminds me. You said Lady Huskin was coming."

"My dear Peter, it is an old story—the jealous husband. Of course Poppy Huskin is simply prostrated, but the old man insisted upon her going down to Huskin Court tonight for one of those unendurable political dinners. Poor Poppy! She is so good to me, too."

Another door communicating with the bar was thrown open and a subdued murmur of conversation suggesting the presence of a number of people became audible. Above it rose a single voice: *"Messieurs! Faites vos jeux!"*

Sounds of movement followed, ejaculations, muttered instructions, then the whirring of a wheel, the rattle of an ivory ball.

As the woman who had opened the door entered the bar and closed the door behind her, one heard the voice of the croupier again: *"Rien ne va plus . . ."*

Destrée smiled around upon her guests.

Mr. Michaelis, who stood nearest to the door, raised her tiny fingers to his lips, with continental chivalry. Teddie Olivar dragged Captain Fyne forward.

"The loveliest and cleverest woman in London," he lisped. "This is my friend, Peter Fyne, dear. Needless for me to add, Peter, that this is Ysolde Destrée."

Captain Fyne's bewilderment became something like hypnosis, as he bowed over the extended hands of his hostess. She wore a sheer gown which appeared to be designed to reveal the beauty of her arms and shoulders. A bejeweled floral ornament with green leaves was like a crown on the blackness of her gleaming hair, and red sandals with golden heels seemed, so lightly did she tread, to make no impress upon the carpet. She was dainty as a fairy and alluring as a secret vice; her eyes gave no hint of reward or punishment but merely beckoned.

Mr. Bernstein rubbed his red hands together and nudged Mr. Michaelis. "Do the honors, old boy," he murmured. "What ho! Bit of all right."

Mr. Michaelis presented Mr. Bernstein, adding, "A friend of Teddie Olivar, and one who is reputed to be a very daring player. So tonight, dear Destrée, you must be on your mettle."

"I love those who are daring"—she smiled, and the fairy-bell voice was in harmony with the fairy figure—"in love and in play."

"That's okay by me," declared Mr. Bernstein, and his gold teeth added their tribute. "I can see we are going to get along fine. Now what about a spot of gambling?"

"But, of course," cried Destrée, throwing open the door behind her. "By all means let us gamble. Today, in this dull London, what else is there to do?"

THE gambling room was a long, rectangular apartment across one end of which a roulette table extended. The remainder of the room contained card tables, armchairs and settees; it was softly carpeted and dimly lighted, since most of the light had been concentrated on the roulette table. Some fourteen people, men and women, were seated or standing around the table when Destrée entered with her new guests.

To one familiar with Monte Carlo it would have appeared, at first sight, noting its circular pit in the center to accommodate a regulation wheel, that this table had been constructed for roulette. It was of similar size to those used in the Casino, covered with green baize, marked out in the usual way. Croupiers faced one another on either side of the wheel, stacks of colored stakes ranged neatly before them, and two others officiated, one at either end of the table. Play was not particularly high at the moment, but counters were marked in sterling values and not in francs; so that Mr. Bernstein, peering over the bare shoulder of a stout and elderly lady who watched the wheel through raised lorgnette, saw that the highest single stake exposed represented about five pounds.

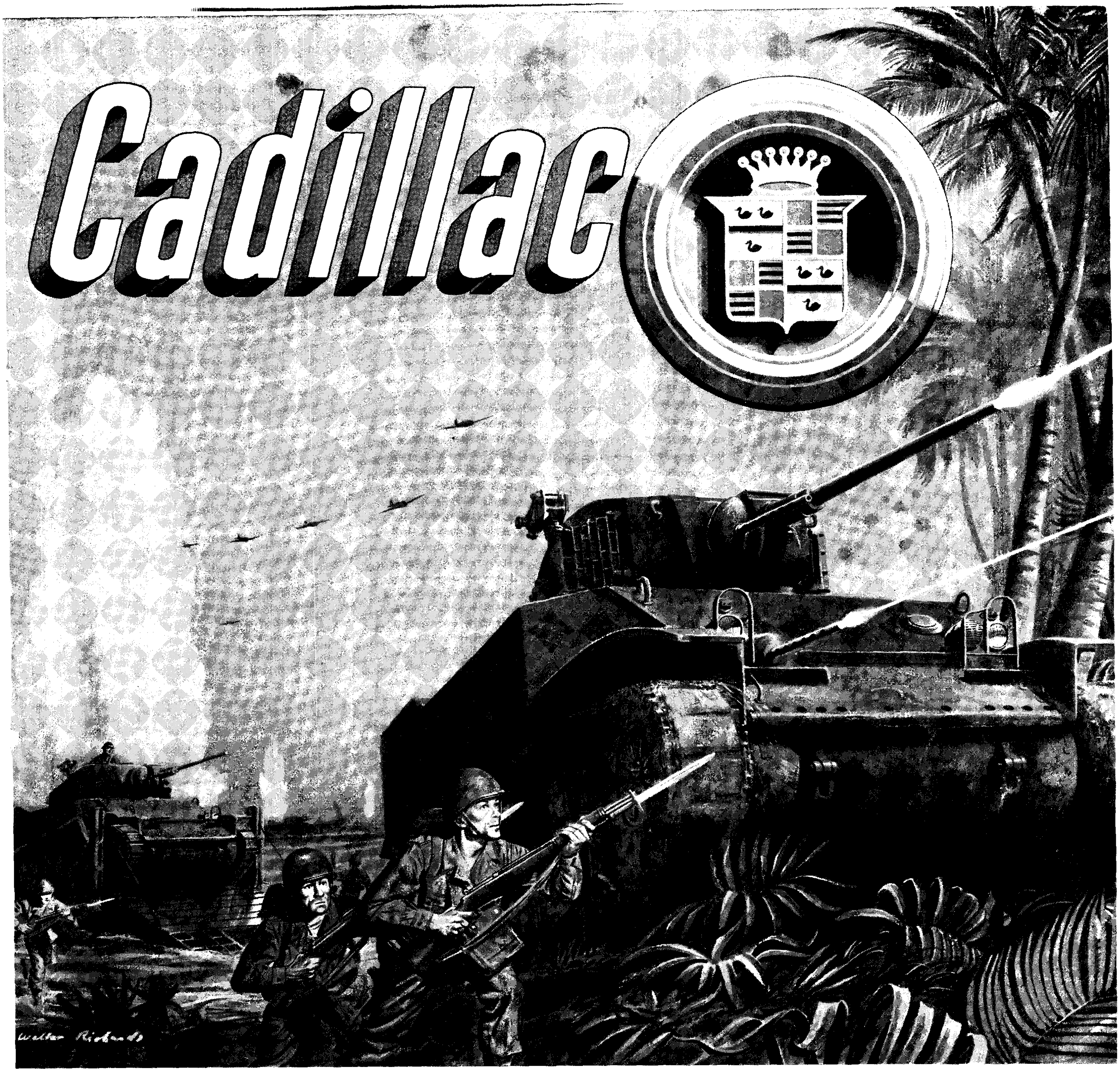
He waited for the ball to fall and listened to the monotonous intonation of the croupier: *"Trente-deux, rouge, pair et passe."*

Remorseless rakes swept stakes away, those of a few lucky ones remaining to be paid out. Mr. Bernstein, glancing aside for a moment, noted a billiard marking board with cues in a rack attached to a wall behind the first croupier. He turned to look for Destrée; but Destrée had disappeared.

"Messieurs! Faites vos jeux!"

The game went on. . . .

IN THAT dimly lighted room where miniature lily pools stood upon lacquered tables and waxen blooms loaded the air with their heady fragrance, Destrée lolled on her divan. She smoked a cigarette fitted into the little jeweled holder, and her lips were parted in that enigmatic smile. No echo of the play reached this room. Its



Commando of the Tanks

Great speed and unequalled maneuverability make the M-5 light tank, built by Cadillac, the commando of the tanks. Commando-like, it strikes swiftly and surely with unfaltering pace wherever it can gain a foothold. Army Ordnance engineers, familiar with every phase of tank operation and the relative success of each type in action, joined forces with Cadillac engineers in developing the M-5. As a result, the M-5 incorporates all that is latest and best in light tank practice plus two innovations from Cadillac peacetime engineering. This accounts for its high speed and great maneuverability. Surrounded by the utmost secrecy, the M-5 had been in full production for more than a year before this phase of Cadillac's war production program became known. Hence it started hitting the enemy with demoralizing results before its existence was suspected. Thus Cadillac's forty years of "know how" is being most effectively used in the service of the nation. Other projects entrusted to us include precision-built inner assemblies for America's foremost liquid-cooled aircraft engine, as well as many other vital parts for the Army and Navy. All of these are products calling for outstanding skill and craftsmanship of the type upon which the Cadillac reputation and tradition are founded.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION — GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY E NAVY

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

MAGNATES WHO USED TO HAVE
MUCH SPORT FISHING FOR
MARLIN AND OTHER OVERGROWN
MINNOWS, MIGHT THEN HAVE PAID TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT,
MISTER, TIMES ARE DIFFERENT!
MANY OF THESE MEN NOW BUY
MATTINGLY & MOORE FOR IT'S
MELLOWER & MILDER THAN
MANY BRANDS THAT COST
MUCH MORE MONEY! TRY IT!

Mattingly & Moore

The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is sometimes out of M & M, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

silence was almost stupefying. At last, however, a faint tap sounded upon the door. The tinkling voice of Destrée spoke the one word: "Enter."

Mr. Michaelis came in, closing the door behind him. He crossed noiselessly, his footsteps deadened by the Chinese carpet, and stood for a moment looking down at her. She watched him with those sleepy eyes in which no message could be read.

"I am not sure that I am glad," he began, "that Olivar should bring his friend Bernstein."

She dimpled her satin shoulders. "What does it matter so long as he plays? Is he playing?"

"Yes." Mr. Michaelis, who was smoking a cigar, contemplated its cone for a moment, thoughtfully. "I saw Francis cash twenty pounds for him. But it is not always good policy to think only of the money. Your parties have been justly celebrated for a certain bon ton. It would be regrettable if vulgarity should be permitted to intrude."

"My dear Hugo—Teddie, who is so beautiful but so brainless, has his uses all the same; and his demands are not high. He brought us Poppy Huskin. Even you will admit that she was welcome. Others, too. He brought Mr. Bernstein at my own request. Our wine bill is excessive. Mr. Bernstein is said to be more—considerate." Destrée closed her eyes entirely, or seemed to do so.

MR. MICHAELIS contemplated his cigar again. "You admit that Olivar is brainless. This fact has its advantages—but it may prove destructive."

"You cannot possibly have forgotten," murmured Destrée, "that Giles had taken the bank with him on the night that he came to an end so regrettable."

"I have not forgotten," said Michaelis. "Our—official resources are by no means unlimited." She dropped the cigarette into a little jade bowl. "And so"—she moved her shoulders again—"we must economize as best we can. The loss of so much capital is serious."

"But I pointed out to you at the time, when the arrangement was made, Ysolde, that a man who obeys two masters is the servant of neither."

"Precisely what do you mean, Hugo?"

"Well, I mean that what I may describe as our common fund should have been employed for the game. Loeder, in accepting a portion of the financial responsibility, admittedly was a welcome partner, at the time, as our resources were somewhat depleted. But in proposing himself as a backer, he was no doubt thinking primarily of his own profit."

"No doubt," murmured Destrée lazily.

"That—unfortunate misunderstanding, which led him to insist upon withdrawing his capital before the close of play, resulted in a dangerously awkward situation. As you remember, a run on the table after he had gone very nearly broke the bank."

"That is why we play again tonight. We must restore our fortunes."

"A perilous procedure. A link between Loeder and roulette is almost certain to be established by the police. It was my advice, and it remains my conviction, that we should lie low until the activities of Scotland Yard in this matter have worn themselves out a little. Normally, our risks are negligible, but if we should find ourselves called as witnesses in a murder case—this would be a different affair."

"It would be a truly unpleasant affair. But the situation was one for which I confess I had not provided."

Michaelis frowned. "It is our duty to foresee every eventuality. We know what to expect if we fail. There are circumstances concerning that unfortunate night which I find disturbing. I am not even sure that I enjoy your entire confidence in this respect."

Destrée stretched out her hand in a gesture of appeal. "Hugo, why are you so distrustful?"

Michaelis clasped the tiny hand, stooped, and seemed to feast his eyes upon its delicate ivory and coral. He pressed the slender fingers to his lips for lingering seconds, his gaze fixed, now, upon Destrée's provocative face. She made a petulant *moue*, withdrawing her hand. "Tell me what you are thinking."

"I was thinking that I would sacrifice everything in the world—if I were sure of you."

"But what else? You were thinking of something else."

HE PLACED his cigar in a bronze bowl and, seating himself on the divan, passed his arm lightly around her shoulders. "I was thinking that many men have loved you, and wondering how many of them you have made happy."

She snuggled her glossy head against his sleeve, like a contented kitten, closing her eyes. "What does it matter?" she murmured. "I have always had greater interests; they have left me little time for love, and so—" That expressive dimple appeared upon one shoulder, the dimple which came to life when she shrugged; his arm tightened around her.

"You are so utterly maddening, Ysolde, that sometimes I am afraid—"

"Afraid of what, Hugo?" the drooping lashes were partly raised.

"It would be difficult to express." He spoke with icy coldness. "Afraid, perhaps, that I might be tempted to—"

"Yes?"

"To tell you the truth."

"About what?"

"About yourself."

Destrée fully opened her dark eyes, but otherwise she did not stir. "Do you think it would be news to me?"

"No; but it would make you angry. There is no place for anger in our friendship. I watch you as every man watches the woman he loves. Your self-command is perfect—it is wonderful; but I was not alone in detecting your temporary loss of poise when Loeder brought the little brunette to Mrs. Sankey's. Before, I had doubted; then, I knew."

"What did you know?"

"I knew that he was your lover. You were unable to hide your jealousy—from me. I am not reproaching you. Your life is your own."

Destrée lay almost perfectly still, reclosing her eyes. "Perhaps, Hugo," she said, so softly that her voice sounded like an echo of fairy bells, "you may jump to conclusions—yes? But what does it matter? Tell me who else thinks as you do."

"Francis."

"Oh!" she smiled. "As Giles is dead, you find another to be jealous about. Poor Julian! Have you talked it over with him, Hugo?"

Michaelis stood up. "You are angry. It is my fault, and I am sorry."

"Truly, Hugo, truly, I am not angry. I know how much you care and, so, how could I be angry?"

"Yes—I care deeply and, so, I am always watching over you. It is why I am anxious tonight. After all, this man Bernstein is a stranger."

"And if the police should become rudely inquisitive? Well"—Destrée again extended that tiny hand, curling the fingers upward so as to resemble a half-opened lotus—"our arrangements have always worked perfectly. Why should they fail us now?"

Michaelis picked up his still smoldering cigar and considered the cone of ash.

"I hope you may be right, Ysolde."

AROUND the roulette wheel, excitement was rising. Teddie Olivar, gallantly investing the capital of his lady partner, was losing heavily on her behalf. Captain Fyne cashed another twenty pounds. Spin after spin swelled the bank's coffers at the moment that Mr. Michaelis returned and strolled up to the table. To this slaughter of the innocents, however, there was one exception; and the exception was Mr. Bernstein.

A Babylonian mound of winnings lay within reach of his left hand. He occupied a chair behind which two or three spectators stood watching his method and occasionally endeavoring to follow it in a sporadic fashion.

Mr. Michaelis exchanged glances with Mr. Francis across the table, then strolled around to join him. "A run of bad luck for you, my dear friend."

"Others are losing; that will level it up a bit. Teddie Olivar has earned his rake-off. I don't think he tries to lose; in fact, I doubt if that's possible. But he hardly ever wins. He has presented us with a hundred pounds of Lady Keffington's money. That's ten pounds for a night's work, plus his cut on whatever Fyne loses."

Mr. Bernstein's forehead displayed a dew of perspiration. With the air of a field marshal planning a battle, he began to toss stakes onto selected numbers, calling out to the croupier: "Nineteen . . . twenty-one. . . . Shove that over onto eleven, old top . . ."

THESE arrangements being completed, the officiating croupier seized the crossbar and slowly reversed the wheel into a new spin, at the same time flicking the ivory ball into play. He had set it on its course somewhat too vigorously, however, for from the very first stud with which it came in contact, the ball leaped high in the air, dropped onto the green baize, and bounded from there to the carpet. Here, silently, it rolled away into shadow.

The man responsible glanced with a rather guilty smile toward Mr. Francis; and Mr. Bernstein became even more voluble than usual.

"That's done it!" he declared. "There goes me run o' luck. That's torn it! Blimey! Not half it hasn't!"

Mr. Francis rang a bell, and the white-coated barman came in. "The ball has been lost. Try to find it."

The man, using a torch, began to peer under chairs and other pieces of furniture. Several people joined in the hunt. The ball could not be found.

"Put another ball into play," said Mr. Francis. The croupier, taking one from a little box, hesitated for a moment, apparently uncertain whether he should reverse the wheel or let it pursue its present course. "An entirely new spin," added Mr. Francis rather irritably. "The stakes remain."

The game went on. . . . *"Messieurs! Faites vos jeux!"*

A bell rang; it continued to ring—and a red light glowed immediately above the billiards marking-board.

"Here!" cried Mr. Bernstein, mopping his moist brow. "What's up now? A blinkin' air raid?"

Many of the players stood up. The bell ceased to ring; the red light went out. A door behind one of the croupiers opened and Destrée came in, languid and smiling as usual.

"Will you please all be so good as to take up your stakes and any counters you have before you? Put them in your pocket or handbag."

Mr. Bernstein was first to obey. "Lumme! It's the cops!" he exclaimed, transferring mounds of pieces from the cloth to his pockets with dexterity.

Teddie Olivar obligingly opened Lady Keffington's handbag which lay beside her, and bundled all the remaining stakes into it. "Safer with you than with me, dear."

"Will you please all come out by this door?" the bell voice of Destrée ordered. "Don't make unnecessary noise and you have nothing to worry about. The counters Mr. Francis will redeem later."

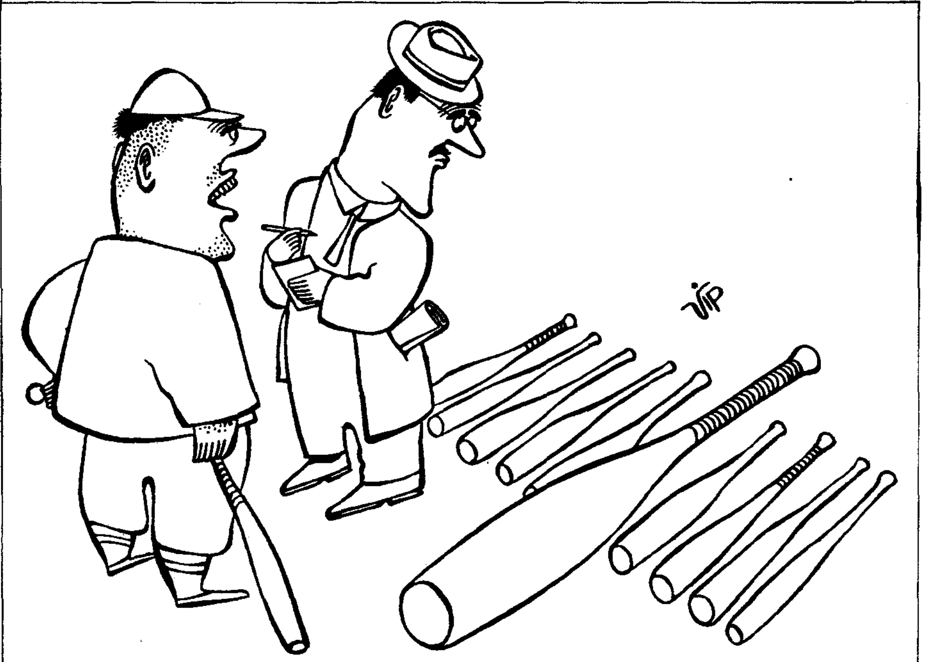
In a retirement which threatened to become a rout, the gamblers obeyed, to find themselves in a short passage, led by Destrée who carried a torch. This passage terminated in a tiled kitchen where the white-coated barman stood by with wraps, furs, hats and other belongings, which he returned to their several owners. A door was opened to admit the tang of chill night air as four croupiers joined the party.

"These gentlemen will lead the way," said Destrée quietly. "You will go up the fire ladder to the flat above; and provided you make no noise, there is nothing to be alarmed about. Mr. Francis will join you in a few moments."

"I say, Teddie," remarked Peter Fyne, "this will break me if I'm caught."

"Don't be so pettish, Peter," Teddie implored. "You are such an amateur of life. . . ."

Reclosing the door behind a final departing guest, Destrée returned to the gaming room. It was transformed. The table had been dismantled with the speed of a stage illusion; the wheel, the bank and the rakes had been packed into a wicker basket; the green baize cover, which was in two sections, each of these folding screenwise into three again, had been removed. The barman, his white coat discarded in favor of a black one, already was carrying the wooden sections off to some other room. Mr. Francis rearranged



"We're expecting great things from one of our new men"

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chairs. The roulette table had become again what it was in reality—a billiard table.

Mr. Francis shouldered the laden basket and made for the kitchen passage; despite the burden his gait remained feline, almost that of one who moves on tiptoe. Mr. Michaelis opened the door for him and closed it behind him. Then, stiffly upright, he focused his monocle upon the figure of Mr. Bernstein, crawling like a beetle about the carpet; but it was Destrée, hands on hips, who spoke:

"May I inquire what you are doing, Mr. Bernstein?"

"I have dropped a chip."

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Michaelis, "that is important. Let me help you to find it. I may add that it is too late for you to leave."

"I'll take my chance. Ah! Got it!"

He stood up, holding between finger and thumb a five-shilling counter, which, with a golden grin, he slipped into his pocket.

"Let us go into the bar," suggested Destrée. "Will you take a drink with me, Mr. Bernstein?"

"Not half! Just what I need. Go down very well, that would."

The doorbell rang. Following a suitable interval, the ex-barman opened the door. Chief Inspector Firth and Sergeant Bluett stood outside.

Then, the door being closed, Firth and Bluett were left alone in the lobby—for the man who had admitted them had gone to inform Destrée of their arrival.

A door opened and Destrée joined them. She wore a lace wrap over her evening frock, and her languor, her smile of mystery, had not deserted her.

"Good evening, Inspector." She glanced down at a card which she held and then up at the chief inspector, who towered above her tiny figure, perhaps wondering if he had grown out of his tweed suit or if it had always been too small for him. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Do I address Mrs. Destrée?"

"I am Mrs. Destrée. Is anything wrong?"

"Weel—that remains to be seen, madam. In fact, I would wish, if it will no' inconvenience you, to take a look around."

Destrée continued to smile.

"I am entirely at your service, Inspector," she said quietly.

THE tall figure of Chief Inspector Firth—whose quest had been fruitless—was indistinguishable from the shadows of a boarded-up doorway, but nevertheless, Sergeant Bluett, coming around the corner, stepped in without hesitation, and was immediately swallowed up, too. Clouds drifted slowly across the sky from a southwesterly direction, obscuring the moon, and so still was Mayfair in those small hours that the police officers heard a clock chiming somewhere inside the building above them.

"Ye dismissed the squad?" The breadth of Firth's Scots denoted the depth of his annoyance.

"That's right." Bluett's tones sounded preternaturally gloomy. "I know where their scout was posted."

"Is tha' so?"

"In the one-way street leading to the front of Gatacre House there's a call box, right on the corner."

"I *mind me* of it."

"Well, that's where he was. He must have put a call through the moment he saw us drive up. He's only just gone; slipped through my fingers."

"It doesna' matter. We had nothing on him."

"I should have liked a dekko at his grid."

"And I should like to point out, Bluett, that thieves' slang is highly objectionable to me—and to the chief. It recalls some of the lowest characters we have known. I am thinking of Painter, the Hoxton murderer."

"I was thinking of Gaston Max."

"Is tha' so? Weel—we both ha' much to learn from him."

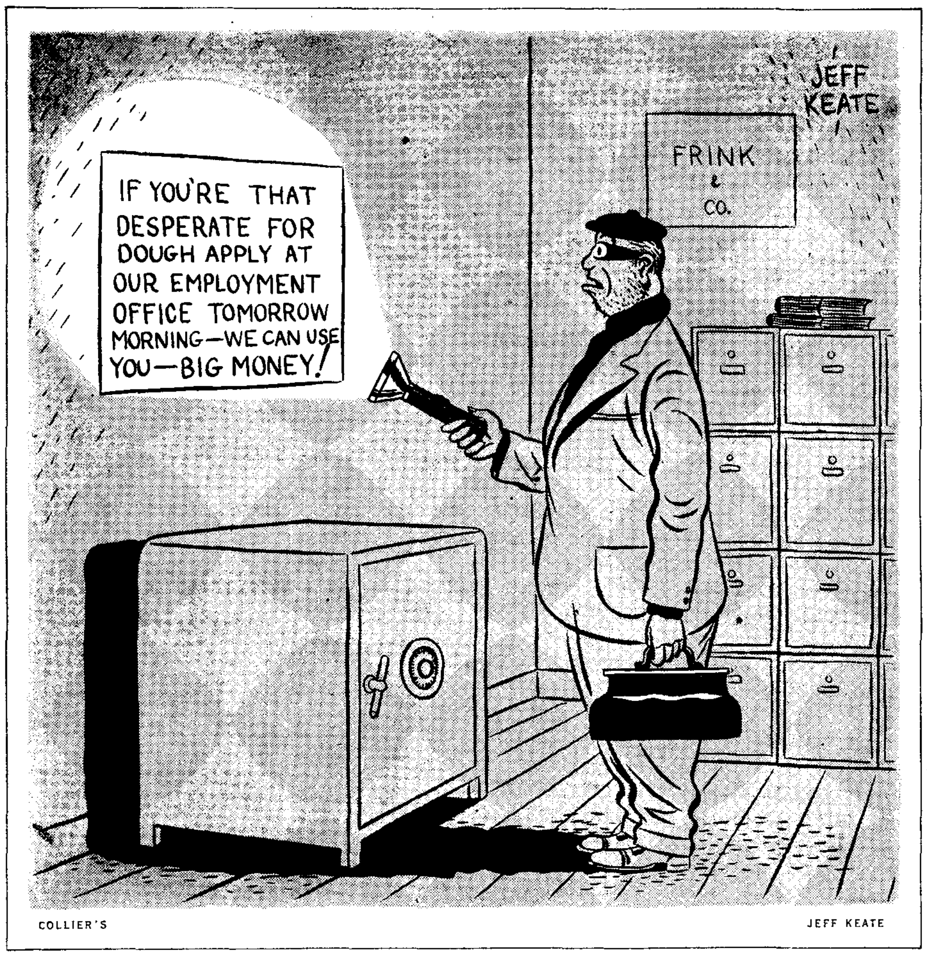
Silence fell. A car or a taxi passed along a neighboring street. Doors opened and closed; one heard footsteps and distant voices.

"Nae doubt ye know where the gambling party went. But it would ha' been straining our authority to follow."

"Where was that?"

"To another flat, either up or downstairs; like enough by the fire ladders, and taking the evidence wi' them. There's little doubt that Sir Giles was associated wi' this gang, and if we could ha' got them inside, there would be time for a little investigation of their private affairs. However, we haven't."

"They'll come out in one's and two's," murmured Bluett. "If some of them have cars, they are parked a long way off. I can see none."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COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

"That doesna' matter. We know that Destrée is in on it, and I'll find out when I get back to the office where Mr. Michaelis lives. By heaven! but there's a woman for ye!"

"Destrée?" came Sergeant Bluett's voice out of the darkness. "I know. Got the nerve of a man."

"The nerve o' three men. I canna' imagine that woman weakening for a moment, Bluett. There's sma' doubt that those who stayed are her associates; and the one I should like to know more about is Mr. Bernstein."

"That's right."

"He will be awkward to check up on; there are many Bernsteins; and so I am thinking, Bluett, that you must do your best to cover him when he leaves."

"Oh," murmured Bluett, without discernible enthusiasm.

"I am going back, and I'll be leaving this job in your hands. I know I can count on you."

"That's right," said Bluett hollowly. "Do you want me to report tonight, or are you thinking of going home at any time?"

"Report in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, Inspector."

As the light footsteps of the chief inspector, who had a walk catlike as that of Mr. Francis, died away in the distance, Sergeant Bluett changed his position for another which he had in mind, and which would enable him better to see anyone leaving Gatacre House. He listened intently, questioning the darkness, for now the sky was heavily overcast, and there was threat of rain. Satisfied that no one was about, his new strong point gained, he sighed deeply and lighted a cigarette.

This cigarette had been smoked, and another as well, before his patience was rewarded. An elegant young man who wore no hat, and whose wavy hair gleamed effectively in dim light cast by the opening of the door, came out escorting an elderly lady who carried a large handbag, a lady to whom the young man displayed most courteous attention. A car, presumably summoned by phone, and in charge of a smart chauffeur, rolled up a few moments later. The cavalier, having arranged the lady comfortably in her place, stepped in beside her and the car was driven away.

Bluett succeeded in discerning the number, wrote it blindly in his notebook, and then resumed his vigil. He was about to light a third cigarette when at last came the signal for action.

THE door of Gatacre House swung open once more and a man came out alone, walked briskly down the steps, and looked about to right and left. He wore a black overcoat and a rather narrow-brimmed bowler hat. It was Mr. Bernstein. Apparently despairing of a taxi, he set off with springy step, swinging a tightly rolled umbrella in the manner of a walking stick.

Sergeant Bluett replaced the unlighted cigarette (his stock was getting low) and wearily set out in pursuit. As Mr. Bernstein wore creaky shoes and those of the sergeant were rubber-soled, the pursuit was a simple matter. On the frontiers of Soho an all-night taxi hove in sight and Bluett drew up eagerly toward his quarry.

"Taxi, sir?"

"No, thank you—" and Mr. Bernstein walked on.

A moment later, doubling like a hare, Bluett was racing back to overtake the taxi. . . . He had seen Mr. Bernstein approach a man who stood beside a stationary car waiting immediately beyond the next corner!

He overtook the taxi and jumped on the running board. "Scotland Yard," he said breathlessly. "Pull around like lightning and try to keep that car in sight—one back on the next corner."

The unforeseen pursuit began; and it took an equally unforeseen direction, leading down the Haymarket and into Pall Mall, past Buckingham Palace guarded by phantom sentries, and out into Buckingham Gate. A theory that Mr. Bernstein was making for Victoria Station (although for what purpose, at that hour, Bluett could not imagine) proved to be wrong. In Buckingham Gate the car ahead was pulled up. Then it started again.

Sergeant Bluett, deep in thought, was not so lost to externals as to fail to note that Mr. Bernstein's car seemed to be returning to its starting point. In fact, this was exactly what happened. At the same spot on the frontiers of Soho, Mr. Bernstein alighted. So did Sergeant Bluett, close behind him. The car moved off.

"Take this card. Stand by for five minutes, and then don't wait. Call at the Yard in the morning."

"Okay, Sergeant—and here's a tip. I think, I only think, mind you, that a car followed us back."

"Oh," said Bluett. "I can't hear anything."

AND now came the rain. For Bluett, who wore no topcoat, it meant a drenching. But that zest of the chase inherent in the human breast having now possessed Sergeant Bluett, he hurried eagerly forward through the rain, questing about like a hound at fault. At the entrance to a narrow courtyard he paused, stood stockstill and listened. . . . Creaky shoes were moving at its farther end.

Sergeant Bluett put himself through a knowledge-of-London test and presently formed a mental picture of the terrain. Straight ahead was a blank wall, broken by a gateway which communicated with a mews. A once celebrated night club occupied all premises immediately on the left except for a narrow block of cheap offices adjoining. On the other side, he recalled an indifferent Greek restaurant (closed now) with apartments above it; and this, so far as Sergeant Bluett could puzzle out, completed the picture. Into which of these had Mr. Bernstein gone?

This problem was almost immediately solved. A faint light, that of a shaded torch, appeared behind a first-floor window, slightly left of the restaurant, revealing crisscross paper strips attached to dirty glass; so that evidently no blackout was in use. The light faded and the window became blind again. A moment later, one immediately above it, and of almost identical appearance, awakened in turn. The mystery was solved. Mr. Bernstein had entered by a side door which evidently gave access to the apartments above the restaurant. There was only one more floor, and this Bluett watched intently.

Two tiny streaks of light appeared, right and left of another window high up under the tiles. He knew what this portended. The light was shining through crannies of a blackout curtain. And now, zest of the chase strong upon him, he determined to explore farther; for one possibility remained. Rain had ceased but the night was clammy, the paving slimily wet. Did the lower door stand open for the convenience of tenants, or did each of these hold a key? Upon the answer to this question his future operations depended.

Bluett approached the door and shone a ray from his torch upon it. He saw an ordinary-looking house door, neglected by the paintbrush for many years, and it stood ajar!

(To be continued next week)

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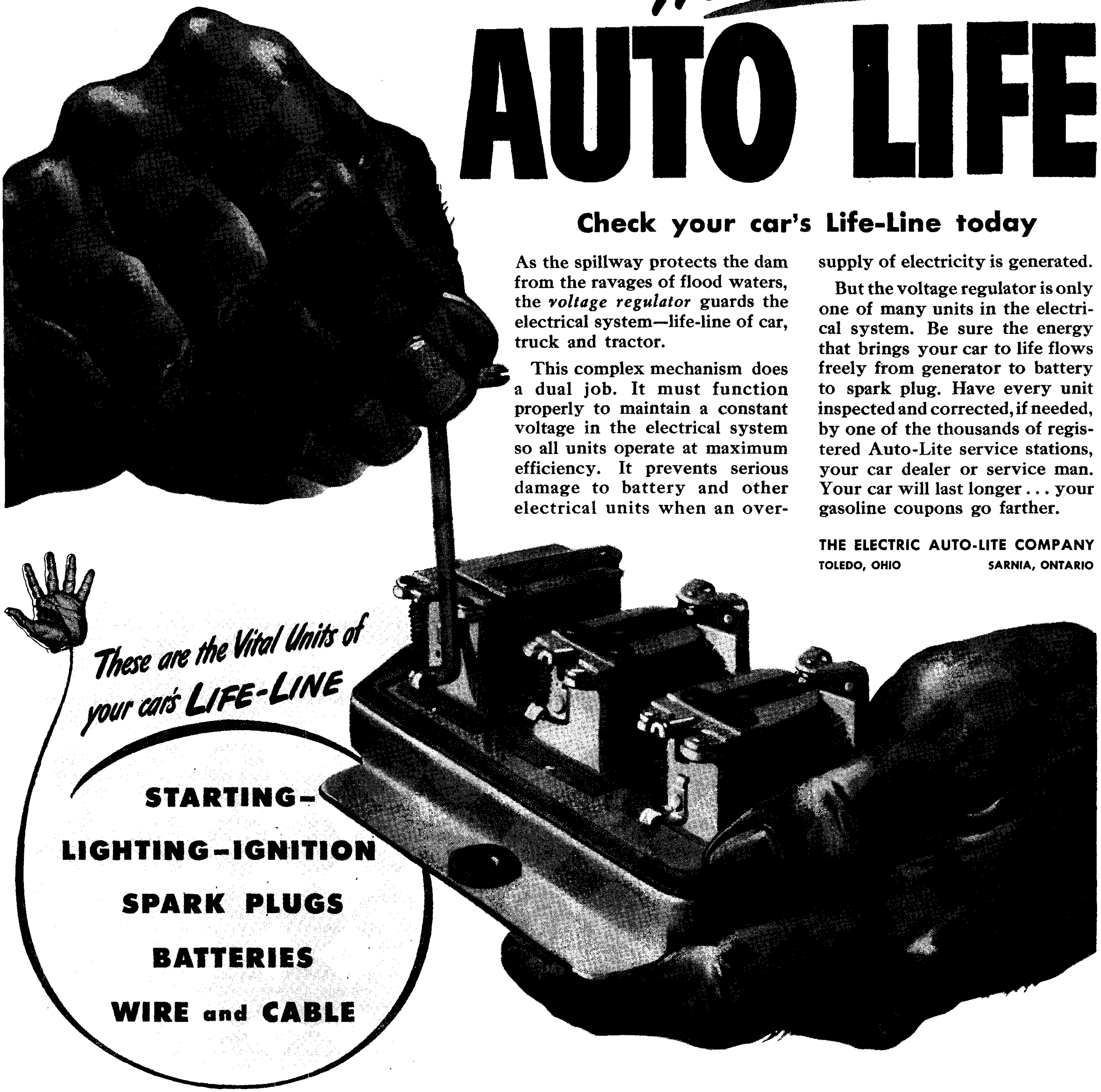

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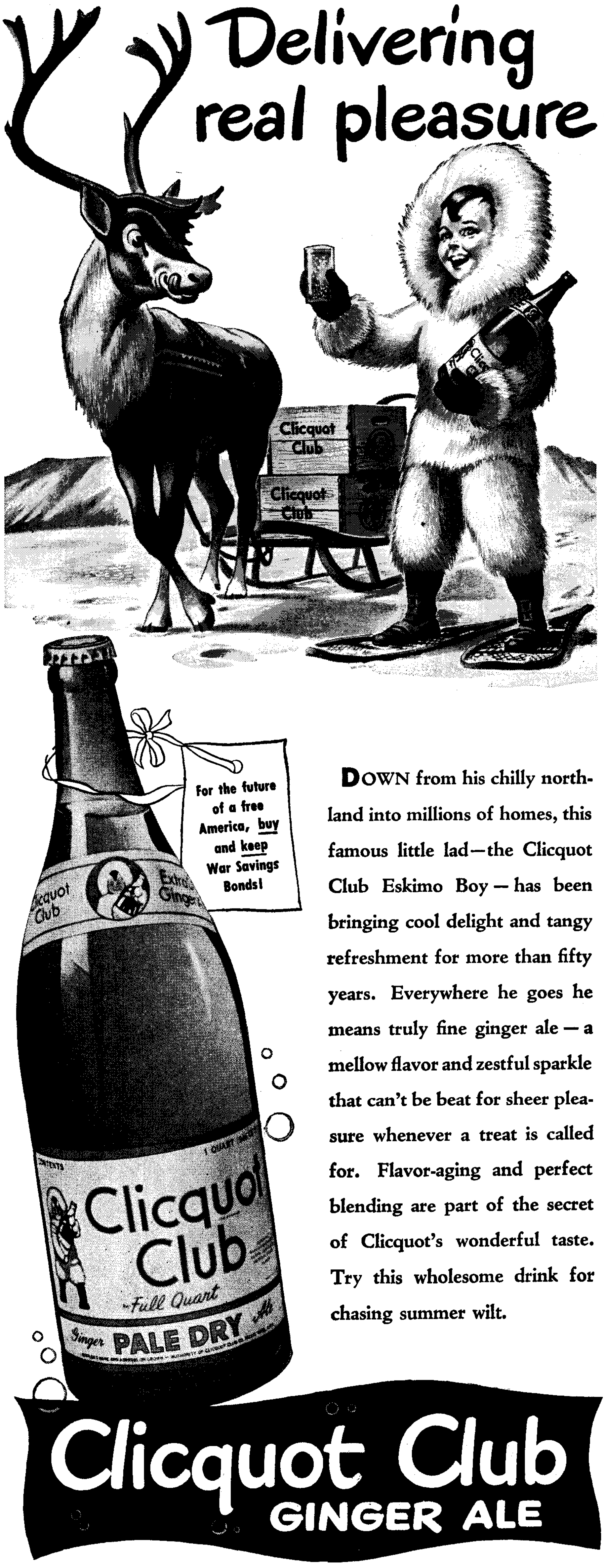
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Clicquot Club GINGER ALE

Gifts from Allerton

Continued from page 24

at every hour, the slave of a telephone bell and its eager and willing slave. They sent him out with their blessing, to lead a hard, a painful, a decent and an honorable life in the corporal works of mercy, as the Catechism says.

While he was doing this, James Kenyon Allerton III, was also improving the position from which he started, which wasn't precisely scratch. He began with the 33d National, in the correspondence department; at twenty-eight, he was cashier of the Market Square Title and Trust, which would have been sort of phenomenal for a young man whose uncle didn't happen to own the bank.

He met Allen, once, in town. "Hi, Jim!" he said—they were Jim and Jim to each other since the end of the sophomore year. "Come on! Have lunch with me, over at the League."

"Can't do it, Jim," said Allen.

"Come on, I'll buy you a drink."

"Never touch it."

"Well—well, look here. How you doing? You—you need any money—?"

ALLEN put his hand on Allerton's arm. "Jim," he said, "I always need money, and I never borrow any. I—I thank you for asking me."

"Not at all—not at all," said Allerton, stiffly and distantly. "Medical school costs a fortune. Everybody knows that. You want a little, say five hundred, a thousand, you know where to come. Money, money's the cheapest thing in the world. A fellow like you, I can't understand a man with your brains. . . . I—I could use you, Jim."

"No, you couldn't," said Allen. "Jim, I don't want a job—the way you wanted to play football—"

"I didn't want to play football, you dope. Stupid game. It was just something where you could show how good you are. All my people played football. So I played football."

"And none of my people were doctors. That's why I want to be one."

"Ah! Ah! I get you! I get you! 'None of my people were doctors,' hah? I bet you'll be one of the best darned doctors in the world. I—I'll never forget that. Like what that old goof—what was his name, the one we had in Anthropology?—always talking about Confucius. I don't remember a thing about his course, but I remember what he said about Confucius, 'Hold no unnecessary conversation with inferiors.' Come on, Jim. Come on, have lunch, hah? You don't find many people you like to talk to, in this world."

"I can't do it, Jim. I'll see you, fellow. So long, Jim."

"Okay, Jim. I'll see you again."

Jim Allen's firm, nervous, small, square hand met Allerton's huge hand. Then Allen went by himself to a cafeteria, because he couldn't stand to be patronized by anybody, even by a man of whom he was fond. Allen was a proud man and a young man, too. He didn't know that a man should take a favor from a friend, to please his friend. He didn't know an appalling lot of things.

He didn't know a young, poor doctor should marry a woman with money, or social position, or else not marry at all. He married a nurse, one Josephine McDonough, who gave him a son, and a daughter, and another son, before he was thirty years old. He still has them; Doc's still alive.

This day, his phone rang. "Doctor speaking," he said.

"Doctor Allen?—Doctor Allen?—Go ahead, Mr. Allerton."

"You, Jim? This is Allerton. Jim Allerton."

"Hiyah, Jim?"

"Are you free, Doctor?"

"Sure, I am. This is my office hour." Doctor Allen laughed. "Where are you? What's on your mind?"

"Could you come . . . ? No, I'll come. Twenty minutes? Okay?"

"Okay, Jim. Don't knock over all the patients in my front office." There weren't any patients, at that moment. However, by some Providence, there were three in his shabby little office when Allerton arrived.

Allerton waited. At last, he came to Doctor Allen's open door. They shook hands; a doctor won't do that, for just anyone.

"Hiyah, Jim?" "Hiyah, Doc?" They stood there, shaking hands, beating each other on the back. "What's on your mind, Jim? Come on in."

"Why, Doc, it's—it's this. I'm going to have a baby."

"Well, you look it."

"Hah—well, listen. I want to get some dope from you. Who's the best man in this town?"

Doctor Allen considered. "Why, Wagner, I guess. Terry, over at Jeff. Folkwagen—Mount Sinai. MacGowan, St. Agnes. Vittorini, University. . . . Your first kid, Jim?"

"Yes. Yes. My first kid."

Doctor Allen asked him a few routine questions, the questions of which no prospective father needs to be reminded. "That's what I wanted to know. That's why I came," said Allerton, and put out a hand like a rock. "Soon as I found out—soon as I found out—" he said, "I want to get the best, the best in this town. I'm much obliged, Doc."

"You're welcome, Jim," said Doctor Allen. He sat there, gazing in front of him, after his patient, or his visitor, had left. He'd brought a few children into this world, all by himself. There was a little coal bill he was worrying about, and his payments on the house.

HE NEED not have worried. Four days later, his phone rang again. "Doctor Allen? Doctor Allen? This is Doctor Josef Wagner's secretary. Doctor Allen . . . Doctor Wagner, Doctor Allen—"

"—Hel-lo? Hel-lo? This is Wagner. Doctor Allen, a Mr. Allerton has come to my office. A banker, or something. He is asking me to take care of a confinement."

"Yes. Yes, Doctor Wagner."

"He has suggested to me that you should be my consultant in this case."

"Doctor Wagner—I—I am an ordinary man, in general practice. I—"

"You are a physician, no? In these cases, it is highly important that the patient should feel confidence in the doctor. Your friend—this, this Mr. Allerton insists that you should consult with me."

"Doctor Wagner, I don't know this case. Allerton came to see me. He asked me: Who is the best man in town? He is not my patient—"

"So! So! And you said Wagner! Wagner, hah? He—this man! He thinks highly of you, Doctor. He tells me, you and he were in college together. So! So, I let you put the baby in the father's arms. It's very nice! It's very nice. I like to see young men, like that. . . . I'll call you, Doctor—"

Doctor Allen was there when the Allerton baby came, all right. He didn't put the kid in his father's arms—not then. Instead he went storming down the stairs. "Give you two guesses! Give you two guesses, Allerton," he said.

"It's—it's—"

"Sure, it's a boy," said Doctor Allen,

and Allerton uttered a strangled sort of bellow and swept Doctor Allen up in his arms. He was proud? Well, so was Doctor Allen, to whom the great Wagner had said, "You have been well taught, Doctor. An easy case! An easy case! The first one, no? Easy, hey, Doctor?"

That's the only son Allerton ever had, so far as is known. No, that's not fair. If he ever had another child it would have been known.

"What did you make out of his wife, Doc?" asked Mrs. Allen.

Doc shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know, Jo. Typical rich woman," he said. "Very beautiful. Very spoiled. Allerton —Allerton is crazy about her, I would say."

"You don't like her, Doc."

"I wouldn't trust her," said Doc. "I wouldn't trust her as far as I could throw her."

IMMEDIATELY after his son was born, Allerton sent Doctor Allen a check for a thousand dollars. This Doctor Allen promptly sent back, with his bill for fifty dollars. This was unpaid, until December twenty-third of that year, when a moving van drew up in front of Doc's door, with a living-room suite, and a Chinese rug, and the rug alone never cost a dime less than eight hundred dollars. The driver had a note: "Dear Doc. My son is well. If you send this back, you'll spoil my merry Christmas. I am sure Mrs. Allerton would send you her compliments, too, but she happens to be in Reno, Nevada. I will ask you, Jim, and Mrs. Allen, never to refer to Mrs. Allerton to me again. There has never, to my knowledge, been a divorce in my family before this. . . . J.K.A."

"He's well rid of her," said Doctor Allen, savagely. "A little tramp, that's all she is. You could see it all over her. This—this won't do Allerton any good, Jo. Mark my words. He's no angel, but he's too good a fellow to have this happen to him. It's a terrible blow to a man's pride, you know, Jo. He's an awfully proud man."

The years went on. Doctor Allen's prophecy seemed to be right. That's the saddest thing in the world, to see the friend of your youth not fulfilling his glorious promise, to see him deteriorate, become small and selfish, and timid or arrogant, or common, or lecherous, or dissipated before your aging eyes. It is so hard to be patient with the weakness of your friend. Have you, then, no weaknesses?

Every Christmas there was a present for Doc and Jo, from Allerton, beautiful things, silver, glass, Oriental prints and screens. Allerton was a collector.

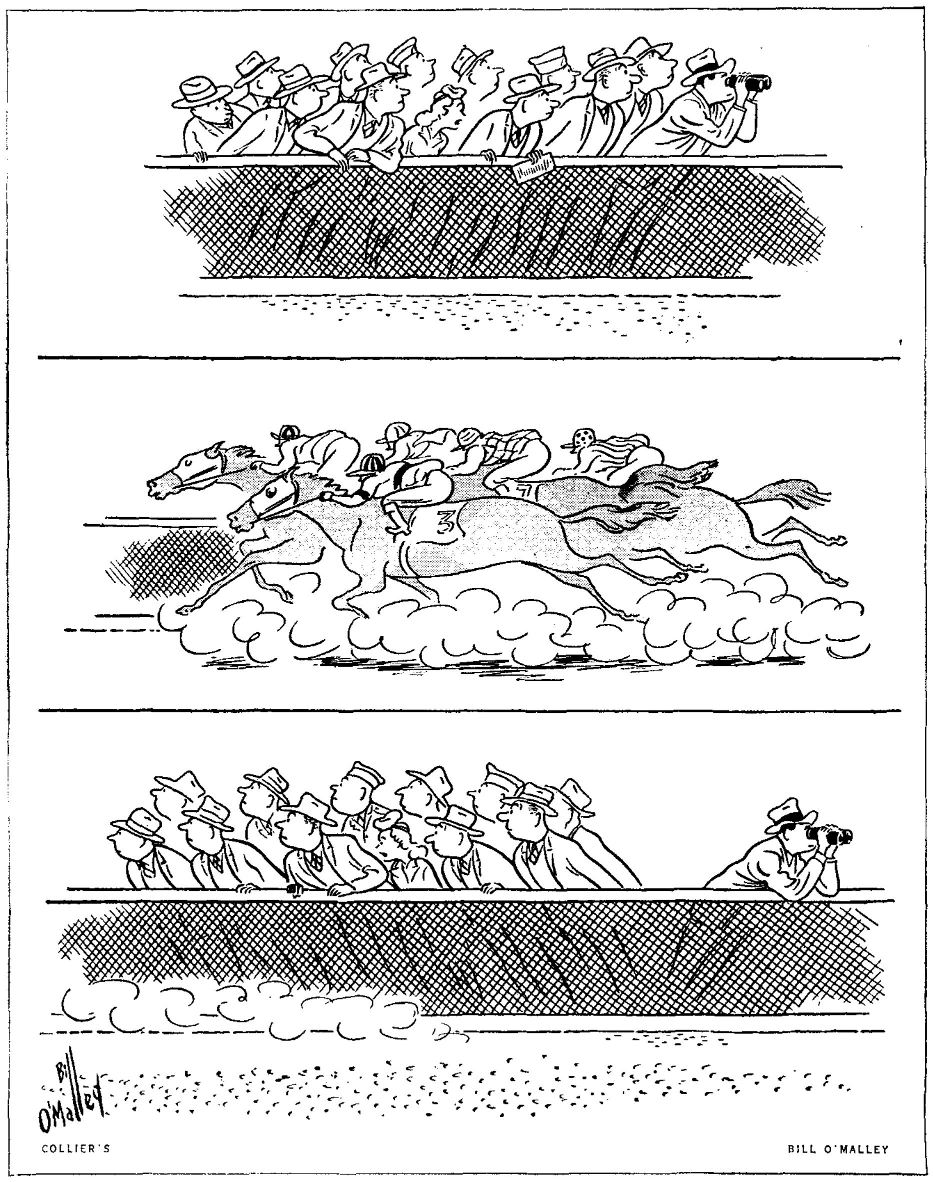
"You bet your life he is a collector," said Doc. "He's—the man's no better than a thief, Jo."

"I—I guess that's right, Doc," she said.

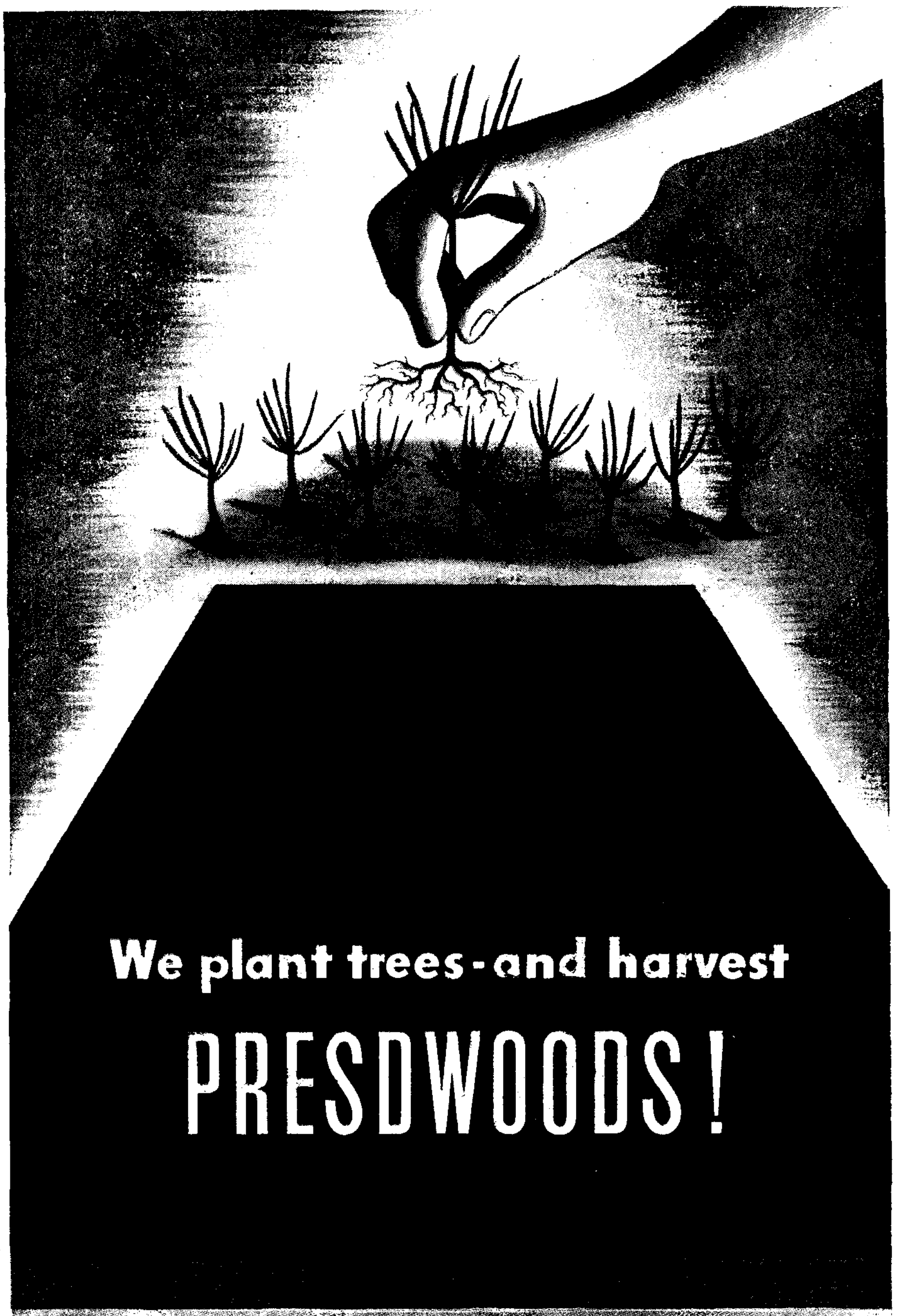
One time, when Doc needed a few hundred dollars, Jo said to him, "Doc—couldn't you give the bank the name of Mr. Allerton as a reference?"

"No, I cannot," he said. "A man with ancestry like that, with traditions like that, and he has plundered this state. He has the banks in this town under his thumb. He runs the contracts for this state, for this city, so that an honest man can't get anywhere with a city contract. He's a heel. No, I won't ask him for credit!"

"All right," Jo said. "But I like him. . . . Why, you feel like making a low bow to him when you meet him, dropping a curtsy. 'Mrs. Allen,' he says, and you feel yourself singled out from everybody else in the world. Then, do you remember, he said, 'I know your husband very well, Mrs. Allen. He and I were in school together. He used to help me through my examinations.' Doc, maybe he is a heel, as you say. But, Doc, don't forget I used to be a nurse, and I ought to know what kind of men are heels. He's not! He's—



COLLIER'S BILL O'MALLEY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THE LIGNO-CELLULOSE HARDBOARDS

he's like the kind of man you'd want to have for your brother. I saw him looking from me to you, Doc, and honestly, it was as though he was putting his hand on your shoulder. The man loves you, Doc!"

"Well—well, I don't hate him, either, I guess. I—I hate the things he does. The man's reputation is bad, Jo. I don't mean with women, except for this affair he is carrying on. But, good Lord, that's enough."

"Well, you're having an affair with me, aren't you?" Jo said. "The way you behave, I wouldn't think I was married to you at all. I'd think I was just your girl. I—I don't believe that man is—is just a skunk. I could never believe it."

But what Doctor Allen thought about Allerton was the common opinion. Allerton was feared, he was hated. Fawning admiration was his, among the sycophants whom he despised. He was in the Circuit Court twice, for violations of the Sherman Act and the Clayton Act, and in the state courts time after time. Good people, the good, sound, honest people despised him. Time after time he was approached by political leaders and urged to run for a government office. "Senator?" he said. "I'm too busy. Sorry." He made senators, and state senators, and governors of this state, and governors of other states as if he were a child shifting bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, until he got the right design. He never ran for office.

Perhaps he was afraid. If anybody had told him, ever, that he was afraid, maybe he would have announced himself as a candidate. That's the way to work with a man like that. Also, no doubt, he was worrying about his private life, his back-street affair. And it wasn't any back-street affair, either. He was flaunting his beautiful sweetheart in the face of Philadelphia. He would not go anywhere without her. "I'm sorry," he'd say, "my evenings are occupied." Rapacious, brutal, contemptuous of inferiors and mediocrity, he swam through the world like a lordly swordfish scattering the mackerel.

PEOPLE love to see a great estate, in Philadelphia. They love to see a fine house and trees and gardens. But the place they love the best is still Valley Forge, and not a man ever saw it but pictured himself barefoot in the snow, yes, and hating, hating charlatans, connivers and common thieves. It isn't envy. It is smoldering and consuming hatred. Never was there a state in this nation, not even Virginia, which has said more plainly and flatly than Pennsylvania: A good name is to be chosen, rather than riches.

The people of this state love this state, just as the people of Paris love Paris. Allerton didn't have a good name, in this state. Money, power, everything else he had. He knew it, too, and maybe it made him just that much more flamboyant, domineering, imperious, objectionable. His place—he lived out near Paoli—was like a ruby among emeralds. By the way, he was a junior lieutenant in the Navy, in the last war, the skipper of his own converted yacht, and he took three men out of his crew, when the war was over, and made good places for them in his own organizations. It's said that his crew used to say, not "I'm off the 2920" but "I'm off the Allerton."

That was it, you see; the people who knew Allerton could never disregard him. The crew of his ship were proud of him, whether they liked him or not. He would take that ship wherever he wanted it to go, and that was right into the middle of it every time. Cold and hard, stern and courageous, he inspired that sort of loyalty from all the subordinates he had, ever. He could easily have died in that war. He might have died in this one. He'd be out there, now. Of that there is no doubt, but things happen differently. . . .

"Yes," said Doctor Allen, lifting the receiver. "Yes? Doctor speaking."

"Allerton, Jim. Jim Allerton, Jim—"

"Ah—hello, Jim! How are you, Jim?"

"Are you busy? Could I come to see you?"

"Yes, Jim. Come after eight. My office hours are over at eight. I'll see you then. Okay?"

"Yes. A little after eight. Okay.". . .

"Hiyah, Doc? Business pretty good, huh?" Allerton said as he entered Allen's office. "Nice—nice print you got out there. Hokusai. Flying birds. Flying birds, huh?"

"Yes. I liked it when you sent it to me, Jim."

"I sent it to you, huh? Well, what do you think of that? Well, it's a lovely thing. Now, Doc—"

"Yes, Jim—"

Allerton put out his hands, palms down. "Uh-huh," said the doctor. "Hands—hands bother you much?"

"No—they go to sleep. Go to sleep—I—I don't like to go upstairs. Don't like steps. You—you look me over, Doc?"

"Who's your doctor, Jim?"

"Don't have any doctor. You—you look me over, huh?"

"Uh-huh," said Doctor Allen. "How about taking your coat off, Jim? I'll listen to you, for a minute. Uh-huh! Uh-huh. Now, you roll up your shirt sleeve. Yeah. Yeah—well. Well, I tell you. You're okay. I'll give you a little stuff. Take it a little easy, that's all. None of us, none of us as young as we were, Jim. Can't be a young fellow all your life. You're—you're—oh, yes, I know how old you are. Why, that's only a young fellow. You—you don't drink much, I know. You smoke cigars. Well, you don't have to smoke cigars all the time. I don't think you should cut down too much. I'd say, take it a little easy, with the cigars. Yes—yes. Okay, Jim."

Allerton looked at him. "So, okay. Okay, Jim," he said.

"Give me a call. Give me a call. Long time, no see, Jim."

"How's the Mrs.? Darned good taste your wife has, Doc. The way she put up that Hokusai. Like the way they put the Winged Victory on the stairs. If you're too dumb to see it, then it's not for you. Well—I'll see you again, Jim."

Doctor Allen sat there. In his hands was a man's death warrant. Oh, maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow. In two years. In one year. In six months. And why did he come to see me? Doctor Allen thought. I'm a bad actor. I did the best I could. That business about the prints. The man knows.

SIX weeks afterward, a bulky young man came and sat in Doctor Allen's waiting room, for his turn. Doctor Allen was doing pretty well; his outside room often was crowded. He nodded to this man as he closed the door.

"Yes," he said.

"Doctor Allen—I guess you should know me. Allerton."

"Well, good heavens!" said Doctor Allen. "You're—you're young Allerton—"

"Yes. And you're the doctor who brought me into the world, Doctor Allen."

"Well—well, I'll be—well! Well, I didn't bring you into the world, Mr. Allerton, but—but—will you smoke a cigar, Mr. Allerton? Well! Well, upon my word!"

"My father—my father always talked about you, Doctor Allen. He said—you'll forgive me, Doctor—'The best damned doctor in the United States.' I—"

"What's your trouble, Mr. Allerton?"

"My trouble is—my trouble is, with my father, Doctor Allen."

"Yes. Yes."

"My father and I, Doctor, have been—have been very intimate, all our lives. But about three weeks ago, my father came to my office—I'm with the Continental Trust. He was—he was in a very contentious mood as—as he often is. He began to abuse me, about business matters. I am—I am a pretty good businessman, Doctor Allen. Is that door closed? Yes—well. Then he began to—to—to quarrel with me about—about personal things. I—I rowed on the '27 crew; I was stroke. He—he said I was yellow. That I laid down. That I let the university down. That I—that I—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Allerton. I've known your father for thirty years. He was always talking about people being yellow. I wouldn't take that too much to heart."

"I put him out of my office, Doctor Allen. I—we cursed each other. He called me yellow. If he hadn't been my father, I'd have knocked him down. He said to me, 'You'll have nothing but girl children.' I have two daughters, I—"

"I have two daughters, too," said Doctor Allen. "I have two sons, and I have two daughters. I'd like to have had the other kid, to make it a full house. But I'd just as soon have it queens full, Mr. Allerton. Smoke a—will you have a cigarette? You are—you are presenting to me a—a most difficult problem in medical ethics. I do not know exactly how to meet it—I have an oath to consider, Mr. Allerton."

"Yes. Yes, Doctor."

"Your father is ill. He is very ill. In fact—in fact, he is dying."

"He is—he is. . . . I—I put him out of my office, I—"

"Yes—Mr. Allerton—I know a great deal about your father. Now, Mr. Allerton, I wish to ask you this, in my own office: Do you know anything about—about your father's private—private life?"

"You mean, about his friendship with—"

"Yes. That is what I mean."

"MY FATHER hadn't any private life, Doctor Allen. I know the lady with whom he is associated. I have known her since I was a child. She is a lovely, a beautiful woman. She's the godmother of one of my children, Doctor Allen. Her religion will not countenance divorce. She—"

"Yes. Quite! Quite! Mr. Allerton, I know your father. I—I am very much afraid, Mr. Allerton, that your father has gone to this woman, has insulted her, as he has insulted you. I have—I have every reason to believe that he knows his number is up. He—he wants to clean up everything. He's not—he's not a well-liked man, you know. He's gone through the world like a scythe. Well, I know he loves you, Mr. Allerton. Other people, other people want a big stone monument, and sorrowful friends to put a few flowers on a grave. This man, this man, at the end, and with the long journey before him, is trying to put his house in order. I know this! I know this!"

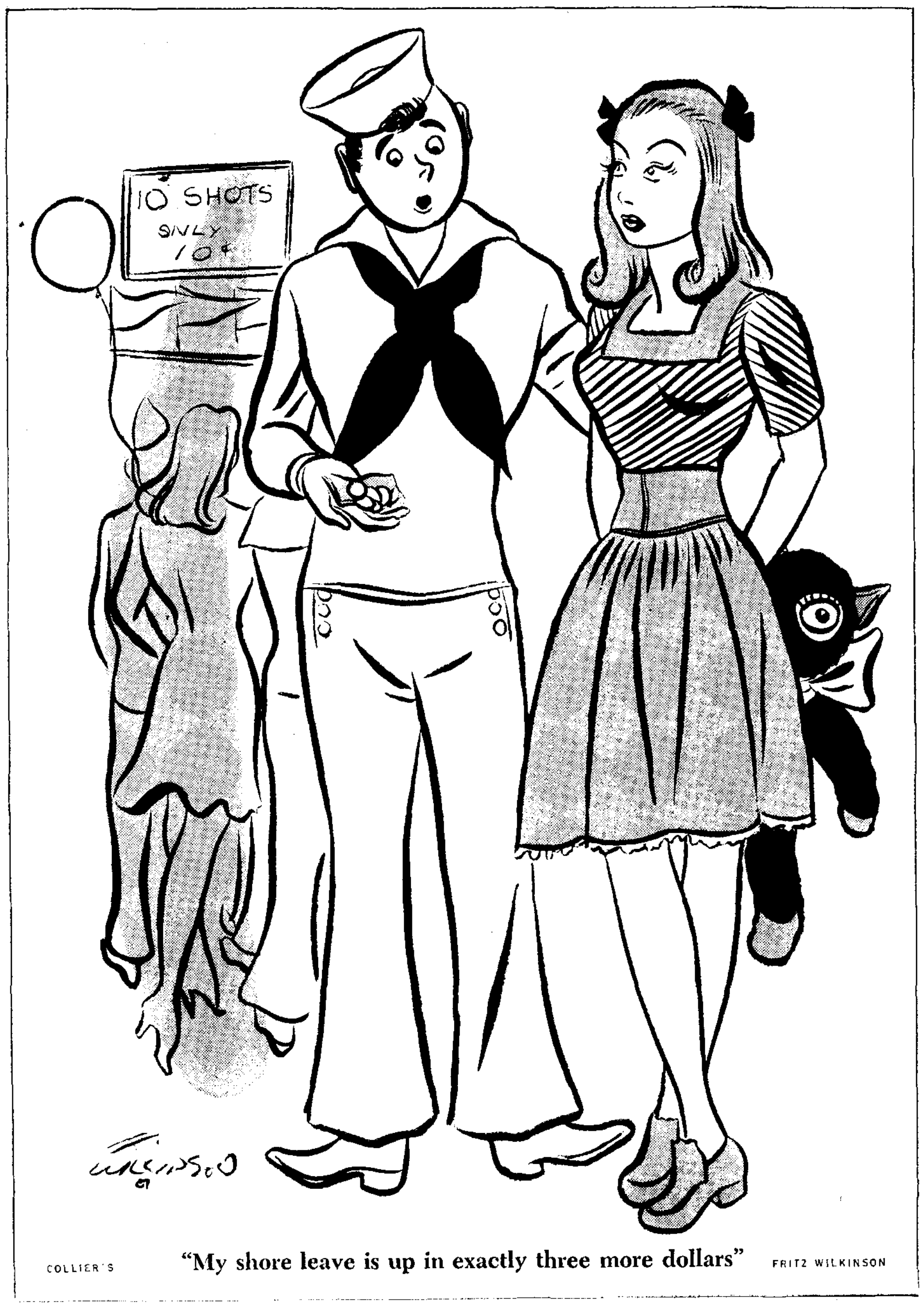
"I'll go see Eleanore, Doctor. I'll tell her not to pay any attention to him."

"Yes. Yes, my son. Go to see her. Is she—she is relatively a young woman?"

"Good heavens, no, Doctor! She is over forty years old."

"An old hag," said Doctor Allen. "I guess—I guess— My dear boy, your father is fifty-five years old. I know, because I am fifty-four. I tell you this, after a long life: When your heart is broken, there is still a refuge. Try to do something for the relief of someone else. You can't forget your grief any other way."

Young Allerton sat there like a rock. "Do you know—do you know," he said,



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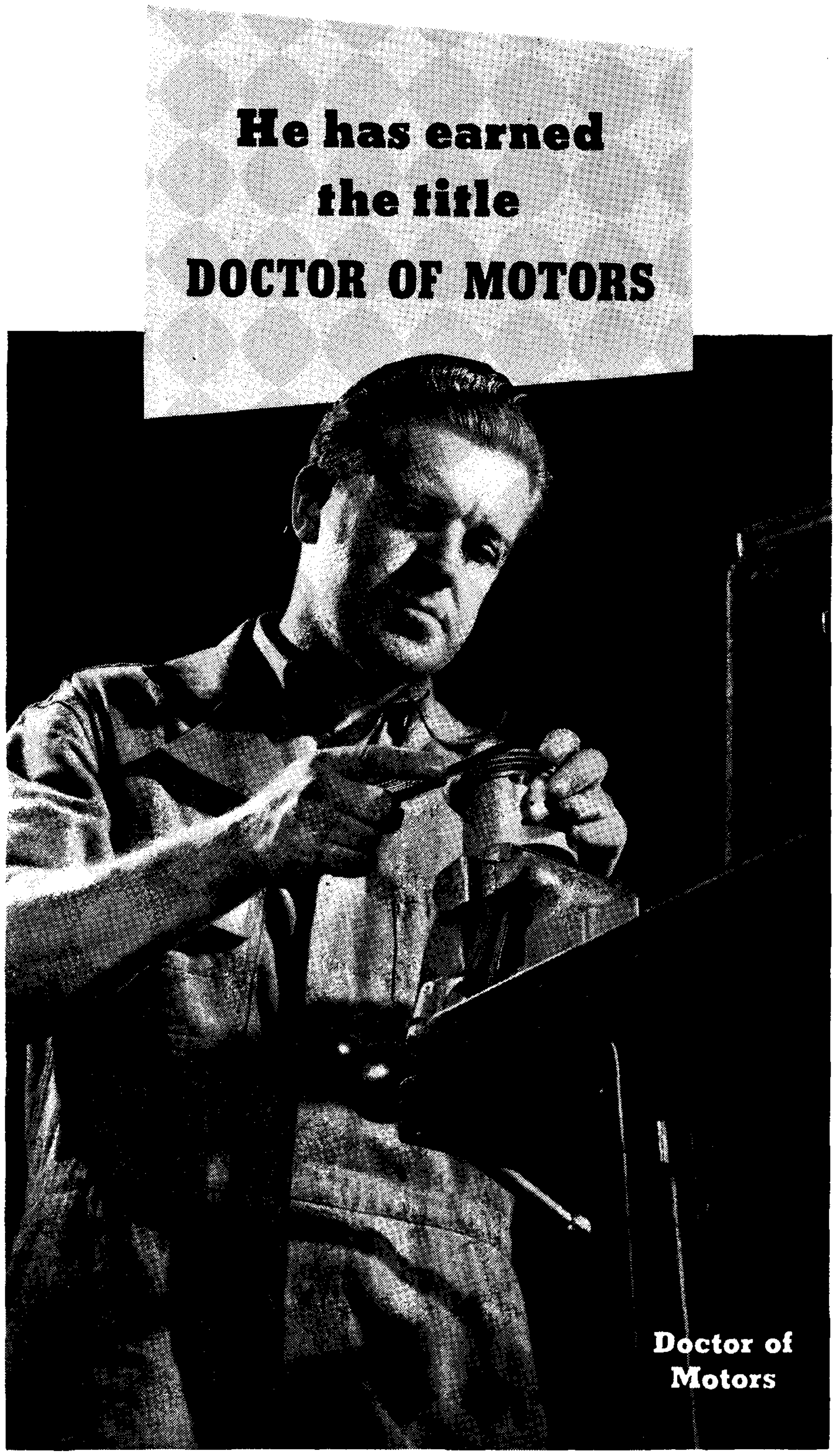

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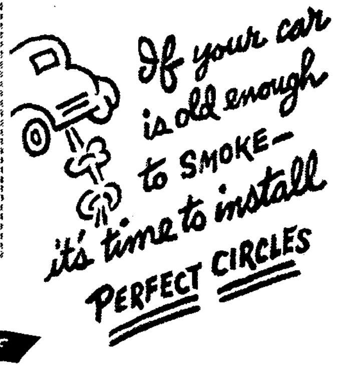


BUY MORE BONDS TO HELP OUR FIGHTING SONS! THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES—YOU LEND YOUR MONEY

and his body shook, "my father is going to be indicted by the federal grand jury? My old man! My old man! *I'll* kill them. I'll kill them! I'll—I'll. . . . May I use your telephone, Doctor?"

"Yes, my son," said Doctor Allen.

"You don't need to go away, Doctor. I'm just calling Eleanore."

"I think nobody should listen to telephone calls," said Doctor Allen. "I have enough trouble, listening to my own."

He was strolling around in his outer office when the receiver clicked. Young Allerton came in. "*Doc! Doc!*" he said. "He saw Eleanore. I'm—I'm going to get my wife on the phone. Eleanore said that my father came in, drunk. He's never drunk. He never drinks. He quarreled with her. He said, 'I don't bring my bad name into any good house!' That's what's on her mind. And he called her—he called her a—a harlot. So I'll get my wife on the phone. My wife and I both are going to see Eleanore right now. Right this minute. I wouldn't let that happen to Eleanore. My father—my father is out of his mind, Doctor."

"Yes. Yes, of course, he's out of his mind," said Doctor Allen, but he knew better. Out of his mind? "I won't bring my bad name into a good house," huh? Fight with your son. Cut yourself adrift, before you go the long way ahead. Make it all of one piece and break it off sharp and clean.

At twenty to ten, his phone rang. "Doctor?"

"Doctor speaking," he said.

"This is Allerton. This is young Allerton. Doc. I'm—my wife and I are with Eleanore. It's okay. Everything is okay."

"Yes. Yes, my son. Well, well, give me a call. She—the lady is all right, my son? Give her a little bromide—James, I tell you. You go out to the drugstore. You say you want a bromide. Mention my name. Say, Doctor James Allen, no middle initial. Doctor James Allen of Twenty-fourth Street. You could—you could get anything in the world from a drugstore down there, with my name. And—and—ask her to take a little hot milk, Jim, I mean James."

"Yes. Yes, Doctor. Yes. God bless you, Doctor Allen."

"God bless you, my son." . . .

They picked up James Kenyon Allerton at the corner of Fifteenth and Spring Garden, shortly thereafter. He had been drinking.

It's hard to tell how long he had been drinking; probably since the day he tried to set his house in order. He died decently and quickly, at St. Agnes. Doctor Keegan smelled his mouth and called it heart failure.

The church from which he was buried was full of people. In the front pew, there were these five: his son and his wife, Doc and his wife, and Allerton's sweetheart. White-faced, staring straight before her, Eleanore touched the arms of the two men by her side. "I'll sing. I'll sing," she was whispering to them. "He'd hate a coward. I'll sing all right for him, Jim. I'll sing all right for him, Jim."

SHE turned at the end and nodded to the organist. She stood up, straight and small and put her hands back to her sides and sang. "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," she sang, and her voice stormed the skies without a catch or falter. Beside her, Doctor Allen had a little note in his pants pocket, just in case. He had that note, two weeks before James Kenyon Allerton's son came in to see him. It read: "Doctor James Allen. Sir. You are a fake and a charlatan. You are a humbug and a liar. I trusted you. You deceived me. I give you this much credit: I think it was because of your ignorance. You were never anything but a cheap South Philadelphia quack. Doctor Wagner laughed when I suggested that I would have you, when my son was born. I am only too glad that you were not allowed to put your clumsy hands upon my son. People like you should be digging a ditch. James Kenyon Allerton."

"I never showed it to anybody," Doctor Allen said to himself. "I never even showed it to Jo. Now I don't have to show it to young Jim, or Eleanore. I don't have to show it to anybody."

THE END

The Truth About Silly War Songs

Continued from page 20

were to arise, she couldn't get past the reception desk of any publisher.

The situation is without analogy in any other field of creative work. Magazine editors and book publishers, for example, look at every manuscript that comes in. If they didn't, such discoveries of the last decade as William Saroyan, Irwin Shaw, John Steinbeck, John O'Hara and Jerome Weidman would still be unpublished. But the music publisher takes the attitude that being young and unknown and not understanding the argot of Broadway is a stigma. Unsolicited musical manuscripts are invariably returned unopened to the sender. They are never, never read—but *never.*

Popular songs are, consequently, produced by the same clique of writers, grinding out their annual quota of six tunes, good or bad, and mostly indifferent. The song writers, like any other group of creative artists forced to turn out a quantity of work regardless of whether the inspiration is there, gradually tend to rely on formulas and a convenient repertoire of stock words and phrases. That is why every popular tune sounds more or less like every other popular tune, unless the music was lifted from one of the masters and then it will sound like Tchaikowsky or Chopin.

The intimacy of the Tin Pan Alley circle is further narrowed by ASCAP (the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers). Most song writers and publishers are members of ASCAP which, for a fee, licenses to radio stations, theaters and night clubs the right to perform songs written by ASCAP members.

Since sheet-music sales have diminished due to the radio killing off new tunes rapidly, the main income of a song writer is his quarterly ASCAP check. The quarterly check, however, is not based on the current quality or popularity of his song, but on a combination of how long he has been writing, how many hits he has produced over the years, and how many he is writing now—what ASCAP calls seniority, availability and activity, but of the three, activity seems to be the least important.

A young tunesmith who wrote one of the top hits of 1940 receives a quarterly check of 36 cents from ASCAP! Although, on the whole, ASCAP is a tremendously useful guild and saves many improvident composers from ending their days in poverty as did Stephen Foster, its unwitting effect is to put a premium on stodginess and to suppress new writers.

When a song is published, the campaign begins. The campaign is run by a professional manager, so called because he contacts members of the theatrical profession and persuades them to sing the new song. The professional manager usually has a staff of from four to eight determined individuals, who call themselves contact men but are usually known as song pluggers.

Today, the key element in plugging a new song is the band leader with a radio outlet or "wire." A single performance by Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Harry James or Guy Lombardo during a late-evening broadcast over one of the four networks simultaneously reaches millions of listeners. Today, songs are made overnight, played to death, buried in less than six months.

When a tune is played on the air waves, it receives a plug. A checkup of every radio plug is kept for the publishers by an organization called Accurate Reporting Service, which issues a weekly mimeographed bulletin. Each week, in Variety and The Billboard, there are listed the songs with five or more plugs; the listing is known as "the sheet."

When a professional manager calls his staff into the office and says he wants a certain song to make the sheet, it is known as a "drive week." The song pluggers will then woo the maestros and say there's a drive week on and they need a plug or they lose their jobs. The song plugger will beg, lie, weep salt tears, mind the maestro's baby, buy him ringside tickets for a fight—all to get the radio plug. Frequently, cash bribes are given, this being known as a "payola."

When a maestro loses the "wire," he is known as a kolo, and the song pluggers avoid him. A song plugger defines a kolo thus: "A kolo is a band leader without a wire, who doesn't mean a thing and can't do you any good." When a maestro promises the plug and fails to deliver, he is said to have "thrown a curve." It is considered highly unethical to throw curves.

An efficient staff of pluggers can, within six weeks, shove the tritest song up to number-one place on the sheet—number one requiring around 40 plugs. When it's in first place, the recording companies will be compelled to put it on wax; the advertising agencies who select songs for the important evening radio programs which reach 20,000,000 listeners at a clip, will schedule the songs. Only a few pre-eminent stars like Bing Crosby or Kate Smith have the liberty of picking their own arias.

The setup along Tin Pan Alley is well oiled and effective—at doing everything except stimulating good folk music.

Ordinarily, no one bothers much about Tin Pan Alley and its mechanisms for merchandising the alphabet; but during wartime, a popular song may have a variety of psychological functions—from stimulating recruiting, as did Rouget de l'Isle's Marseillaise in the French Revolution, to giving courage during a dark hour, as did Francis Scott Key's The Star-Spangled Banner.

Both Key and De l'Isle were amateur song writers; Key was a lawyer, and De l'Isle was a professional soldier. Good war songs have usually been written by amateurs. Yankee Doodle was written by a doctor, the lyric of Dixie by a Confederate general. Keep the Home Fires Burning, one of the most moving songs of the last World War, was written by an eighteen-year-old boy at the suggestion of his mother; she had grown tired of Tipperary and thought there should be a more serious song; the boy grew up to become a successful English playwright—Ivor Novello. There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding was composed by Zo Elliott, while he was an undergraduate at Yale University.

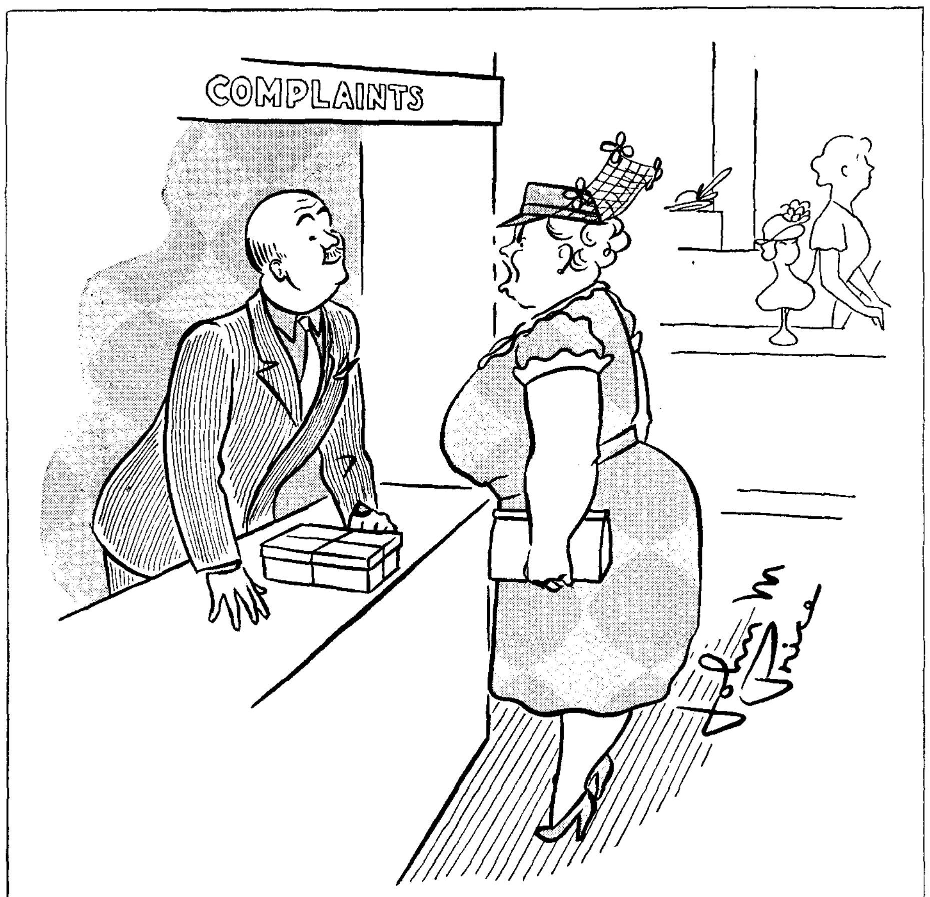
The Woods Are Full of Talent

What is needed, then, for Tin Pan Alley's salvation is an infusion of new blood. Music publishers must open their doors to the amateurs. There is many a mute, immortal Gershwin sitting around in Idaho and Maine and Oklahoma. The publisher's standard reply is that he can't do this, because all popular songs are so vaguely similar that amateurs are always suing him for plagiarism; the only way he can protect himself is to return the manuscript envelopes unopened.

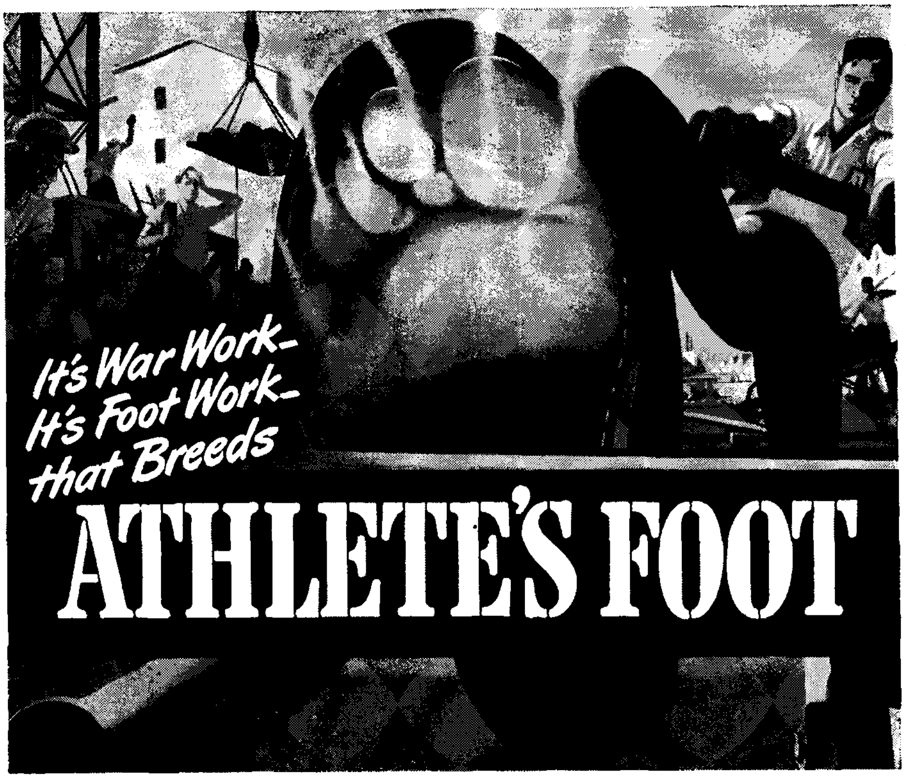
I believe there's a simpler solution to this: Let ASCAP draw up a standard release form, which every nonprofessional would have to sign before submitting a song; the release would absolve the publisher of legal responsibility in the event that he later published a roughly similar song.

Tin Pan Alley has forgotten that the universe is not bounded by 49th Street on one side and 51st on the other. It is good to recall that Robert Burns, probably the sweetest singer of popular songs in our language, was an Ayrshire farmer when his first lyrics were published.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Don't get polite with me!" JOHN M. PRICE



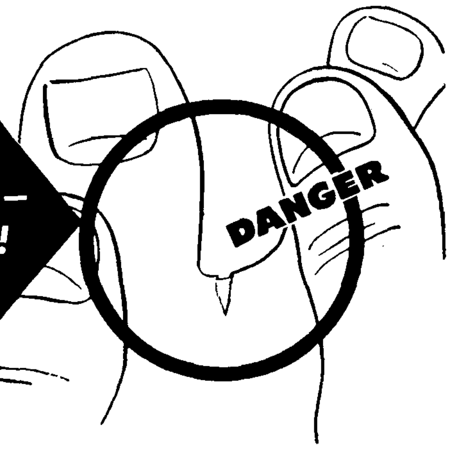
Athlete's Foot fungi feed on hot, perspiring feet

WARTIME DUTIES put you on your feet . . . making you vulnerable to an attack of Athlete's Foot that may cost you precious hours of work.

The extra perspiration that comes with wartime's extra walking irritates the tender skin between your toes and feeds the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot.

Then, when cracks appear, the fungi attack the flesh through the cracks and spread through the tissues. Inflammation of the toes, painful itching and flaking skin tell you you're a victim of painful Athlete's Foot!

Cracks warn you first—soak them TONIGHT!

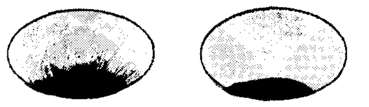


Tonight look at the skin between your toes. If cracks are present, drench the toes with Absorbine Jr., *full strength.* Repeat daily, night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 M Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Proof that Athlete's Foot Fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

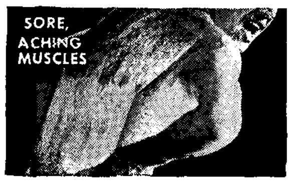


Fungi growing fast—Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes severe pain!

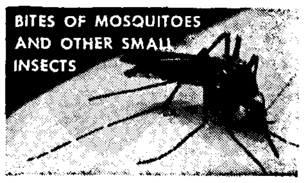
Fungi dead—Photomicrograph shows Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow and cause you so much pain and misery.

ABSORBINE Jr. Kills Athlete's Foot Fungi on Contact

Also brings QUICK RELIEF to these summer troubles



TIRED, BURNING FEET



PROTECT THEIR FUTURE • BUY WAR BONDS

Let the Sun Peek Thru

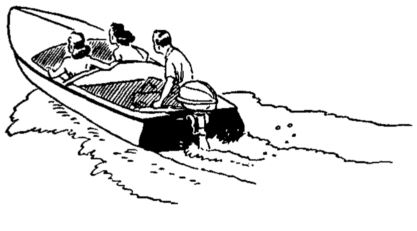
The owner of a Johnson Sea-Horse sent us this picture of his children proudly running Daddy's motor. For us, now working night and day in the production of war material, it has a special meaning. It not only represents the freedom we are fighting for, but it suggests a solution to a serious post-war problem—the return from violence.

We all look forward to peace as a condition that will dissipate bitter hate. But will it—really? Learned men tell us that considerable adjustment is necessary to recover the wholesome attitude, nationally, that makes for balanced living.

In an atmosphere of blue skies and open water, perspectives have a chance to straighten out. Sunshine fills the heart, as in the case of these youngsters. You who have felt the influence of golden hours on the water know what we mean. You who have not, may yet experience this deep satisfaction. We hope, quite unselfishly, that when the right day comes, you will discover the friendliness of sun-swept waters. With—or without—an outboard.

JOHNSON MOTORS, WAUKEGAN, ILL.

JOHNSON SEA·HORSES for Dependability



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

The Nazi's Sister

Continued from page 17

an ex-soldier in his early thirties. "He was wounded in Egypt," I said.

"Seriously?" Her voice was quick and concerned.

"He didn't talk of it, but he limps." I watched her—there was color in her face. "You know him?"

She answered almost too carefully: "He is Mr. Mercer's brother."

"Then I'll ask him about you." Her face clouded. She might have been going to say something, but she closed her lips on the words.

We went on to other things. I told her what the salary would be. I explained that she would sleep in the house, have one afternoon and one evening off a week. I said she might be asked to give these up when Dan and I made the trips we planned. To my relief she made no protest.

I took her into the garden to meet the children. Dickie and Dannie offered willing hands. She repeated their names, treated them like little men.

She said she could come immediately.

Back in the study she lingered a moment. "Are you English?" I asked her. Her accent suggested it.

"My mother was English," she said quickly. "I was born in Chile."

I drew her attention to the travel folders on my desk.

"My husband and I are planning a trip to Chile," I told her. And then as it struck me what luck it would be to have someone handy who could help with the preparations, I drew out a list of documents I would need to travel. "Perhaps you can tell me something of this identification I am supposed to have from the Argentine government."

She was looking over my shoulder. "That's nothing. A cédula . . . you can get it in a few minutes from the Departamento de Policía."

"You'll be a great help," I said, "if you can straighten things like that out . . ."

"I'll be glad to." She was about to leave the study. Then she hesitated, looked back as if she had forgotten something.

"Mrs. Carter . . ." The color was in her face again. "You don't know how grateful I am about this." Her eyes contracted with earnestness. There was nothing to say. She jumped over the pause and asked unsteadily: "You are quite sure you want me?"

"I think we'll get on."

"Yes, I am sure we will." She looked at me with some confusion. And I could see she wished she had not turned back and embarrassed both of us with her gratitude. She went quickly from the room.

I HAD meant what I said, I thought we would get on. But several things confused me. There was no reason for a girl like that to be desperate for work. Well dressed, good-looking, intelligent . . . speaking two languages, there must be better jobs for her somewhere. This was only a temporary thing, pleasant enough work in its way, but a girl like that did not have to be grateful for it.

There was nothing to do now but to call the number she had left. Padre Barnes of the local Anglican Church was the reference she had given, and, as I hoped, he remembered me. His voice was rather like him—old, conventional, lit with a reassuring warmth that might not have been there when he was younger. When he mentioned Irma Maller, he spoke slowly, giving himself time to think: "She was confirmed in my church. . . . Unusual, always unusual . . ." And then abruptly: "Has she told you her story?"

"She told me she taught for the Sisters and was governess for the Mercers. She seemed attractive."

He hesitated again, "I think she should be made to tell her whole story. And then if she continues in your employ, people can only congratulate you on your broadmindedness and your faith in human nature." His tone was final. I tried another question. But the old man had had his say.

There was no time to think over this. The phone rang almost as soon as it was disconnected. A strange voice asked for Mrs. Carter, demanded to know if I had engaged Irma Maller as governess. I admitted I had. The voice informed me that Miss Maller was leaving her lodgings and taking some luggage with her. Miss Maller had said she was employed, promised to pay her bill when she was able. . . . The landlady only wanted to check. . . . It was a matter of business. . . . I would understand.

I began to have doubts about the whole thing. The girl was arriving immediately and I knew virtually nothing about her. I wondered what Dan would say. But after you have followed a husband around the world for ten years you realize your rating rises and declines inversely with the number of telephone calls requesting his advice on household matters.

Then I remembered Kenneth Mercer. Both Dan and I had liked him. If he knew Irma was all right, it would be all the recommendation necessary. Then and there I called Mercer and asked him to come in for drinks before dinner.

I was down by the gate when Irma arrived. She drew up in a roadster with a young man, and she did not see me or the twins at once. She had taken off her hat and the loose honey-colored hair made her look even younger than she had seemed that morning.

The engine stopped and I heard them talking.

The man was still in his twenties, dark-skinned, with the shadow of his beard throwing a cast about his mouth. His manners were controlled, stilted. He looked at the house and said, "You know this isn't for you. You're too beautiful to be a nursemaid."

"It's not right to be hungry or to owe your landlady."

"You know you could come to me."

She laughed a little dryly as if the subject were too old to argue about. "There's only one thing you can do for me. Just one." She looked straight at him.

"I know," he said. "Just give me a little more time."

She saw me as she was getting out of the car. I opened the gate for her, and the man followed her in, carrying her single suitcase. The twins went straight to her. And as the man made no move to go she introduced him as Ricardo Duffy.

"I have been here before," he said nodding toward the house. "The MacKenzies had it last year. They were attached to your embassy." There was an inference that the MacKenzies figured higher in his estimation than plain American business people. "You could have done a lot worse, though." His accent was surprisingly good, there was no trace of foreign inflection, nothing to account for his darkness, his straight Mediterranean features. "And you've a good-sized plot for the boys . . ."

"We took it because of that."

"You could have done much worse," he repeated, following us toward the house. His eyes were quick for all his offhandedness. He took in the corners of the garden, the car on the drive . . . and his glance lingered on the door of the house.

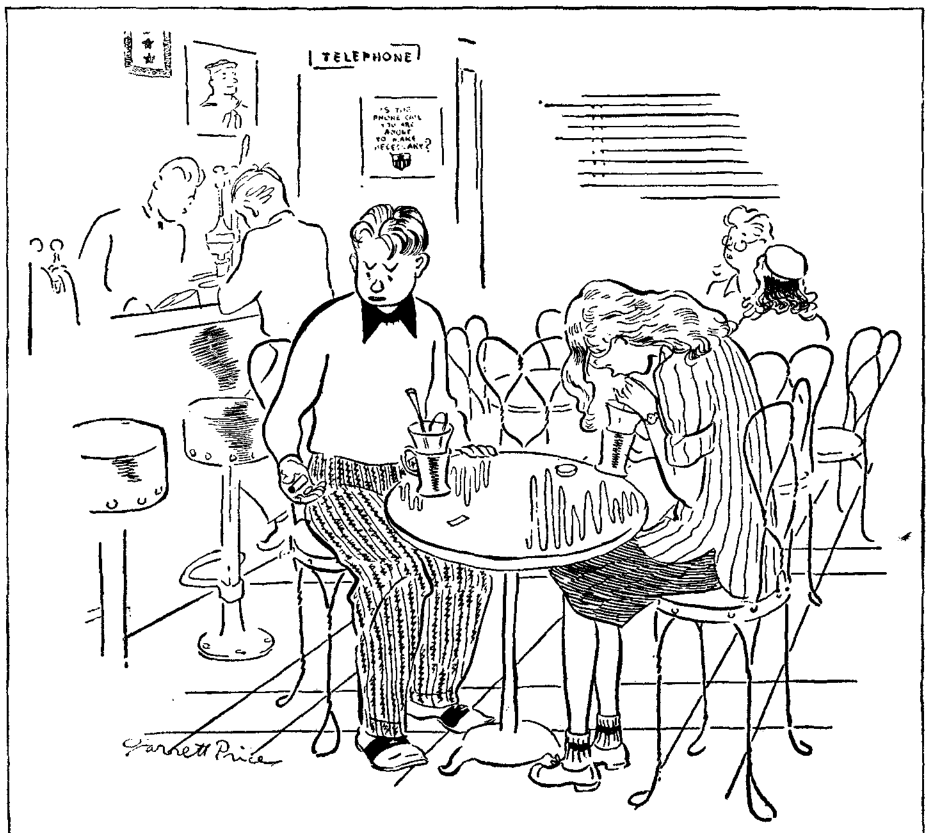
AS WE came to the steps I stopped pointedly. He took the hint. "You will have to excuse me," he said as if he were being pressed to stay. "Take care of your lovely governess," he said to the twins. "Goodby, señora . . ." The Spanish title seemed to amuse him. He turned to Irma. "I'll pick you up for dinner tomorrow."

"I have only one night a week. I'll let you know when that will be . . ." He sensed her annoyance.

"Do that. Goodby . . ." He shook her hand, nodded casually toward me and walked back to the gate.

"He did not want me to take the job," she explained.

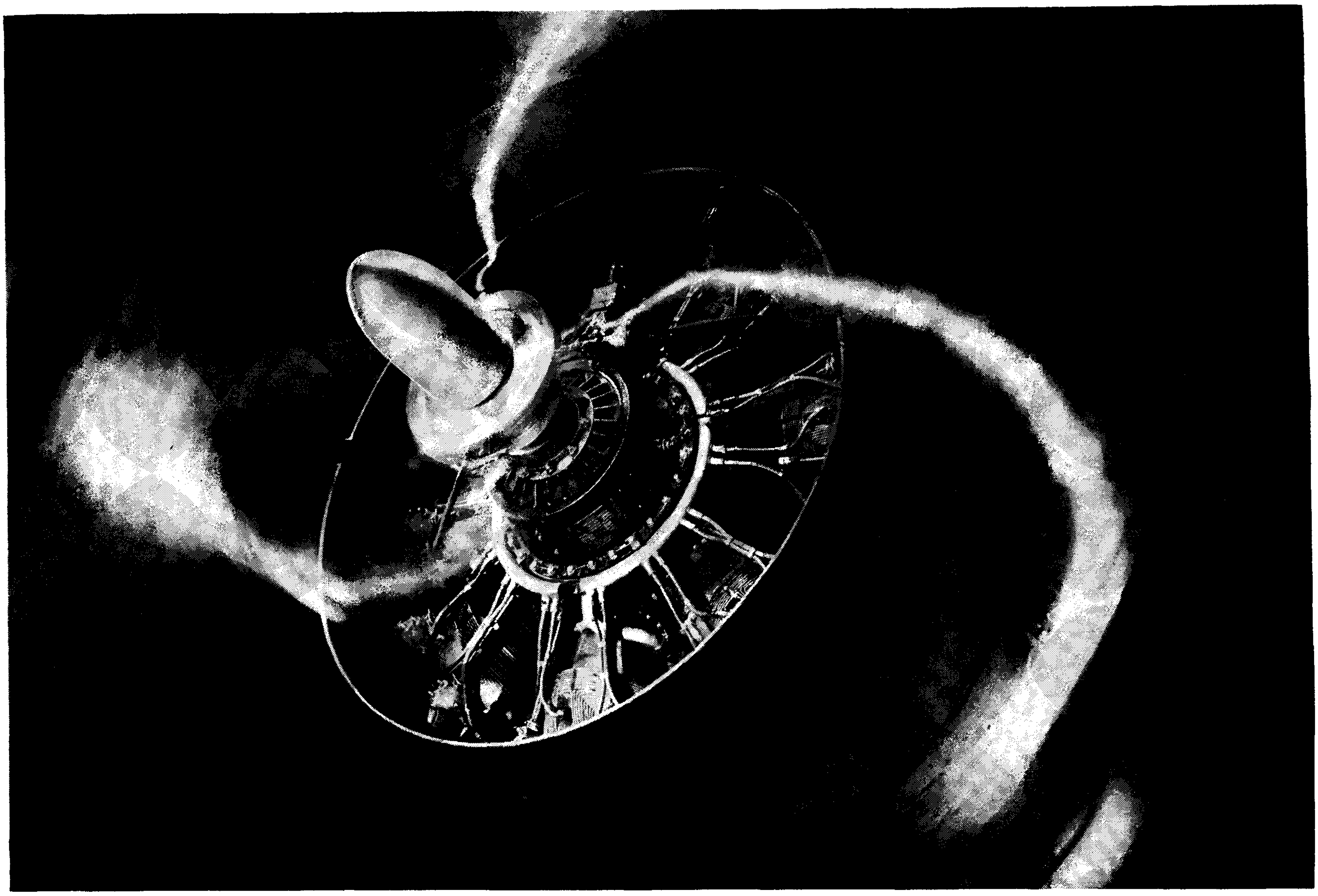
The maid came out for her bag and



COLLIER'S

"Well, what do you know—a lipstick in my pocket! Ma's been wearing my slacks again"

GARRETT PRICE



"I am the wrath of many men...I am the hope of all"

"My name is Wright Cyclone. My job, now, is war.

"In every single pound of me is more power than in all the straining sinews of a work horse.

"Hours ago my steels and my aluminum were ore in the earth, my magnesium was mingled with the salt in the sea. Hours from now you will see me, speeding more and ever more bombers to enemy targets all over the world. In 42 different types of my country's planes you find me today.

"I am the result of 84 thousand separate and intricate manufacturing operations. I am judged and tested by 55 thousand individual inspections. And the materials that go into my creation are the product of the skills and the toil of many thousands of men and women in every part of America.

"More than a score of engineering sciences have contributed to my creation. In my cylinders 15-ton explosions create power at the rate of 16,800 blasts every minute—280 every second during the two million miles of flight that is my life expectancy.

"In the years of peace, my reliability and power were developed and proved through more than one billion plane miles of commercial airline service.

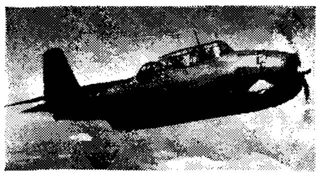
"My name is Cyclone. I am the wrath of many men, and my job just now is war.

"But I carry hope, besides."

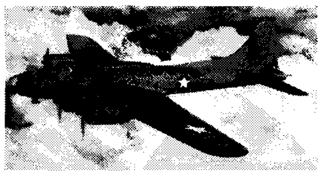
* * * *

Yes, hope! For this is power to help the world. Today, bringing Victory closer, American men and materials are flying in a matter of hours to the farthest corners of the earth . . . millions of tons of military cargoes are being moved through the sky . . . nearly 100,000 miles of new air routes have been opened in the past two years alone.

Wright Cyclone engines helped to make that possible . . . just as they will help to make the last day of this war the first in a great new age of air trade and transportation to come . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

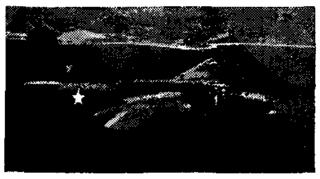


GRUMMAN TBF AVENGER—largest carrier-based plane. Packing full-size naval torpedoes, it proved to be a surprise weapon in the Battle of Midway.

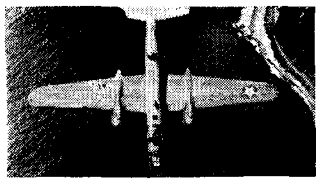


BOEING B-17 FLYING FORTRESS—one of the greatest planes in the war. Is striking heavy blows at Berlin and the Ruhr and is active in all war theaters.

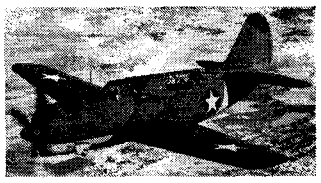
LOCKHEED A-29 HUDSON—known as "Old Boomerang" for its ability to attack and return despite enemy fire—a medium bomber for land and sea patrol.



DOUGLAS A-20 HAVOC—tough, fast and hard-hitting, this plane has over thirty tactical uses in bombing, strafing, intruding and fighting.

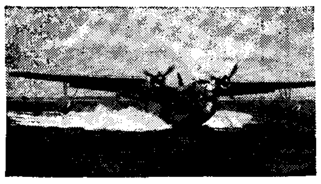


NORTH AMERICAN B-25 MITCHELL—bombed Tokyo, skip-bombed Japs in the Bismarck Sea, spear-headed African campaign, and fights on every battle front.



CURTISS-WRIGHT SB2C-2 HELLDIVER—the latest in a famous line of dive-bombers, and one of the most powerful, carrying bombs heavy enough to sink battleships.

BOEING 314 CLIPPER—largest flying boat of Pan-American Airways. Commercial planes and flying boats move great quantities of military tonnage.



MARTIN PBM-3 MARINER—roams over the oceans of the world, serves as eyes of the fleet, fights submarines, carries cargoes to strategic bases far overseas.

CURTISS WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

Irma was about to go into the house when I stopped her. "Just a minute . . ." She suspected what was coming and did not want to face it. "Your landlady called."

"It's quite all right." She was relieved it was nothing more. "I left most of my things there. I'll pay her when I go back for my mail."

"There's something else," I said.

She knew it was unavoidable. "Padre Barnes told you?"

I shook my head. "He suggested I ask you."

That pleased her. "He was a lot fairer than most people." She paused. "I was going to tell you this morning. But I could not risk losing the job." And then in a very sober voice she said her father was German, that he and her mother had left Europe during the first World War and gone to Chile. She had been born there. "I always wanted to go back to Europe and see it and know it, but South America was my birthplace and I belonged here. I never thought of myself as German."

"But other people did?"

She nodded. "When I came back from England." It was about the time war was declared. All kinds of charges had been whispered about: What was she doing in England? She was German, wasn't she? What was she up to in Buenos Aires? In the prevailing hysteria she had discovered that no British or American firm would give her work. "Perhaps the Germans would have had me . . ." She tried to smile. "But I never asked." The smile died as she watched me.

"I am glad I know," I said.

"And you believe me?"

I nodded.

She was free to go in after her things. She went, looking back once to smile, calling to the twins when the door was closed.

AS I thought it over I was glad Irma's story amounted to nothing more than it did. I liked the girl. Without knowing it I had been afraid that her story would be something I could not ignore. As it was, she was only accused of German blood. That she should be suspected and accused by the English-speaking colony was past her control.

When Dan came in I was optimistic about the whole thing. He took a cautious look at Irma while he was saying good night to the boys. "She's too good-looking to be practical," he said. "Do you really think you will be able to leave her in charge?"

"She was with the Mercers," I told him. "I phoned Kenneth to come in and report on her."

Still no enthusiasm was registered.

"Her home's in Chile. She'll know just what we'll need to take. And she told me where we have to go to get a cédula . . ." But Dan is a careful man. "Fine," was all he said.

We were glad to see Mercer. Lean, tanned, steady-eyed, he was a man to trust; you felt that he had been a good soldier. Obviously he hated being out of the Army, but he did not complain. He had come to Argentina on business concerning family property. And although civilian life in a neutral city must have been alien to him, he was as silent about it as he was of his troublesome limp.

I told him we had found a governess. "She was with your sister-in-law."

"Yes?" His interest was casual.

"Her name is Irma Maller . . ." I stopped there.

"Irma?" He turned all his attention to the selection of a cigarette. "You've already taken her?" he finally asked.

"She's in the house now." Apparently, unless I asked, he would volunteer nothing. "What do you know about her?" I asked.

He did not answer right away. But moved across the room to take matches from the far table. And then, seeing that Dan and I were still waiting for his answer, he said, "I was on board when she went to England with my brother's family."

"She was satisfactory?" Dan asked.

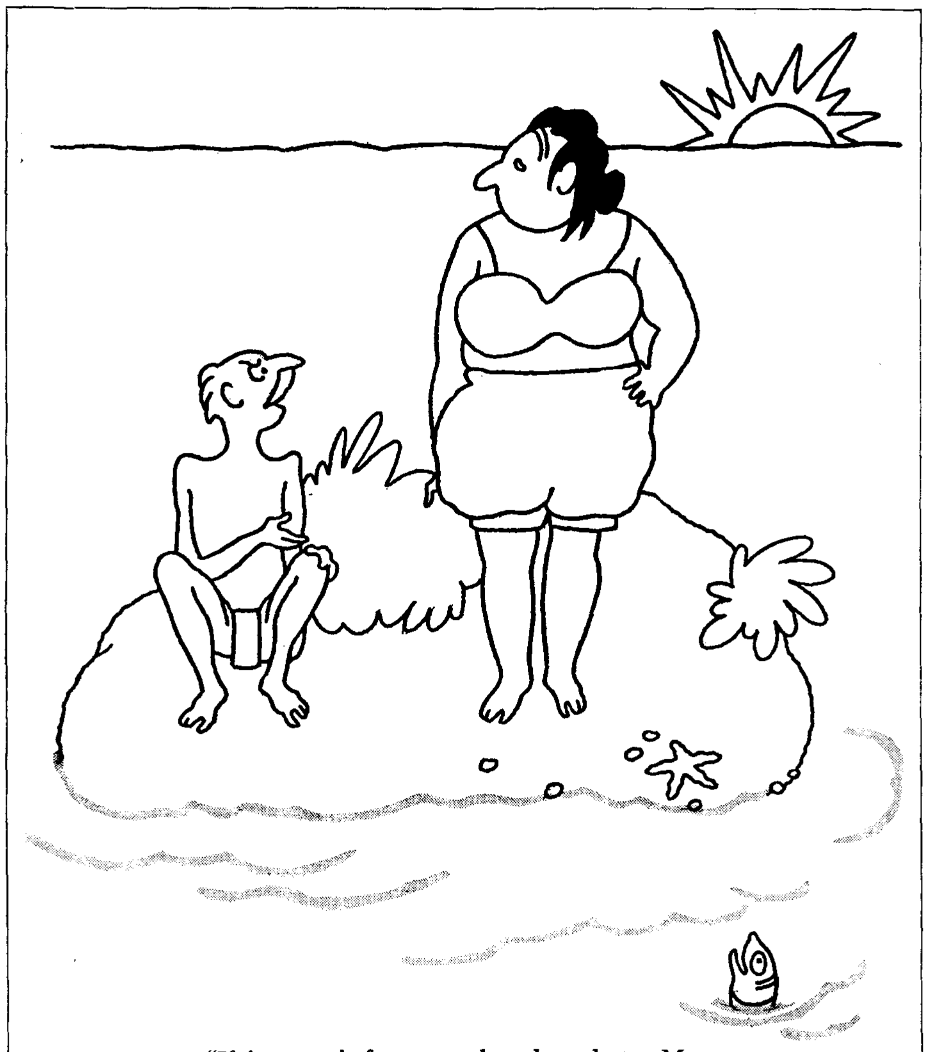
"Personally I liked her very much . . . In fact, I saw her in London later." With purpose he added, "That was before the war, you know."

"She was pathetically glad to get this job." But if the news shocked him, he concealed it.

"It's the times," he said closely.

"You mean that people are willing to hold a grudge which is more than a generation old?"

"Then you haven't heard of her brother—there's no doubt he's a Nazi." Mercer's voice was level. He went straight to the facts. The brother had had a job in a British shipping company. Young Englishmen went home to fight, and Maller advanced quickly—until they discovered he was there to get information for German U-boats. His arrest was postponed while the authorities tried to trace his connections. But Maller got wind of it and escaped. Mercer's guess was that he had gone back to his people.



"If it weren't for your absurd modesty, Mrs. Esterhazy, we could rig up some sort of tent"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"And you think Irma's the same kind?" I could almost feel the sharp look Dan shot in my direction.

"I wish I knew." Mercer hesitated to give an opinion, obviously trying to avoid what might be an injustice to us or to Irma. "Frankly, it's a bit ridiculous," he said, "your asking me what I think of Irma Maller, when you don't know that three years ago I was going to marry her."

THERE was a minute of silence. Dan shifted uncomfortably in his chair. And Mercer, without being asked, answered the question in our minds:

"About the time of Munich I wanted to join the Army. Irma was against it."

"Naturally, if she were pro-German," Dan said, too conclusively for my liking.

"Any woman could have felt like that," I argued.

Mercer did not take sides. "Anyway we broke up," he said deliberately. He rose, tried to get back to a feeling of normality.

"I'd like her to stay," I said.

His eyes caught mine and for a moment I thought he might smile. But he only said, "She's good with children. And anyone who is interested in her will be glad to know she's looked after." He was ready to go. We both went with him to the front door.

MERCER was taking his hat from the rack when I saw Irma coming downstairs. He heard her, for he looked up as he turned around. She was standing with her hand on the rail. She had changed her dress, I noticed, and the blond hair was piled on top of her head. Mercer said nothing, but looked queer, the customary reserve, the quiet directness disappeared from his face.

"Kenneth." She came all the way down.

He took the hand she offered, still without saying anything. And for a moment they just held on to each other.

"How is everyone?" she asked finally.

"Quite well." His lips rather than his voice said the words.

She reached for something to say. "I suppose the children have been sent to the country."

He nodded. And he must have begun to remember, because he let her hand go. And, as if it were an effort, he took a step away from her.

"At least you're out of it—I'm glad." She could not have said anything worse. It was like a slap in the face that brought him back to his senses.

"I'm not," he said tersely.

She saw her mistake. "We're so far away from the war . . ." she tried vainly. "It's hard to realize the things you've been through."

But he was not looking at her any more. He opened the door.

Dan walked with him to the gate.

Irma's face was expressionless. I took her hand and it was icy. "He didn't mean to be rude. He hates to think he's useless."

"What did he tell you about me?" she asked unhappily.

There was no use pretending. "No one can be sure about you, Irma," I said. "Why didn't you tell me about your brother?"

"There's no use talking about him until it is proved he had nothing to do with me."

"Then it is true?" Somehow I had expected her to defend him.

"He's all German," she said.

"Didn't you know that before?"

"We never got on. But I did not know he was an agent until he disappeared. He was using me, too. He always moved around and wanted an address, so most of his mail used to come to me . . ."

Lord, I thought, I am a fool perhaps, but I believe her. She's trapped and she's frightened. She made a mistake with Mercer, circumstances closed around her, and she has no way out. If Dan will let me, I'll keep her with me. Perhaps I won't get to Chile, but I'll settle this—if he'll let me . . ."

She knew what I was thinking. "I'll go if you want me to . . ." she said, holding on to herself, trying to control the tears in her eyes.

"Where would you go?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Rick Duffy would help me."

I had forgotten about him. "Are you sure?"

Like a flash she resented my criticism. "He's a friend," she said. "He'd stand up for me. He's not grim and doubting like Kenneth."

"I don't think Kenneth wants to doubt you," I told her, but she ignored me. I put my hands on her shoulders and spoke as earnestly as I knew how. "Irma, listen to me," I said, "I want to help you too. But this Rick, now . . ."

"He's a friend," she protested.

"Has he proved it?"

She nodded. "He can help me. He knows important people."

"Who?" She tried to pull away, but I would not let her go.

"The head of the Departamento de Policía . . ." she said in a low voice. "Rick knows him. . . . My brother's mail kept coming to me. . . . I opened it. . . . It was mostly sailing dates, mailed from La Plata and Rosario. Rick took it straight to the Departamento . . ."

DAN came up the steps; he looked quizzically at Irma. She turned quickly and went up the stairs.

"I am going to keep her," I said.

"You know how it is—" he reminded me. "No American or British firm in town would give her work."

"That's why, Dan . . . even if it means my not going with you to Chile."

He put his hand on my shoulder. "She looks very unhappy," he said. I supposed he understood.

And I kept my doubts to myself. I could not find much assurance in Irma's trusting Duffy. But I had no right to guess aloud until I knew more about it.

The next morning Irma came to me and asked for the afternoon off. I asked her if it was important.

She said it was.

"Is it Rick?"

"I want to see him."

Somehow I was frightened. "About the letter you handed over?"

She hesitated. "I should not have told you about that. But the landlady phoned that there was mail. I have to take it to him."

"Letters are still coming?"

She nodded.

"For heaven's sake, child, why don't you take them straight to the police . . ."

She tried to ignore the urgency in my voice. "If I were openly in touch with the police the whole thing would fall through The people who write those letters think

How to make a wish come true!

A wish filled with hope and promise.
Of Victory! Peace! Then a home of their own!
A home with happy, healthy children—secure and unafraid.
That's the heartfelt wish of all America.

* * *

Your peacetime home of tomorrow is well worth the wishing—for then even the most modest cottage can have electric servants to banish household cares and drudgery—to give more leisure for living.

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To make *your* wish come true . . . buy War Bonds—to the very limit of your ability. For every Bond you buy helps bring our boys back sooner and safer—and is a solid investment in your own future happiness.

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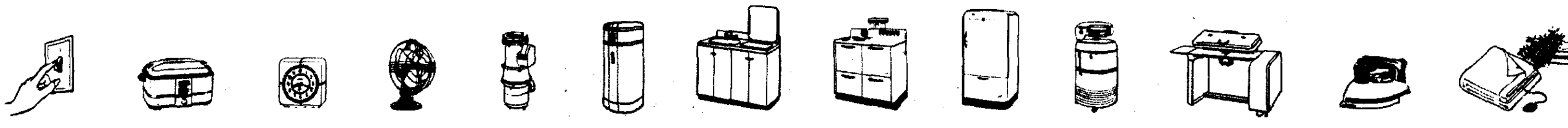

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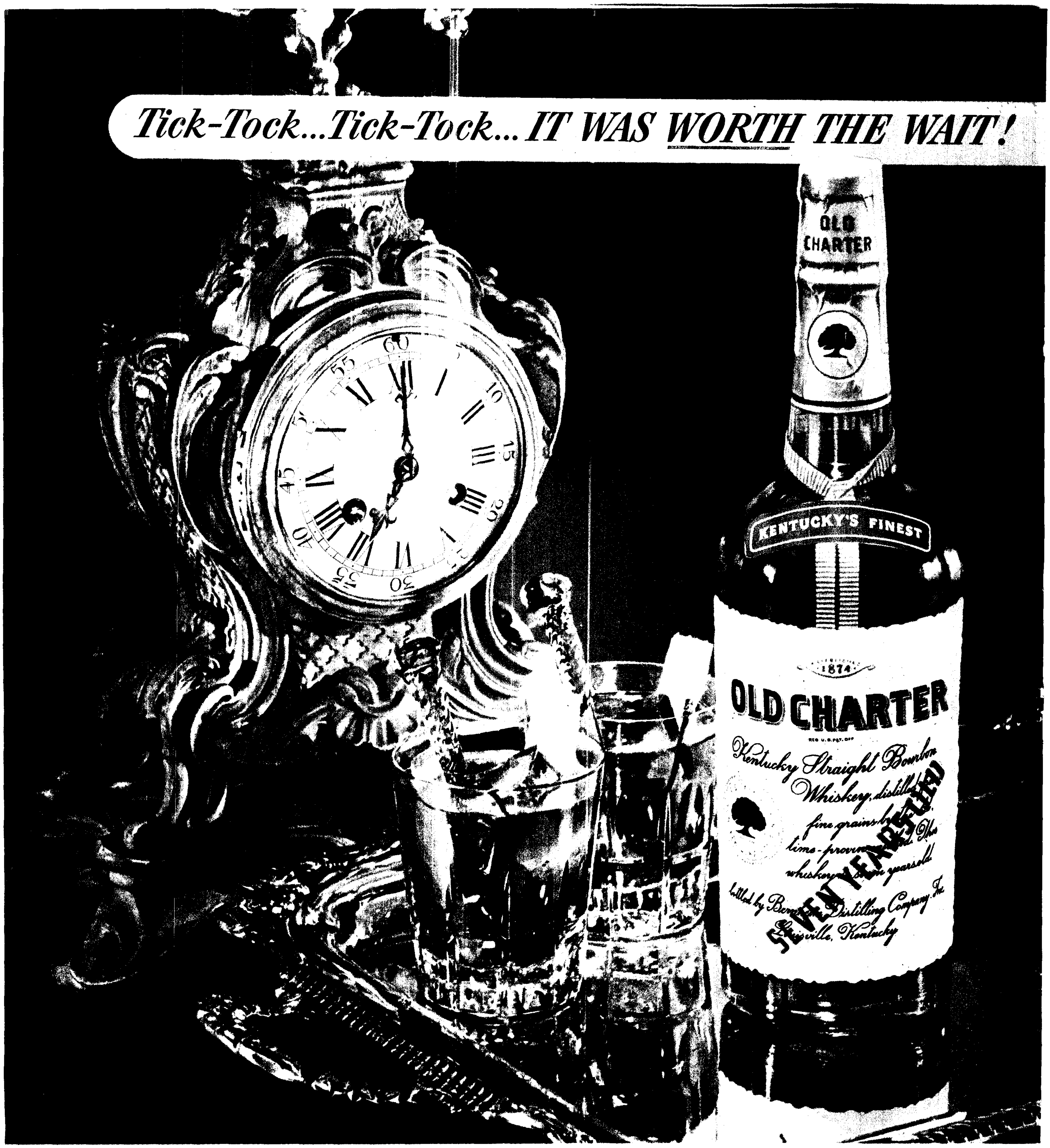
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OLD CHARTER

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my address is still safe—the Departamento wants it like that—until the time comes to make arrests."

"In the meantime you are letting all this information come to you—on Rick's word and handing it over to him for disposal."

"You have to trust someone." Her tone said there was nothing else to do.

"There is one thing you can do."

"What?"

"Call whatever his name is . . . the head of the Departamento."

She thought. "He'd never talk to me."

"He would if you used Duffy's name."

The idea dazed her. She did not want to think that Duffy might be replacing her brother. She pushed back her doubts and said stubbornly, "I trust him."

"All right then—you're free when I come back from lunch." Talk would settle nothing. I saw no other course to take.

When I came back early that afternoon, she was waiting anxiously for me. And I knew something was very wrong. She came down toward the gate to meet me, "I called," she told me. "I called the head of the Departamento."

"And they never heard of Duffy." I knew by her face.

She nodded, told me how her doubts had taken hold, how she had fought her way switchboard by switchboard until the final conversation brought a list of denials. The head had never heard of Ricardo Duffy, denied receiving letters from him, had never heard of her . . .

As we walked to the house I began to feel this was one time I needed Dan. "What are you going to do?" I asked her.

Irma did not know. "Rick told me to meet him at Retiro station at three."

I called Dan at once. But he had gone to some plant outside. Something would have to be done quickly, I thought. As things stood, Irma was as implicated as Duffy or her brother. "You'll have to put Rick off," I said.

"He'd be suspicious . . ." We sat looking at each other. Irma glanced at the clock. "We've less than an hour . . ."

The maid stood in the doorway, "Señora . . ." I looked up blankly. "Señor Mercer is here," she said.

Irma turned to me. "Don't tell him," she said suddenly. "You mustn't tell him." And as she heard his steps coming toward us she burst into tears.

Mercer stood in the doorway looking at her. "What's the matter?" Irma had thrown herself over the arm of her chair and was sobbing hysterically. Mercer went toward her. "Stop it," he said. "And tell me . . ." He looked at me half questioningly and half accusingly.

I told him as quickly as I could.

WHILE I talked, Irma straightened, dried her eyes, watched Mercer with steady defiance. When he heard that Duffy would be waiting for her, Mercer turned and asked sharply, "How long have we?"

"About forty-five minutes." She looked at the clock, not at him.

"Then come on."

She hesitated, looked uncertainly from Mercer to me.

"Come on . . ." he insisted. "We're going to take that letter straight to the police—to the man you spoke to, if he'll see us."

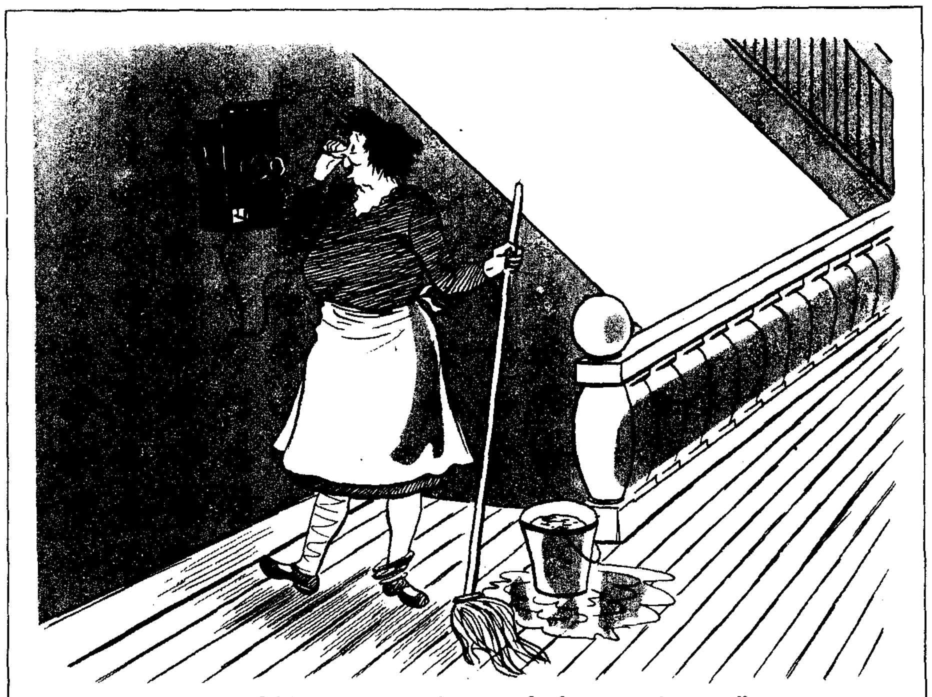
As she rose he grabbed her arm. "We'll have to hurry."

Involuntarily she followed his orders. "And Duffy?"

"Duffy will have to wait . . ." They were already at the door. He called over his shoulder: "I'll take your car, Mrs. Carter."

I opened the desk drawer to get my keys. They were alone in the hall. Kenneth lowered his voice as he spoke to Irma. "You've told Mrs. Carter the truth?" he asked steadily.

Her answer was half angry: "I have told the truth." And something in me lifted at that reassurance.



COLLIER'S "I could like you from the sound of your voice, too" SALO ROTH

When they were gone I fidgeted with the papers on my desk, calling cards, invitation, the neglected papers about the Chilean trip—I had never filled them in.

It was twenty-five minutes to three. At three Irma was to have met Duffy in Retiro station. Under the clock, probably . . . that was the place people always met in stations. What if I turned up instead of Irma? What if I held him a few minutes, stalled him. . . . After all it was Duffy that really counted.

At fifteen minutes past three I walked across the station. And there he was waiting.

First I was relieved that he had not gone. Then there was stage fright. Now that I had found him what would I say? And just as I was filled with impulse to turn away before he saw me, Duffy came forward.

"Mrs. Carter . . ." he said.

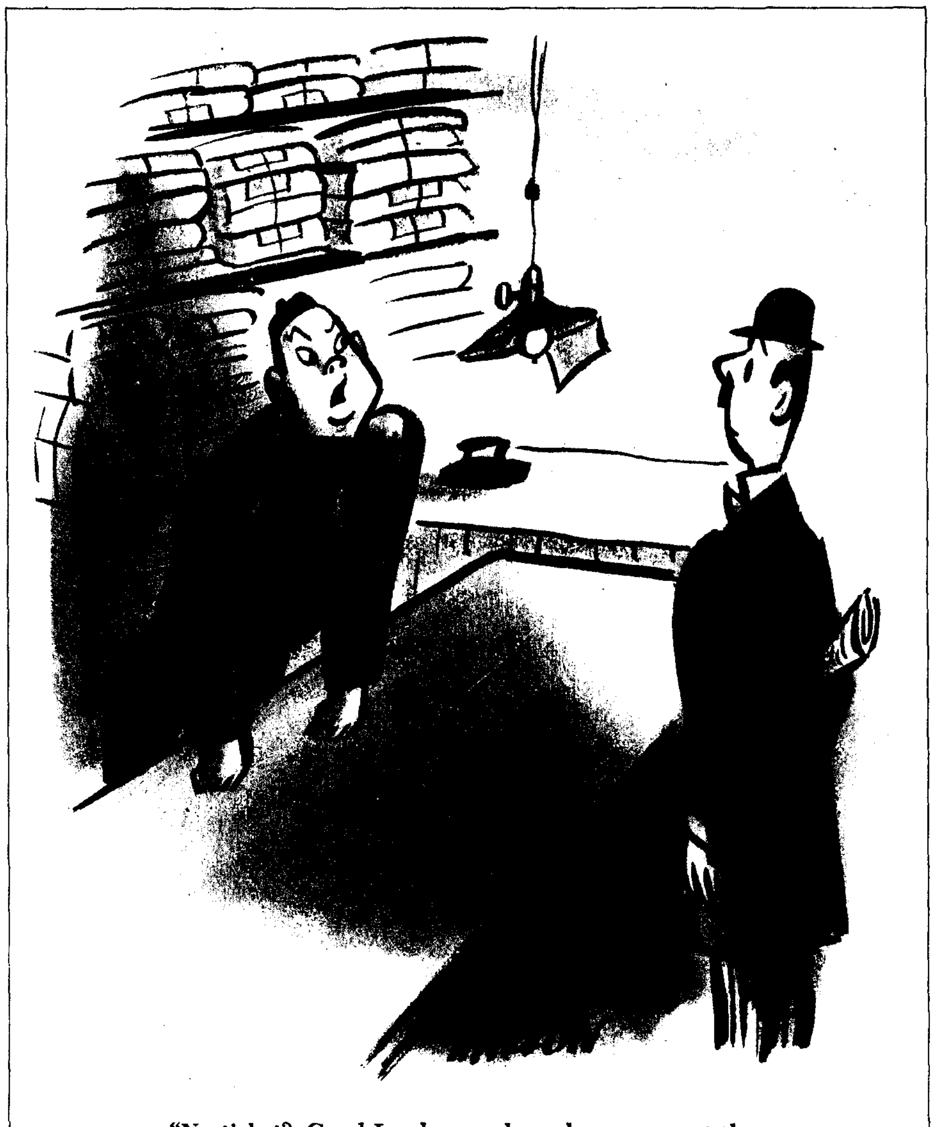
It was not a time to flutter. I took hold of myself, looked at him indifferently. "Well, I finally got here."

"I was waiting for Irma," he said.

"I know that," I said. "Irma sent me halfway across town and out of my way at that, to tell you she won't be here for another hour." I had the idea if I sounded annoyed about it, he would have less nerve to question.

"Why?"

Why indeed? I eyed him grimly. "This isn't her day you know. She has to wait until the maid can take over."



COLLIER'S "No ticket? Good Lord, man, how do you expect the return of your laundry without the proper receipt?" JACK MARKOW

"Oh . . ." he said almost gently. "But she will be here in an hour?"

"I expect so."

"Well, thank you, señora. . . ." He had his hat in his hand—and sought to pacify.

And now what? "It's difficult," I complained, "this finding your way around a strange town and a strange station. Especially when you don't know the language."

"It must be . . ." he commiserated. "If there is any help I could offer . . ."

I looked at him coldly. "What are you going to do until Irma gets here?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

Well, I thought, it wouldn't hurt to try. "I'm on my way to get something called a cédula. If you'd come with me and explain what it is I want, I could make up in time what I lost coming down here."

"That's the Departamento de Policía," he said uncertainly. "It isn't near."

"I had to take a taxi to get here," I was not giving ground.

"My car is outside . . ." he said.

I sat beside him. "Don't drive too fast," I instructed. "Traffic terrifies me."

He wasn't suspicious. He was bored at being pushed into such an errand. But he wasn't suspicious.

He parked in front of the Departamento, moved lazily to open the door for me. The car ahead of us caught my attention. It was mine. Rick, I remembered, had seen it on our drive. If he recognized it now, he'd know this was a trap. In desperation I looked up at the building before us. With my heart knocking against me, I made some allusion to it. Duffy's glance followed mine, with eyes focused upward and ahead we started to climb the steps. We were nearly to the door when Rick stopped. "I wonder if my car's all right there?" He turned to look back.

"Ask the guard. . . ." I was breathless in spite of myself.

He studied the street and when he turned back, looking at me for explanation, it was not so easy to find words. "That looks like your car down there . . ."

The last lie was not quick enough. "It can't be . . ."

BUT the door had opened and he was not looking at me. "Irma . . ." he said. Mercer was there, too, with a policeman.

They were not ten feet away as Duffy swung quickly between them and the car. He backed toward the steps and reached for his back pocket.

Mercer moved to follow.

"Be careful, Kenneth . . ." Irma called out. Duffy backed down the first step, Mercer still facing him. Irma had my arm. "He'll shoot. . . . It isn't worth it."

Then Mercer lurched to a crouching position and threw himself at Duffy's feet. Duffy swung backward, toppled over the steps.

Irma's hand tightened until it hurt. "Kenneth . . ." she said. The policeman was there now. He had Duffy's gun, was pulling him to his feet. Irma went toward them.

Mercer got up; Irma was helping him. "You shouldn't have. . . . It was not worth it. . . . He was ready to do it, Kenneth. You might have been killed."

He was straightening his coat, examining a scratch on his hand. "And not the first time . . ."

"Oh, Kenneth . . ." She stood there looking at him, trying to smile. . . . But as she tried the tears ran down her cheeks. She wanted to laugh, but she sobbed instead.

He looked at her a moment. . . . The beginning of a smile worked deeper into his face. "It's the first time anyone cried about it." And then she was sobbing on his shoulder and his arms were tight around her.

THE END

CORINTHIAN PILAR

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The Greeks have a word for capable Katina Paxinou, who plays Pilar in For Whom the Bell Tolls—and so has Hollywood. The word is "actress"

OCCASIONALLY Hollywood finds itself in a position where it has to hire an actress. This annoys everybody but the actress. The agent doesn't like it because, after the emergency has passed, his client will probably never work again. The studio doesn't like it because it would prefer to use one of its little beauties who has a luscious figure, a face of magnificent loveliness and inanity—and a box-office future.

This is known as a crisis and was solved at Paramount by hiring Katina Paxinou, the Greek actress, for the role of Pilar in Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls. Events were even more interesting in this case because the studio had paid upward of $200,000 for the book, and it either had to be a successful picture or somebody would get slapped smartly on the knuckles by the front office.

There was the further problem of getting a good actress for the part of the heroine and when Zorina, the dancer, was found inadequate after a week of shooting, Ingrid Bergman was rushed into the cast. Miss Bergman is also an actress. With Sam Wood as director and Gary Cooper as star, both from the outside, Paramount was saying in effect that there was nobody on the Paramount lot good enough to appear in the principal roles of a Paramount picture. Their action, in the circumstances, can be taken either as a confession of failure or as the beginning of wisdom.

Madame Paxinou is one of the great actresses of the world. With her husband, Alexis Minotis, she ruled the Greek Royal Theater and had such a position of eminence in the European theater that her appearances in Berlin, Paris and London were artistic events. She is another favor for which we have to thank Herr Hitler. She was in Athens in December, 1939, before the Nazi invasion of Greece, and was called on by a high official in the Nazi Ministry of Public Information, who made her a fabulous offer to do a play in Berlin.

"I already have a commitment in London," she told him.

"Ah, England!" he said ironically. "In three days more, it will be nothing but a poor, unimportant little island."

Just what he had in mind was not clear because it was three days before Christmas, and nothing occurred on that holiday that caused England to glide into the sea. In any event, Paxinou said that she had given her promise, had no objection to playing in a place, no matter how small or unimportant it might seem to the Nazi supermen—and went forthwith to London.

When Ghosts Stopped Walking

Her season in London in Ibsen's Ghosts (done in English) was interrupted by a disaster that seemed at the time to mean the end of our pleasant world, to wit: the capitulation of France, the evacuation at Dunkirk, the fact that the little island stood alone in a world in flames.

That ended Paxinou's acting career for the time being. Instead, she worked day and night helping nurse 30,000 evacuated French soldiers quartered in the White City Stadium. Those were also the days of the most ferocious Nazi air blitz of London, and for ten months she lived through it.

"Day after day, night after night, it never let up," she relates. "Being busy was a relief. The brave ones were those who kept their courage and their sanity while they hovered each night in bomb shelters or in the subways. They had little sleep or food, and it seemed that the bombings would go on forever, month after month, year after year, into eternity."

Then came what seemed to be a solution to her personal problems. She managed to get passage on a steamer bound for America. She packed secretly and got to the point of embarkation with word to no one, as she had been requested by the British authorities. On the second day out, the ship was torpedoed and sunk. Paxinou spent eighteen hours in an open lifeboat until picked up by a British destroyer.

On her second attempt to leave, the results were almost equally harrowing because her hotel was bombed on her last day in London and she lost everything she had with her, clothes, jewelry and money. She finally managed to get to Lisbon and the clipper brought her over from there.

Her husband, Alexis Minotis, had gone back to Greece after the fall of France to look after his relatives. There he found Madame Paxinou's mother, her two brothers, her four sisters and her 16-year-old daughter by a former marriage, Iliana.

When the Germans entered Athens,

(Continued on page 68)

Not for long, my son

Don't weep, little Jon. Don't fear, my son.

We do not wish to send you far from home. But this *isn't* home—not any more. Here in Holland the windmills are still. The Strangers have taken the canal boats and now there is no food. They have boarded up our churches. The schools are empty. And your father—who can tell where they have taken him? What "home" here now?

The fishing boat is ready, Jon.

Don't cry, little blond head; you go to *friends!*

They say that in America little boys still awaken singing. They say that there is food in the morning and at midday and at night. And schools where children laugh. And Sunday, families still go to prayer—and pray unharmed.

It's not for long, my son. The Americans will make it short for you and me. All America—and all the United Nations—everywhere—the soldiers in the field, the sailors on the sea, the flyers in the air! And the Allies in their homelands! All the free peoples will make it short!

Soon—soon we'll be together again—you and little Katrina and Father and me! The dikes will be whole again! The little boats will once more sail on the canals. The windmills will turn—how they will turn! Spring will come and tulips will blossom all over our Holland!

Soon, my Jon! Not for long, my son!

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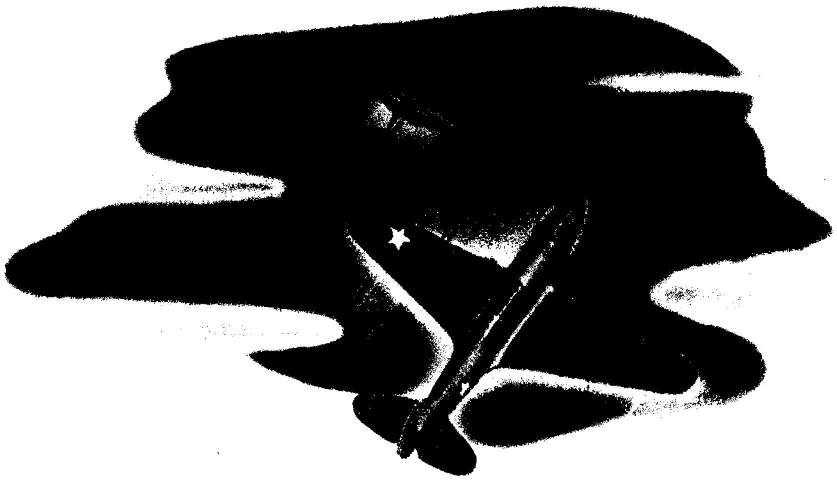

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REYNOLDS ALUMINUM
NTO THE SKY

How General Giraud Twice Escaped the Nazis

Continued from page 11

crossed it, and approaching the Dutch border, prepared to attack the Germans in the swamps and tulip fields of the Low Countries.

But on May 13th, Huntziger's army gave way at Sedan under the formidable thrusts of the German Panzer divisions. Its rout was followed by that of Corap's army, and the entire French front was displaced at its very heart.

On the 14th the confusion was complete. All communications were broken; no orders came through. The soldiers sought refuge from the incessant hammering of the Stukas by falling to the ground or fleeing to the rear. At dawn on the 15th, Giraud was ordered to take command of these battered armies and to reestablish the front between the Meuse and the Oise.

In the afternoon, he arrived at the scene of battle and took command. For three days he fought, while all about him the army was collapsing. On the 18th he had not moved from his post at Wassigny, but the Germans were so near that this section had become an advance post.

He persisted, however, and ordered a counterattack. But he had only human bodies in uniform to oppose the armored troops and the Luftwaffe. He learned that it was General Rommel who commanded the troops facing him. On the 18th, the advance guard of the enemy dug in near Wassigny. Giraud resigned himself to shifting his post to the west—to Le Catelet—and left with three officers for that place. They arrived at Le Catelet only to find it deserted and in flames.

General Giraud, who had marched for hours, could go no farther. The old wound in his right leg was giving him serious trouble. He ordered two of his officers to head for the French lines. He himself lay down to rest. Only his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Tannery, remained with him.

Surrounded by Germans

At dawn, the two men resumed their march. At six o'clock, they came upon a light German car which they put out of commission. But a German armored column appeared. The general and Tannery fled into a farmhouse. German tanks surrounded them, enemy soldiers appeared from everywhere.

Just twenty-six years after his first capture by the Germans, General Giraud was again a prisoner of the Germans.

Impassive and erect in his long khaki greatcoat, his red cap on his head, Giraud arrived at Rommel's military headquarters, where the German officers clicked their heels before him. That same evening he was transferred by plane to Bonn, on the Rhine. Two days later, he was taken to the castle at Koenigstein, which the Nazis had decided to use as a prison for officers. A number of high-ranking Polish officers were already confined there. By the time France had given up the struggle, all the French generals—about 120 in number—were prisoners at Koenigstein.

During that first evening at Koenigstein, Giraud was already concentrating upon the problem of his escape. At first sight, the difficulties appeared insurmountable. Koenigstein is an old fortress with high walls jutting out over a crag about 120 feet high, and the rock itself is on a hill which dominates the valley of the Elbe. To get out seemed impossible.

Life among the prisoners gradually settled down to a routine. The prisoners instinctively regarded Giraud as their leader. It was he who advised them, he who arbitrated their disagreements. His face, his word were their symbols of hope.

Toward the end of the year, the German authorities demanded that all the imprisoned officers sign a paper pledging themselves not to make any attempt to escape or again to take up arms against the Axis. Those who signed the paper, they promised, would have greater liberty, as well as permission to walk about freely outside.

Giraud assembled his comrades and pointed out to them that their only possible course of action was to refuse to sign the paper. From that moment, the guards watched him even more closely. He was allowed only one short walk on the rampart each day, under the watchful eyes of a sentinel.

During the first days of his imprisonment, the general, with the connivance of an invalid prisoner who was being repatriated, had managed to send a code to his wife in France. He was thus able to correspond freely with her, though their letters seemed harmless to the Germans.

When he chatted idly with his jailers, Giraud carefully studied the plan of the fortress, the topography of the region, the customs of the inhabitants and the police regulations. He procured a railroad timetable and memorized it. At the same time, he perfected his knowledge of German. He already spoke it very well, but now he set about acquiring a local accent.

ROXY
OW PLAYING
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ALSO
JECTS
JAMES gibson

"I got this one for the Harry James engagement at the Paramount"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSEN

Months later, in October, 1941, Madame Giraud established contact between her husband and two officers who had set up in unoccupied France an organization to help imprisoned officers escape from Germany. These two men were Colonel de G and Commandant L (for understandable reasons, I do not give their real names). An active correspondence now developed between the general and these officers, and a plan for the general's escape was soon afoot.

Obstacle Race to Freedom

These were two major problems: the escape from the fortress and the flight from Germany. The only solution for the first one was to descend the walls and the rock. As for the second, escape by plane was ruled out because there was no landing place near by. Nor could a car be used; cars are stopped every ten kilometers in Germany. There was still the train.

Giraud spent three months fashioning a rope from the cord which had been used to tie the food packages which his wife had sent him—only to find that it was not strong enough. Finally he received from France, concealed in a carefully prepared ham, a roll of copper wire about 150 feet long. With this he reinforced his rope. In the same ham was hidden a pair of thick gloves, made of wool and rubber.

Giraud now considered how to procure some German money. He managed this by selling some of the food which his wife had sent to him, on the black market in Koenigstein. By this bit of business, which his jailers transacted for him, he acquired 800 marks.

In February, 1942, Colonel de G and Commandant L sent Giraud the complete plan for the venture. A young Alsatian who was familiar with the language and the country, was to bring civilian clothing and a false passport into Germany, as near as possible to Koenigstein. The message concluded with the question: On what day and at what hour did the general plan to flee from the fortress?

The general had already noted the only spot on the rampart from which escape was possible, an out-of-the-way corner which might be overlooked by the sentinel's eye. From this spot, he would have to descend over 140 feet down a thick, perpendicular wall. There were two daytime roll calls in the prison, at eight o'clock both morning and evening. The general's cell looked out over a patrolled highway, and a patrol passed every quarter hour. Giraud therefore had fifteen minutes in which to escape from the citadel without being seen, and twelve hours to flee from the region before his absence would be noticed. His friends in France thought surely he would plan to escape by night. But Giraud answered calmly: "I shall leave Koenigstein at ten o'clock on the morning of April seventeenth."

They did not dispute Giraud's orders, however. Soon, on March 27th, came an answer from France: "The guide will be waiting for you at one o'clock in the afternoon on the 17th, on the railroad bridge at Schandau, five miles from Koenigstein."

It was impossible for the general to travel from Koenigstein to Schandau in broad daylight, in his French uniform. However, he had a waterproof coat which could pass for a civilian garment and he also had a pair of civilian trousers, and in a second ham which his friends sent him, was a comical little Tyrolean hat.

On April 17th, Giraud was ready. From his hiding place in the floor under the bed he took out the rope and gloves. Then he made up a bundle of his clothing, in which he packed a razor, a rough sketch of the surrounding country, and some food.

A little before ten o'clock he went to the window. The patrol came along. Today it was under the command of a sergeant whom the general knew well, an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

The sergeant saluted. Giraud asked him: "You don't have your camera today, Sergeant? Too bad! You could have taken an interesting picture of me."

The German laughed and went on. A moment later, the general climbed out of the window and hastened toward the spot he had chosen in the rampart.

He fastened his rope to the battlement, letting it hang down into space, then hung his parcel about his neck and put on his gloves. Clumsily he hoisted his stiff leg over the parapet and proceeded down the rope. He made the descent methodically, pressing his feet and his knees against the wall for support. In just one minute and forty-eight seconds he had reached the hill. He walked forward several meters as rapidly as possible, then crouched in the bushes and peered out through the branches toward the citadel. There was no movement.

Disguised for Traveling

His gloves, he now saw, had been torn in his descent, and his hands were bloody. He opened his parcel, took out his razor and shaved off his mustache, and donned the waterproof coat and the Tyrolean hat. Then he arose, walked out to the road, took his bearings and calmly set out for the station at Schandau.

Arriving at the meeting place a little early—at half past twelve—he sat down on the parapet of the bridge and ate his lunch. At exactly one o'clock, a young man appeared, carrying a valise. He looked at Giraud, came closer, and said, "Good morning, Heinrich."

"Good morning, Francis," replied Giraud.

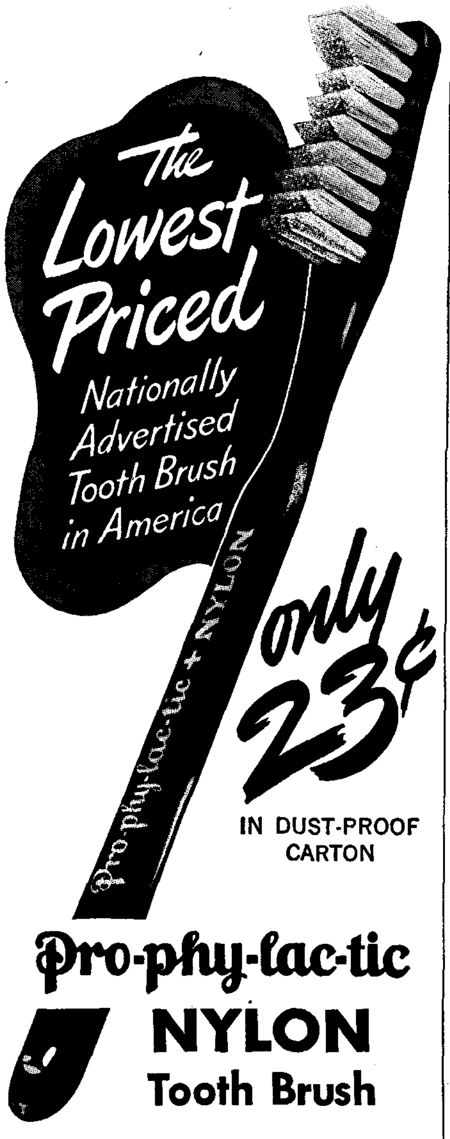
Immediately the young man stopped. "I am at your command, General," he said.

During the long months of preparation, everything had been carefully planned. Nevertheless, there was one unforeseen incident right at the beginning. It had been planned that Giraud should go into the woods near Schandau and change into the clothing Francis had brought him. But the foliage was not yet thick enough to provide a safe screen. And so, still clad in the garments in which he had made his escape, the general went with his guide to the station and boarded the train.

Giraud had a second-class compartment, which was connected with a first-class compartment by a lavatory. He went into the lavatory, locked himself in, and after a few moments, emerged into the first-class compartment clad like a wealthy bourgeois, his eyes concealed behind gold-rimmed spectacles. In his pocket he had papers bearing the name of a German businessman who dealt in hides.

The train rolled on; twilight approached. In Koenigstein they discovered the general's escape. A description of the fugitive was broadcast, the frontiers were watched, and a reward of 100,000 marks was offered.

But the Nazis made mistakes. They de-



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scribed Giraud as a large man with a heavy mustache, who walked with a limp.

The general could not change his figure. But he no longer had a mustache, and although he habitually dragged his wounded leg a little, he could, by great effort, force himself not to limp for a few moments at a time. Hence, whenever he felt that he was being watched or whenever he had to enter a danger zone, he tensed his nerves and muscles and walked normally.

Another German mistake was the assumption that Giraud would try to reach the Swiss frontier, which is very near, and that in any event, he would push westward. Instead, the general and his companion had boarded a train for Berlin.

Though every policeman in the Reich was looking for him, and notices bearing his description and offering a reward were posted everywhere, Giraud and his guide traveled across Germany for seven days, from north to south, from east to west, never leaving the railway station or the train, sleeping in coaches or in waiting rooms, and eating only what the general had brought with him from Koenigstein, and Francis had brought from France.

Their schedule was constantly being upset by the complete disorganization of German rail service. Trains would stop unexpectedly and go no farther; it was no longer possible to make proper connections between trains; certain trains were taken off without notice, and so on. However, the two succeeded in sticking pretty close to the original plan.

On the second day, Giraud was sitting alone, napping, in a waiting room on the outskirts of Berlin, waiting for the next train. (Sometimes he traveled with Francis, and at other times they pretended not to know each other). A German guard touched the general on the shoulder and asked for his papers. The latter, pretending that he was not fully awake, muttered that he was an Alsatian businessman.

"Oh, so you are an Alsatian," said the German. "Well, you ought to be feeling good, now that Alsace has finally been annexed to the Reich."

The former military governor of Metz restrained himself with some difficulty from jumping down the German's throat.

On the fourth day, they reached the Czechoslovakian border. Giraud was sitting in a corner of the compartment reading the newspaper when he heard a disturbance in the corridor. He investigated. Three plain-clothes men, apparently the Gestapo, were examining the papers of all the male passengers and making them stand up in order to verify their height.

Trapped in the Train

I'm the one they are looking for, the general thought. This time he was really lost. No escape seemed possible. The train was speeding rapidly ahead. The trapped man returned to his corner. He had perhaps ten or fifteen minutes before the policeman reached his compartment.

Facing him, there sat a young German officer, who wore on his uniform many decorations and the insignia of the Afrika Korps. Obviously, he was one of Rommel's soldiers home on leave. The general looked at him tenderly, in the manner of a good German, proud to find himself face to face with a hero.

"I see," he said, "that you belong to our glorious Afrika Korps. I know Africa well; my business has often taken me there." The number-one desert-warfare specialist of the French army, who had been stationed for years in Morocco and Algiers, smiled briefly. "So I can appreciate better than most the marvelous strategy of Rommel and the bravery of his army."

He launched into a eulogy of Rommel's tactics. The young lieutenant was delighted. He replied warmly. In ten minutes they were friends.

The police officers were nearing the compartment.

"Doubtless," Giraud said, "the decisive push toward Egypt will come soon. I hope, Lieutenant, that you will return in time to enter Alexandria behind the Field Marshal."

The Gestapo agents entered. Giraud raised his head, as if in annoyance at being interrupted. The officer, also annoyed, waved them away. The plain-clothes men hesitated a moment, glanced at the officer's decorations, then bowed out.

The young lieutenant never understood why the bespectacled merchant, apparently overcome by sudden fatigue, soon let the conversation die.

Thus, borne on the enchanted carpet of chance, Giraud crossed Alsace and entered occupied France. The old state frontiers had almost entirely vanished in German-occupied territories. It was now possible to travel without special papers from Germany into Holland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and occupied France. The difficult thing was to get out of the occupied zone.

The general arrived at Chalon-sur-Saône. Some Frenchmen had already offered to help him get over into the unoccupied zone, when he learned that, at the military frontier, the Germans were detaining every man who was over six feet tall. This time there was nothing he could do. Giraud coolly turned around and went back to Germany.

From there, he made his way toward Switzerland. He could not now get over the frontier by train or by any ordinary route. He had to cross into Switzerland like an outlaw.

Together with Francis and a mountaineer friend from France, the general crossed the mountains. Their guide left them in a cabin near the frontier, where for eight hours, Giraud and Francis remained hidden, while German patrols passed to and fro constantly, and lookout men watched the passes and footpaths.

As nightfall approached, two Nazi guards passed, close by the cabin. They stopped, and the fugitives heard one of them say, "Come on, let's go and eat. We'll come back and take over the watch by and by."

Giraud and Francis knew that the road would be unguarded for a few minutes. They rushed out. Giraud, limping, gritted his teeth and summoned his will power to the greatest effort yet.

Two hours later they were in Switzerland, exhausted but safe. They took a car to Geneva, where friends facilitated their entry into unoccupied France by affixing false visas to their false papers.

According to the carefully laid plans of his friends, Giraud was scheduled to arrive in France, at the Bellegarde bridge, at noon on the 24th, exactly seven days after his departure from Koenigstein.

That morning Colonel de G and Commandant L were waiting with heavy hearts near the customs post.

At noon, an automobile came rapidly across the frontier and dashed by the last post without stopping. General Giraud got out of the car, took off his hat and extended his hands to the two men who stood there watching him, almost overcome with emotion.

"Good day, gentlemen," he said.

Three Historical Telegrams

One of the general's first acts was to send a telegram to his wife. There is a story behind the wording of that telegram. Giraud's wife had in her possession two other telegrams of the same sort, one of them a very old one.

In 1915, Captain Henri Giraud, severely wounded, had been taken prisoner by the Germans, but had escaped before he was entirely recovered. He remained hidden in Belgium for several months before Edith Cavell helped him to Holland. From there, he sent the following telegram to his wife: "Luggage arrived safely. In good condition. Affectionately, Henri."

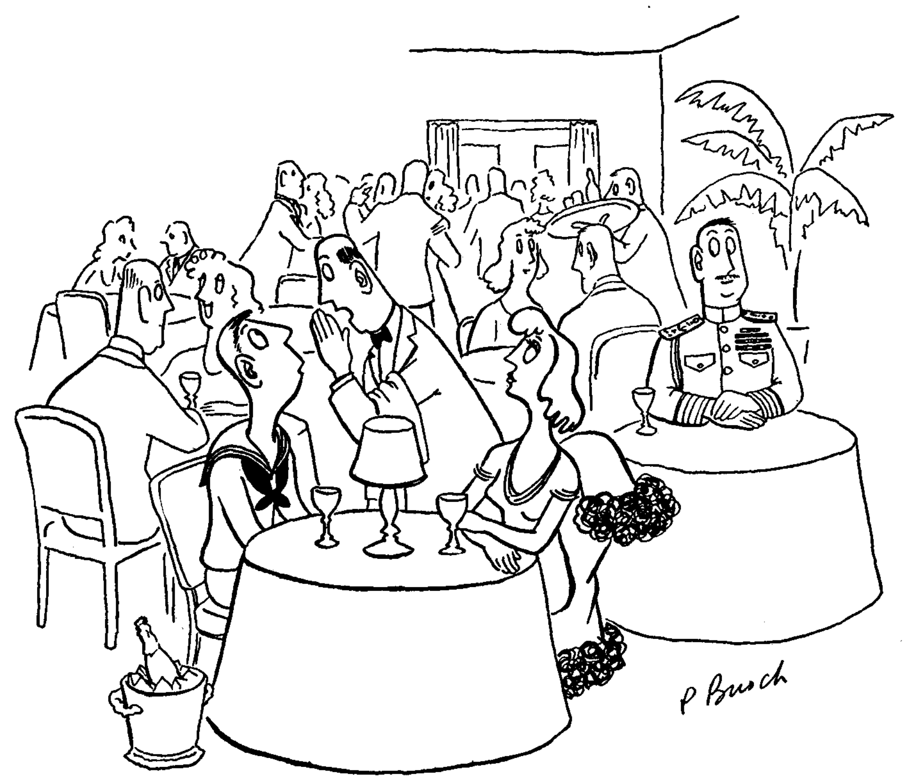
In 1940, the eldest son of General Giraud, who was also named Henri and who was a captain, was taken prisoner by the Germans. He escaped in 1941, and when he reached unoccupied France, he telegraphed his mother the same message sent by his father twenty-six years before.

It was on the evening of April 24th that the third message reached her: "Luggage arrived safely. In good condition. Affectionately, Henri."

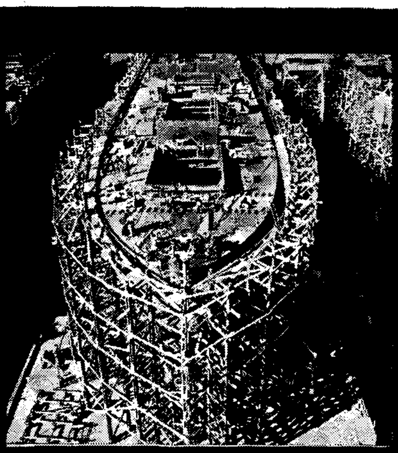
The general's escape had caused a great furor. All Germany was seething with rage. The French traitor, Laval, had been called back to the government. Giraud was called to Vichy to see Pétain.

"I am glad to see you, Giraud," said the aged Pétain. "But I should like you to talk with Laval."

Just then Laval entered. "What you have done is unpardonable, General," he said. "Your escape has upset all my efforts to arrive at a profitable plan of col-



COLLIER'S "The admiral wishes you to join his party" P. BUSCH



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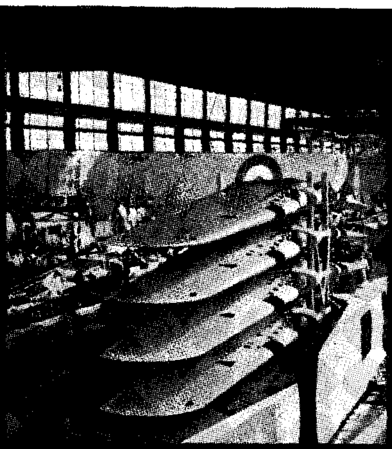

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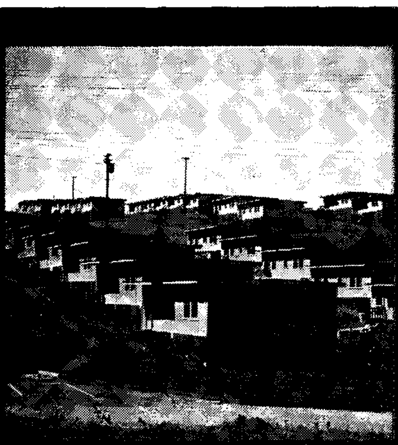

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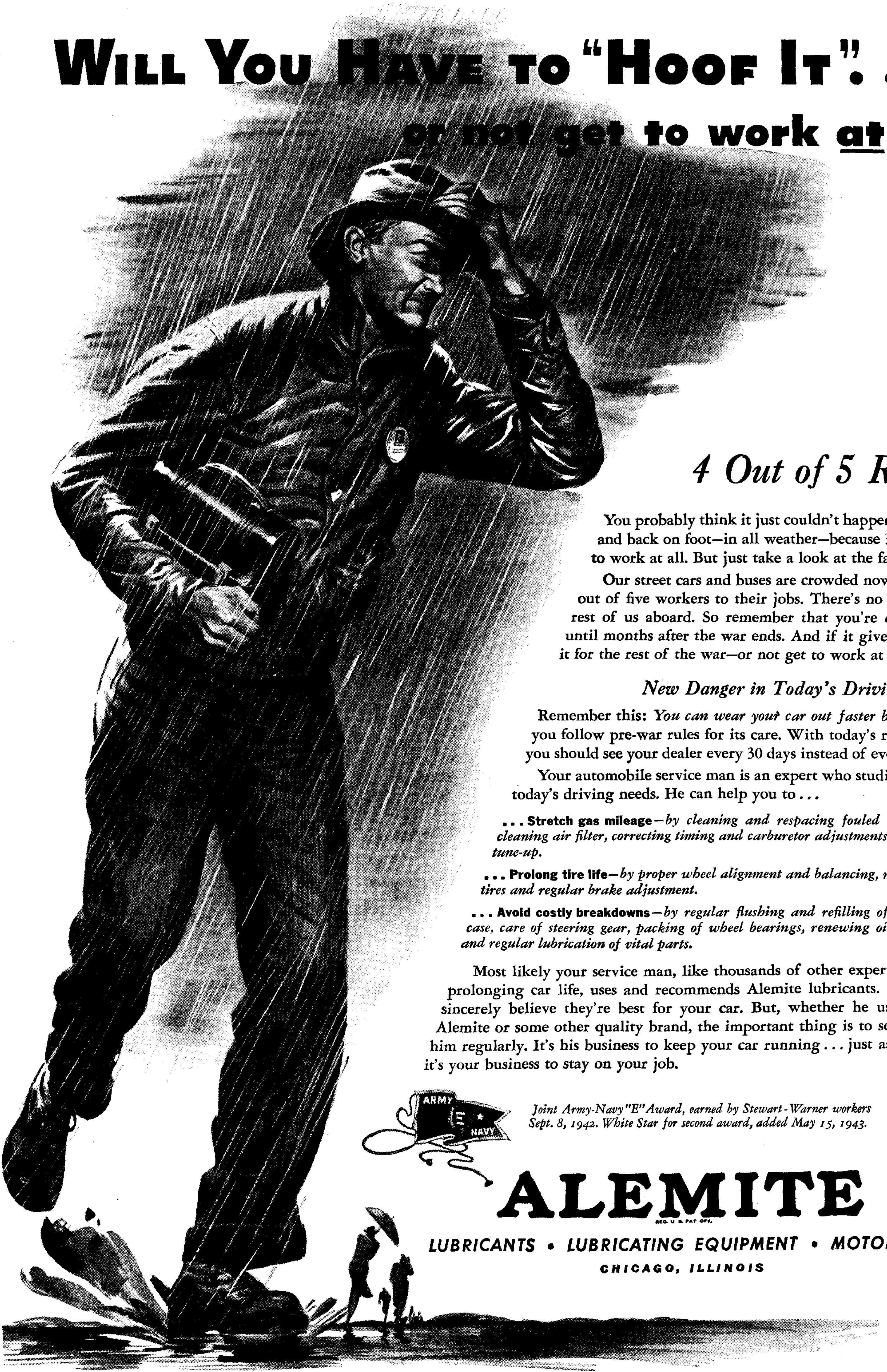

4 Out of 5 Risk It!

You probably think it just couldn't happen ... *you* slogging to work and back on foot—in all weather—because it was that or not getting to work at all. But just take a look at the facts.

Our street cars and buses are crowded now ... carrying only one out of five workers to their jobs. There's no way they can jam the rest of us aboard. So remember that you're driving your last car until months after the war ends. And if it gives out, you may hoof it for the rest of the war—or not get to work at all.

New Danger in Today's Driving!

Remember this: *You can wear your car out faster by driving less,* if you follow pre-war rules for its care. With today's reduced mileage you should see your dealer every 30 days instead of every 1000 miles.

Your automobile service man is an expert who studies and knows today's driving needs. He can help you to...

... Stretch gas mileage—*by cleaning and respacing fouled spark plugs, cleaning air filter, correcting timing and carburetor adjustments, and motor tune-up.*

... Prolong tire life—*by proper wheel alignment and balancing, rotation of tires and regular brake adjustment.*

... Avoid costly breakdowns—*by regular flushing and refilling of crankcase, care of steering gear, packing of wheel bearings, renewing oil filter and regular lubrication of vital parts.*

Most likely your service man, like thousands of other experts at prolonging car life, uses and recommends Alemite lubricants. We sincerely believe they're best for your car. But, whether he uses Alemite or some other quality brand, the important thing is to see him regularly. It's his business to keep your car running ... just as it's your business to stay on your job.

ARMY E ★ NAVY

Joint Army-Navy "E" Award, earned by Stewart-Warner workers Sept. 8, 1942. White Star for second award, added May 15, 1943.

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laboration with the Reich. You will have to go back to Koenigstein."

Giraud gazed in stupefaction at this strange Frenchman. Were they all mad, these people of Vichy? Under the steady gaze of this true soldier, Laval merely sneered and lowered his eyes. Giraud saluted the marshal and left the room. Three times more he was recalled to Vichy.

Finally Laval said, "If you will agree to meet the ambassador, Otto Abetz, in the occupied zone, the matter could perhaps be settled."

They guaranteed that Giraud would be allowed to return to the unoccupied territory. The general, as a matter of fact, preferred to discuss the affair directly with the Germans rather than with French traitors. But to go into the occupied zone, into a territory under the military control of the Nazis! Finally, the general agreed.

He left Vichy in an automobile with Laval and Darlan. They crossed the line of demarcation, bristling with German soldiers, and arrived at Moulins, where the meeting took place in a little room of the provincial town hall. Giraud was seated between Laval and Darlan, both of them silent and surly. Facing him sat Otto Abetz, his face heavy, his head shaved close. With him, Abetz had brought a German general who had left one of his arms somewhere in the Ukraine.

"Your escape is a scandalous and deplorable affair," said Abetz. "In the interests of future Franco-German collaboration, you will have to return to Koenigstein. If you do so, we will set free fifty thousand French prisoners, perhaps more."

"What guarantee will you give me that this promise will be kept if I do return?"

"The word of Germany," replied Abetz.

"I am afraid I have no confidence in Germany's word," was Giraud's answer.

Abetz rose, his face livid with fury. "I do not believe that we have anything more to say to each other. You are disregarding the interests of your country, General." He hesitated for a moment. Was he going to have Giraud arrested by his soldiers?

The general looked at him steadily, divining his thoughts; but Abetz did not quite dare to go that far. He shook hands with Laval and Darlan, and gave Giraud the Nazi salute. But then something unforeseen occurred. The maimed German general who had accompanied Abetz extended his one remaining hand to the French general, as if to say that he, a soldier, was ashamed of the attitude of the Nazi chief.

In the car which took them back to Vichy, Darlan and Laval maintained a stiff silence.

At last, the general spoke softly: "He is a boor, that German is. I shall remember him."

This incident meant an open rupture with the government. From that time on, the general never returned to Vichy, but remained in Lyons with his family and friends, under the close surveillance of Laval's secret police. Later, he made contact with those Frenchmen of the underground who were fighting against the occupation, against the German yoke, and against the traitors of Vichy.

The Fight for Freedom

On May 19th, several patriots who had just been smuggled into France from North Africa came to see Giraud. They asked the general if he would accept leadership in the fight to tear France away from the rottenness of the Nazi-Vichy propaganda, give it enthusiasm, and battle against the one enemy, Germany.

Giraud answered without a second's hesitation, "Yes!"

Conferences were now held daily. Giraud took charge of the movement around him, the various anti-Nazi groups in France were organized, and underground activity increased.

Giraud's personal situation, however, grew more and more precarious. The Vichy police and the Gestapo watched him closely. He changed his residence several times, but the police gave him no rest. Toward the end of July, he made up his mind to flee from their vigilance. And so he disappeared from Lyons. The police and the Gestapo tried in vain to get a trace of him, but to no avail. The underground had swallowed him.

As a matter of fact, he was in a quiet little house in Marseille. He never left it. Every night, men came to this house for long conferences. Sometimes a woman sang, in order to prevent the crackling sound of the short-wave radio from being heard, as communication was established with London and Algiers.

By October, the great armada had been assembled and had left the ports of the United States, Ireland and England. In North Africa, too, everything was ready. The patriots of whose loyalty Giraud was certain had been notified and arms had been distributed. Each one knew his particular task. All awaited the secret order which would reveal the hour of the Allied landing and which would be radioed from London.

Early in November, it was learned that the ships had reached the rendezvous point and were headed toward Africa.

On November 4th, General Henri Giraud left his hiding place in Marseille in a car, accompanied by several associates and his youngest son, Bernard Giraud.

That night they arrived at the place agreed upon for the departure, near the small village of Lavandou, on the rocks of Esterel. It was there that a submarine was to come to pick up General Giraud.

The weather was dirty. It rained, and there was a high wind. The men spent the night in a vacant house. The next day, they learned that the convoy was approaching the coast of Africa and that a part of it had just entered the Straits of Gibraltar. It appeared that the secret had been well guarded.

The Germans had noted that an enormous fleet of ships was gathering, but they thought that it meant either an Allied attack on Dakar or a landing in Tripolitania. Apparently they never thought of French North Africa.

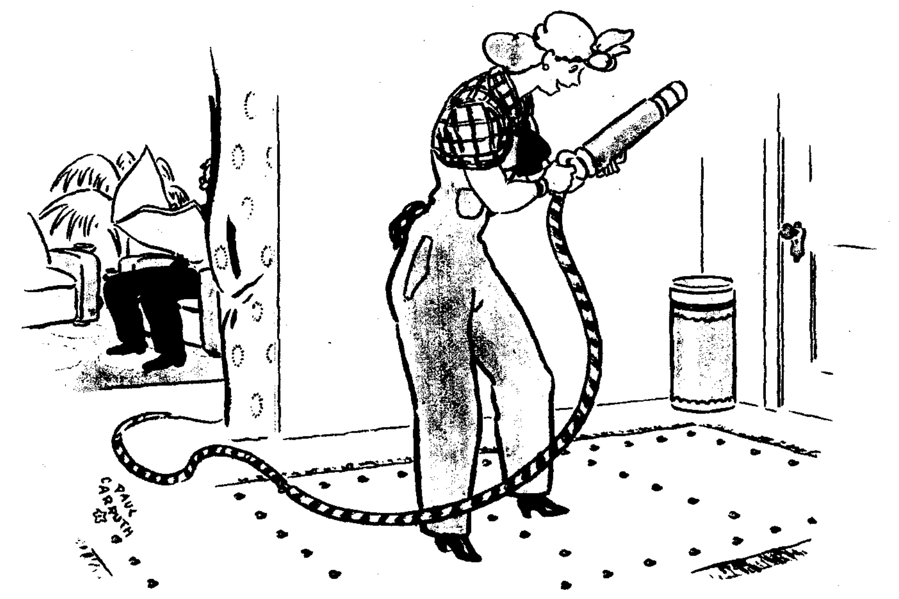
By nightfall, the weather was clearer and the sea had calmed. At midnight Giraud's party boarded a cutter and in the darkness set out toward the open sea. About three quarters of a mile off the shore, they began to flash the signals that had been agreed upon, with a flashlight. Soon, other signals answered theirs.

Soon a large black mass appeared. It was the submarine. A voice called to them in English, and the password was given. The boat drew up alongside. The general started to mount to the bridge of the submarine, but his stiff leg was troubling him. He miscalculated the distance and would have fallen into the water if an English officer had not caught him.

All the men were soon transferred to the submarine with the exception of the sailor who manned the cutter. He was to stay on in France to continue the fight.

Giraud bade him "Goodby and good luck!" And just as the submarine submerged, he added, "Good luck, France! I'll soon be back . . ."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Well, George—the hall rug won't slip any more" PAUL CARRUTH

Unanimous Arnall

Continued from page 16

Moreover, teachers would be as immune from the vengeance of thwarted politicians as the regents would be. The legislature passed this bill unanimously.

Whereupon, the new governor hauled off with a bill that murdered the ancient, luscious graft of executive pardons. Until this outrageous attack upon tradition was made by this upstart governor, you could get your favorite murderer, rapist, burglar, arsonist or any other variety of criminal out of a Georgia jail by the following routine: You mortgaged the farm, hocked the furniture, borrowed from a politically favored loan shark and called in one of the numerous shysters who was also an administration shill. You turned all the money over to this legal light and ran home, so that you'd be there as soon as your malefactor. There is no evidence that Ole Gene ever countenanced this racket. He was merely opposed to change.

By statute and constitutional amendment and at the behest of young Mr. Arnall, the legislature unanimously deprived Georgia governors of clemency power. At the same time, it created a nonpolitical prison commission which would thereafter deal with that sort of thing. And if you think that this commission can be manned by the governor's stooges, appointed for their political adherence to the governor, you should read the act which creates it. Pardons and paroles are no longer for sale in Georgia.

The new Prison and Parole Commission didn't have to wait long for work to do. Immediately after Arnall took office, 350 applications for pardons and paroles were laid upon his desk by agents of the old system. He bundled them together, sent them to the commission and announced that "trading and trafficking in clemency will hereafter have no place in Georgia's public affairs."

Without a dissenting vote, the legislature passed an Arnall bill depriving the governor of the erstwhile sacred right to fire the state's comptroller general and state treasurer. Hitherto, these two officials were not much more than the governor's yes men. The governor was comptroller general and state treasurer—or else. Furthermore, the same legislature waved Ole Gene away as it decreed unanimously that it should hereafter elect the state auditor, that the governor should not appoint and thereby control this most important official.

Thoroughly warmed up by this time, the legislature created a State Finance Commission to help the governor's fiscal operations and to serve as a board of appeals from budgetary rulings. Not a vote was cast against it. And then, urged by Mr. Arnall, it removed the governor from arbitrary membership on all state boards and commissions and took from the executive the unchallengeable right to strike from the budget the names of state employees for no better reason than that said officials were displeasing to the governor and his political expediencies. Not a dissenting vote here either.

A Habit with the Legislature

The next bill Mr. Arnall asked the legislature to pass had to do with emergency financing. Owing to the loss of twelve or fourteen million dollars that the state used to collect in gasoline taxes, Georgia was pretty sick financially—$35,961,630.38 in debt. We shan't say more about these purely local measures except that the boys upstairs passed them unanimously. It was becoming so much a habit with the Georgia legislature that several light-minded persons were talking about drawing up a bill abolishing the legislature, signing Ellis Arnall's name to it and laying it on the speaker's desk.

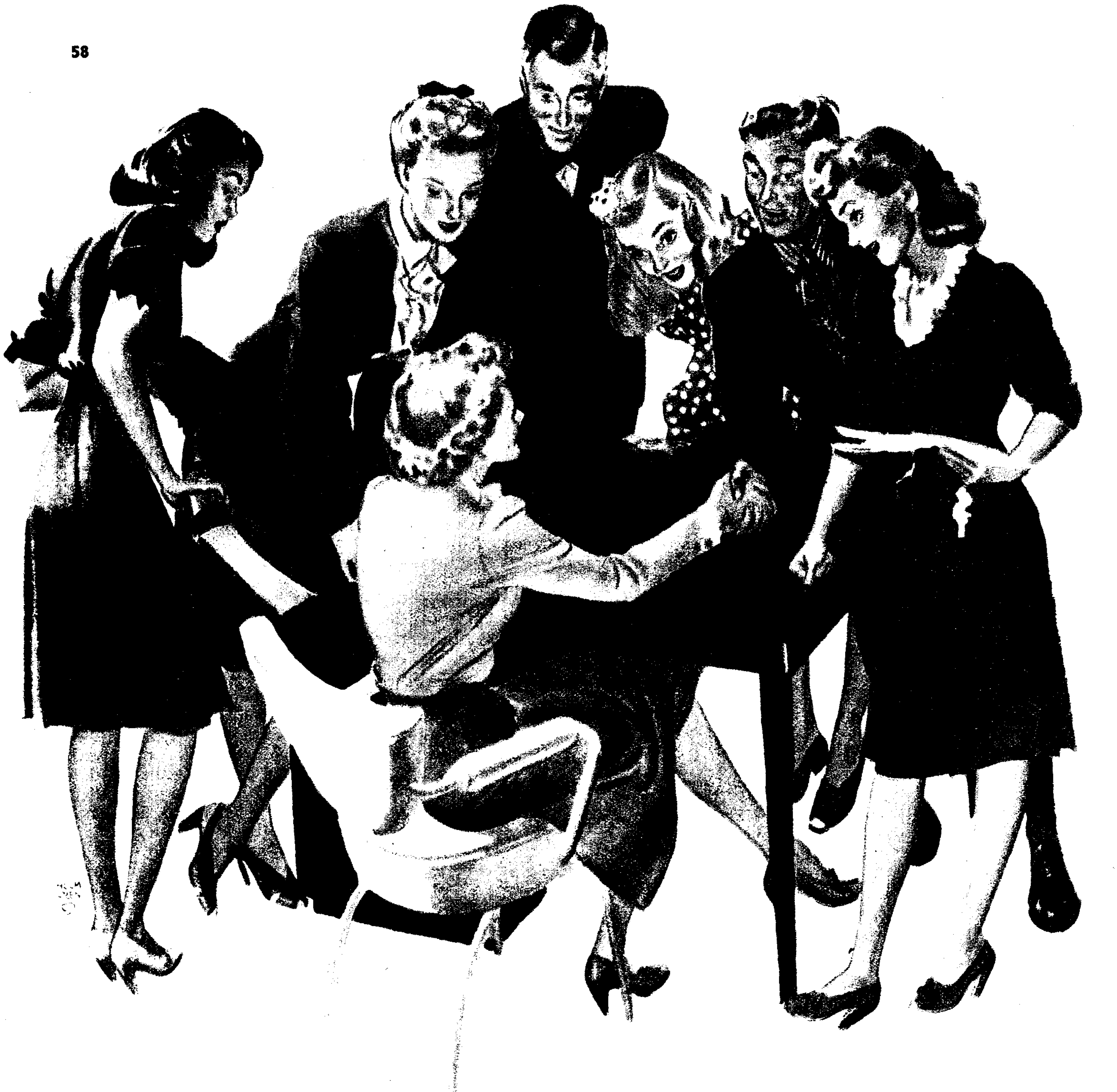
But the legislature was busy unanimously passing a bill (Arnall-born) to permit boys and girls of eighteen to vote. Ole Gene's supposed to have fainted when this happened, his friends explaining that it was Gene's theory that no man knows enough to vote right until he's at least fifty, and then he has forgotten. Anyway, the legislature passed it in the form of a constitutional amendment which will be voted on in August.

So that's what Ellis Arnall, new-style governor of Georgia, did in twenty-four days. He's young—thirty-six. He's a short, round, genial man. A sort of class-reunion type—the fellow who was voted "most likely to succeed" and then crossed them up by doing it. His wife, eight or ten years younger, was Miss Mildred Slemons of Orlando, Florida, a furrier.

Arnall's a very smart chap. Got nice humor, too. When he and Mrs. Arnall took up residence in the governor's mansion, they took one look around and then sat down and wrote Ole Gene a note:

"Thank you, Governor, for leaving the mansion so neat and clean."

THE END



Matters were made worse for Linda by the solicitous attitude of the office force, which had missed her on the previous day. She received their inquiries with remorse

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to a girl who really loves him—Linda Wheaton—in the little town of Benfield, in New England, Rix Anderson jilts her, runs away with her best friend: "Peg" Reynolds! Feeling that her only salvation lies in hard work, Linda goes to New York City. There, Tony Dennison—a young lawyer whom she knows slightly—gets her a job with the law firm where he is employed.

Tony is, very decidedly, "the right sort." In love with Nelda Heron, daughter of one of the firm's wealthy clients, he takes Linda to Connecticut, for a week end at the Herons' country estate. There, among the guests, they find a young married couple—*Rix and Peg!* And there Linda makes two distasteful discoveries: (1) that Rix and Nelda are interested in each other; (2) that Peg is frightfully distressed, unhappy.

Peg has a heart-to-heart talk with Linda. She says that Nelda, a conscienceless schemer, will marry Tony—and "play around" with Rix. Convinced by what she herself actually sees and hears, Linda warns Nelda not to ruin Tony's life, and Peg's. But Nelda refuses to take the warning seriously.

At the time Linda talks to Nelda, she is again week-ending with the Herons. Rix is also there; he is alone—Peg, he says, is visiting friends in Westchester. While Linda (disgusted by Nelda's attitude) is preparing to return to New York, Rix comes to her, tells her that Peg has disappeared.

Rix is wild with anxiety. He implores Linda to go with him, in his car, to Westchester. And Linda goes. On the road, Rix assures her that, if he finds Peg, he will never see Nelda again. . . . They go to the Weldons, whom Peg has been visiting; they go to Rix's apartment in New York; they query the police, the hospitals. Tony drops in to the apartment and finally they learn that a young woman answering Peg's description is at Bellevue Hospital.

Losing no time, they start for Bellevue, in Rix's car. Tony drives and expresses his opinion (none too flattering) of Rix. As they speed through the traffic, Linda's thoughts are anything but pleasant. The tears creep under her tightly closed lids; they run, warm and salty, down her cheeks.

VII

AT BELLEVUE, she and Tony waited. They did not talk much. Tony smoked and offered her his case. Linda shook her head. She wasn't crying now, except, bitterly, in her heart. They were not alone in the waiting room. There was little they could say to each other.

Once during their waiting, he spoke to her. He said, "I'm sorry if I hurt you, Linda."

"You didn't," she said. "There's no need for apology."

He said, "Of course Nelda was upset . . ." He broke off.

"Naturally," said Linda, moving stiffened lips, "she would be . . ."

"She likes the Andersons," Tony said, lamely.

Well, it was clear enough. Nelda need not have said much. Merely: "If Peg's done anything foolish, if she's run off and left Rix, of course, it was because of Linda Wheaton. She just told me last night—" Was it last night, thought Linda wearily, or a million years ago?—"that she was once engaged to Rix and that he'd jilted her."

Fine. A lovely bit of table-turning, thought Linda. Nice going, Nelda, and all that sort of thing. She thought absurdly: But Tony's known me longer than he has Nelda. He's known me long and well enough.

He never really liked me, she told herself forlornly, or really knew me or he wouldn't have thought that. He couldn't have.

Tony said, "He's been there a long time now . . ."

It wasn't long. It simply seemed so. Half an hour multiplied by eternity.

Linda thought: What are they saying to each other?

They were saying very little.

Peg was as white as her pillows, as weak as a new-born kitten, even her lips were white. What she said she whispered, with long pauses and with difficulty. But she was, the doctor said, out of danger.

Nurses, doctors, interns, police. It was a nightmare, a horror.

"You see," she said, "I thought that you and Nelda . . . when you said I could divorce you. I knew for sure about the baby, Rix. I was afraid to tell you. You wouldn't believe me. Because I had told you that before and it wasn't true. This time it was true. By the time you would have had to believe me, it would have been too late because you and Nelda—"

All that took a long time to say. The doctor said that she would not lose the baby. She must be quiet, she must have care. With care and quiet she would be all right.

RIX *sat there beside her and suddenly* bent his head to her breast. She was so—helpless. She was like a child who has been lost. A child, carrying his child. For the first time in their relationship he felt an urgent sense of tenderness and protectiveness toward her. Their marriage had been founded on the crazy chemistry of a desire too strong to be denied. They had played at marriage as children at a game and, like children, had tired. Or he had. They had talked and eaten, laughed and slept together, but they had not been truly married. They had quarreled as children quarreled. He said, "I—if you'll forgive me, Peg . . . I'll be good to you; I promise. I'll make it all up to you . . ."

"You aren't angry? About the baby?"

"No, darling, no."

She said, "I do need you, Rix—"

It was odd, how that made him feel. Perhaps no one had ever needed him before. Not Linda, she had been too strong, that sturdy little girl. Certainly not Nelda, who could manage her own affairs and his, too. But Peg . . . who dared try to kill herself for needing him, wanting, and lacking him.

He said, humbly, "I need you, too—"

I'll try, he thought, walking back to the waiting room. He might not be a signal success as a husband. You don't reform altogether, at his age. But he had never tried before. There'd be upsets and quarrels and all the rest of it. He might not ever be entirely faithful, not his mind, in any event. But for the first time in his life he faced responsibility and accepted it. And he thought: I do love her, better, more than any woman I have ever known or will ever know. And he knew as well as he knew anything that no woman would ever love him as much as Peg did.

In the waiting room, "Let's get out of here," he said abruptly.

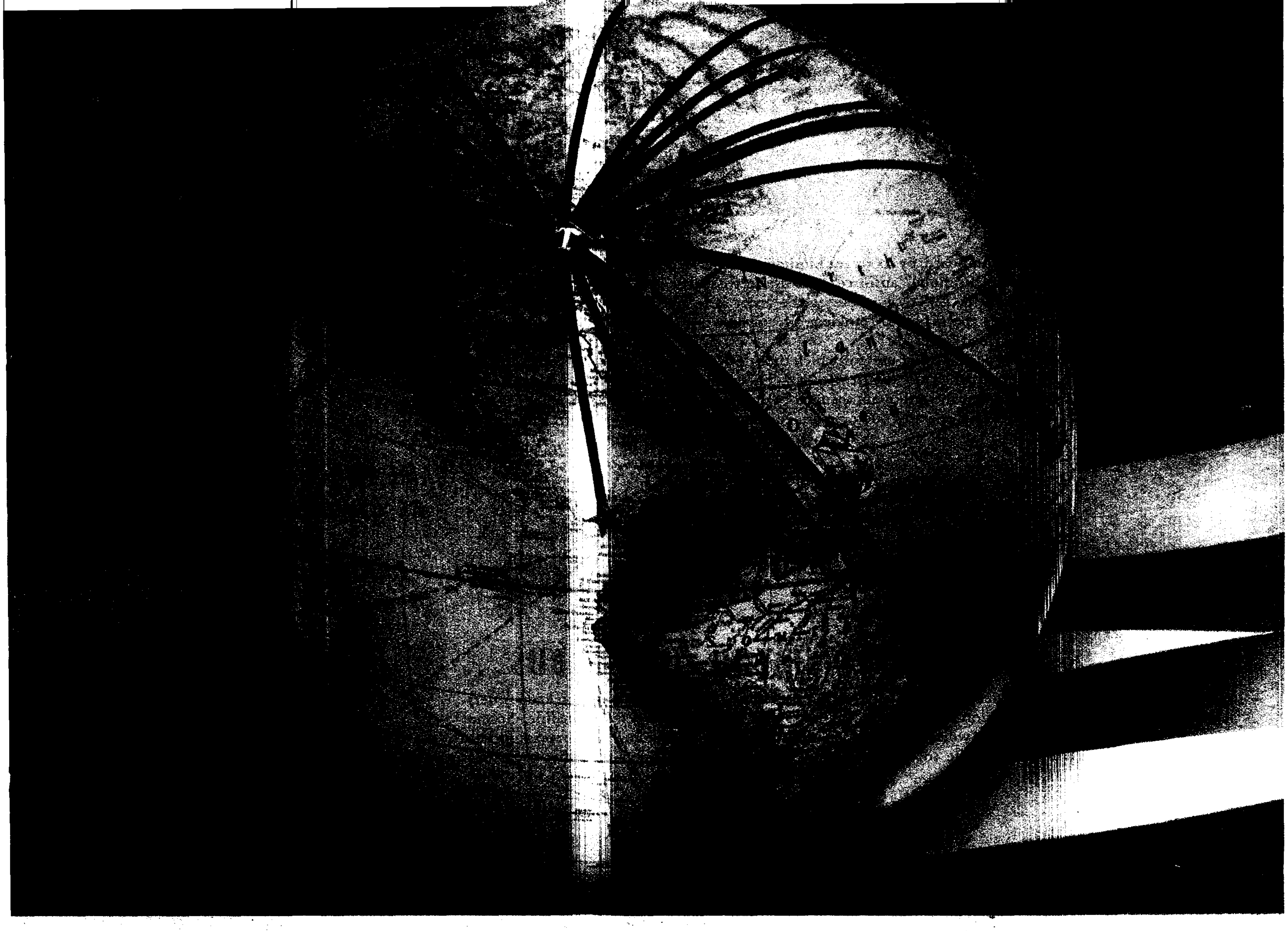
Linda stammered, "But Peg . . . ?"

"She'll be all right . . ." said Rix, his face haggard, his eyes bloodshot. "Let's get out," he said again, as Linda put her hand on his arm. "I—"

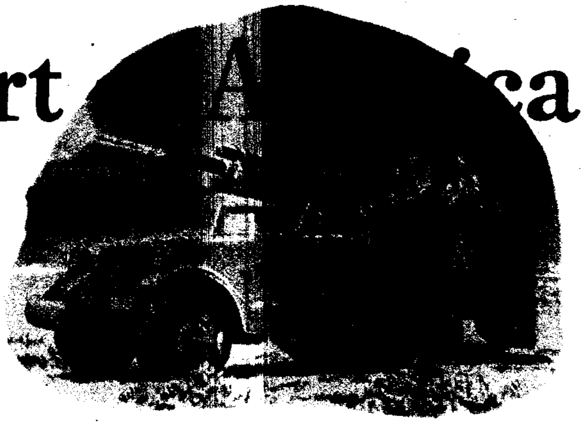
He was conscious of strangers, of curious faces. He had been questioned and he had heard explanations. He was very tired.

"Wait a minute," said Tony. "Here's where I come in, perhaps." He took Rix's arm and led him to a corner of the room. Linda followed. No one else was there. Tony said, "Tell me what happened."

Rix spoke as if it were a story he had learned by rote. He said, "She took the train to New York and went to a small, cheap hotel off Broadway. She told the clerk that her husband would join her in the morning with the luggage. She signed a false name. It seems that she meant to take the suitcase but she thought she heard the Weldons talking in their room as she



From the heart of America to every front



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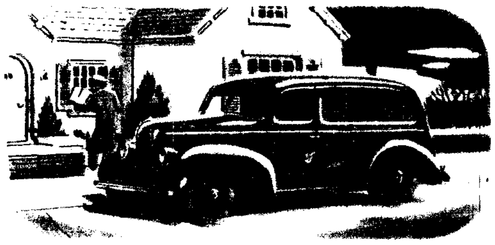
The War Production Board, by its recent Limitation Order, has prohibited the sale of "Prestone" anti-freeze for use in passenger cars, station wagons and taxis. The purpose of the order is to free for more essential uses the supply of ethylene glycol base anti-freeze left over by the armed forces.

Following is a partial list of uses for which the sale of "Prestone" anti-freeze is permitted: TRUCKS AND BUSSES—The freight hauler, the grocer, the farmer, the milkman, the factory operator, the moving man—anyone who operates one or more commercial trucks or busses. STATIONARY ENGINES—Equipment for dredging, farming, excavating, hoisting, mining, etc. FARM EQUIPMENT—Tractors and other farm equipment, as well as trucks.

IF YOU'RE ELIGIBLE—GET YOURS NOW

War supply hazards being what they are, the prudent operator will lay in his next winter's supply of "Prestone" anti-freeze *right now, this summer*. This is the one way you can be absolutely sure of having an adequate supply when the cold weather starts.

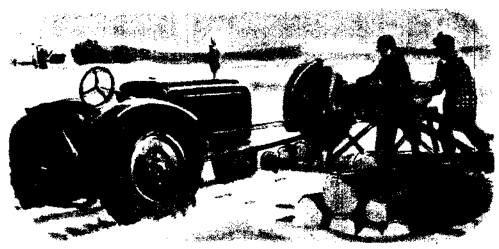


IF YOU OWN A DELIVERY

truck or service fleet, the order makes you eligible for the all-winter protection of "Prestone" anti-freeze. Put it in and stop worrying about cold-weather breakdowns and the shortage of replacement parts.

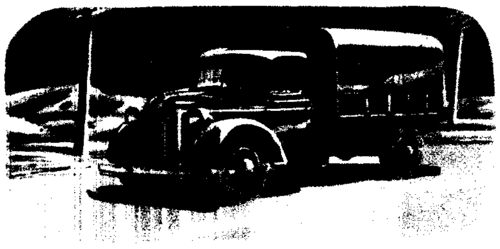
IF YOU OWN A BUS...

"Prestone" anti-freeze can help you keep America's war workers on a war schedule. Special ingredients in "Prestone" anti-freeze protect against rust and corrosion—a further protection against parts replacement.



IF YOU OWN A TRACTOR

working either for industry or for America's vast war farming program, you can insure it against winter with "Prestone" anti-freeze. The same applies to stationary engines and all construction equipment.



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you again are eligible for "Prestone" anti-freeze to keep those essential wheels moving. No need to idle your engine during cold-weather stops to avoid freeze-up—"Prestone" anti-freeze saves you precious gasoline!

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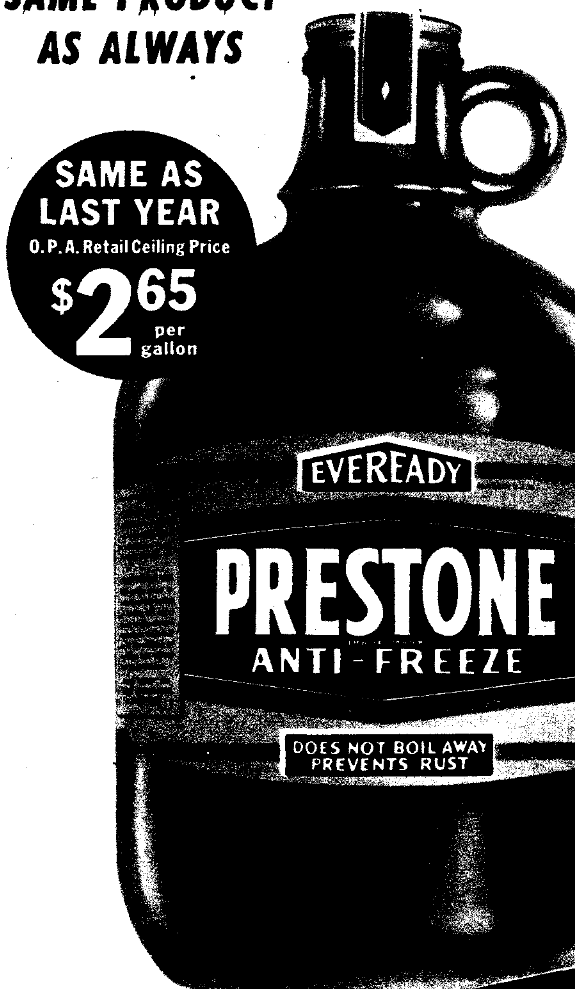

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YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!

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PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE MARK

opened the door. So she left, in panic, without it. She said it might have bumped against the stairs or wall. She had money to pay in advance, so the clerk didn't question her. It was that kind of hotel. She didn't go to sleep. She just lay down on the bed. She was trying to make up her mind. In the morning she made it up. She had this sleeping medicine with her. She had had it ever since she had the flu, shortly after we were married, but had taken very little. Now she took a lot. A chambermaid tried to get in the room in the morning. She went in with her key, hearing nothing, thinking that Peg had gone out. She called the manager and he got an ambulance . . ."

Tony said, "We'll manage somehow. Overdose of sleeping medicine, by accident . . . I'll see the doctors, Rix, and . . ."

Rix said, "Thanks." He tried to smile. "Sorry I was so short with you. It would be better because of my family." He swallowed. "I'd be grateful for anything you can do, Dennison," he said.

Linda spoke to Tony. She said, "I'm going back home with Rix and see that he gets something to eat. We'll take a taxi."

"But—"

She said firmly, "We'll take a taxi. I can fix something for him and then he must get to bed . . ."

"Linda," said Tony, "if you walk out of here without me . . . !"

But she was gone, with Rix beside her.

They took a cab and drove uptown in silence toward Rix's apartment. Once Linda said, "Rix?" and he answered, "If you don't mind, Linda, I'd rather not talk now." His mind was crowded with memorable images . . . Peg, as he had first seen her, under Linda's familiar, comfortable roof, her integral sultriness so alien in that New England setting, as if a tropical plant, heavy with fragrance, secret with promise, had been transplanted into a tidy New England garden, its borders so neatly marked, its prim posies swept with cool wind, or touched with a gentle sunlight. He was remembering Peg's eyes the night she had told him that they must be married; and again her eyes as he had seen them a little while ago, still drugged, a little glazed with long sleep, but frightened, and appealing; frightened of him, appealing to him.

WHEN the cab stopped he got out, completely forgetting Linda, and found a moment later that she was paying the driver. He said, his hand in his pocket, "I'm sorry, Linda. I was thinking of something else."

"That's all right," she said. "Let's go upstairs. I'll get something to eat." Her head felt tight, her hat bound it. She took off her hat and swung it in her hand. This day would never end. And what if it never did? she thought. Everything's such a muddle, it doesn't really matter much.

They went on upstairs to the apartment. The shift at door and elevator had changed by now and Linda was faintly relieved. She had expected curious glances, perhaps even questions, or merely, "Mrs. Anderson hasn't returned yet, sir." She shivered, thinking how nearly Peg had not returned.

In the living room, closing the door behind him, switching on lights, Rix said abruptly, "I didn't tell you . . . Dennison was there, and all—but Peg is pregnant. That's—" he swallowed hard—"that's partly why she did it. She thought I wouldn't believe her . . . until, too late. She thought I really meant it about the divorce . . ."

Linda said, "Oh, Rix," pitifully, thinking of Peg, half out of her mind, wholly out of it, perhaps, with jealousy and grief. Up there, at the Weldons', trying to reach Rix, and then walking down the hill and getting into the cab, taking the train, going to the shoddy little hotel, lying on the bed in that strange room trying to make up her mind.

He said, clearing his throat, "She—she didn't take enough of the stuff to make it necessary for drastic measures. She took enough to make her sick, of course, but . . . Well, anyway, she'll be all right. The baby, too. If she has rest and quiet. Linda, she said a funny thing just before I left. She said that when she came home she wished my mother could be here."

"Aunt Alice?" Linda's blue eyes were bright. She said, "But that's wonderful." She thought: She's liked her all along, Peg has, wanted to be friends with her. She's known instinctively, about the kindness and strength and love that's in Rix's mother. She's wanted it for her own and hasn't known how to go about claiming it. She said, aloud, "Why don't you send for her, when Peg can come home?"

"How can I?" he asked miserably. "She'd have to know then and . . . she'd never forgive me."

Nor Peg, thought Linda, though neither Rix nor Peg would understand that.

She said, "Well, she doesn't have to know, does she? Tony will arrange things somehow. I mean, so there won't be publicity." A thought of the possible headlines flashed before her eyes and she shivered again . . . Attempted suicide identified as wife of Rix Anderson of Benfield. Oh, New York wasn't Benfield; they'd not play up Rix's absurd name, here.

"Yes," he said, "I know, but that won't help much."

"Don't be silly," she told him. "Try to be sensible. All you need tell Aunt Alice is that Peg nearly lost her baby and has been in the hospital and needs her when she gets home. That's simple enough, I should think."

The tension in his tired face relaxed a little. He said gratefully, "Thanks, Linda. I suppose . . . well, it would be swell having her here."

Linda said, "Lie down on the couch and I'll fix some supper. What time does that maid of yours get back?"

"Some time tonight," he said vaguely. "Peg told her not to bother about dinner or anything."

Linda found eggs, and scrambled them, with milk, the way Rix liked them, put bread in the toaster and coffee in the percolator, and hunted out a jar of jam, some crackers and cheese. When everything was ready she went to call Rix and found him sleeping, his face drained of emotion, innocent in slumber as a tired child's. She looked down on him and shook her head. She felt a troubled tenderness, such as you feel for someone you have known all your life. And pity. But nothing more. She thought: This is where I came in—or rather where I go out. They'll have to work it out between them, he and Peg. I don't want any part of it.

HERBERT HOOVER'S ARTICLES

In response to the great number of requests for reprints of "New Approaches to Lasting Peace," by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, the four articles have been made into a booklet which can be had at cost—25 cents a copy.

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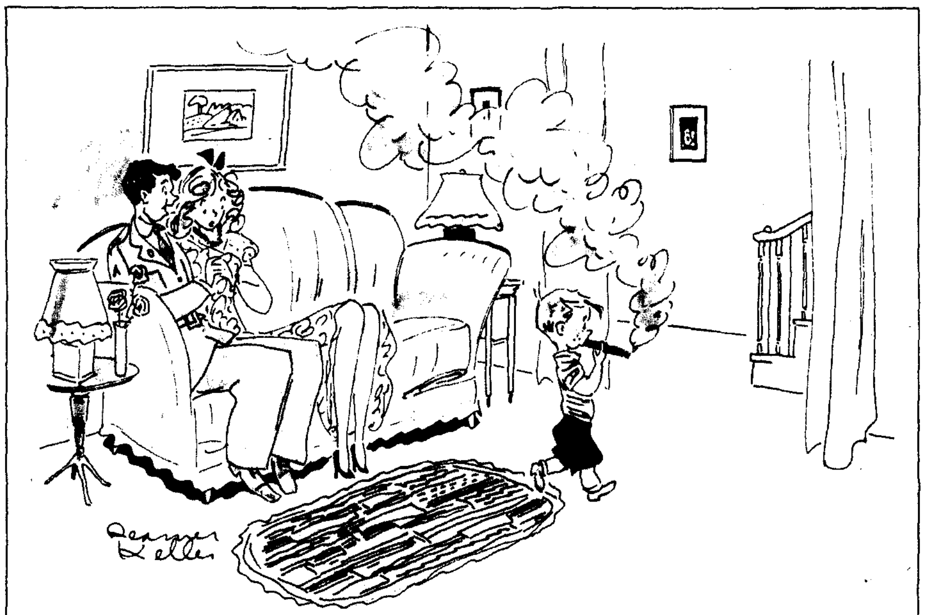


COLLIER'S "I gave him a cigar. That'll get rid of him for a while" REAMER KELLER

She leaned down and touched his shoulder. Half waking, he said, "Peg?" drowsily and then again with an increasing anxiety. Fully awake, he tried to smile. "Sorry," he said. "I was dreaming."

They went into the small kitchen and ate their little meal. Halfway through, Rix set down his coffee cup and asked her, as if for the first time he were aroused out of preoccupation with himself, "Look, Linda, why was Dennison so sore about your being here?" He frowned. "Why shouldn't you be?" he demanded. "You're our oldest friend."

AT HER slight involuntary smile he had the grace to color, to shift about awkwardly in his chair.

"Oh well," he said, "you know what I mean."

She said, calmly, "Tony can be very useful to you in this matter, Rix. I wouldn't antagonize him any further if I were you."

"I won't," he promised eagerly. "I'm sorry about that. I was beside myself. I'm grateful to him, of course, and always shall be. But you—why was he sore at you? I heard a word or two and . . ."

She said, "Oh, nothing, except that I fancy our mutual friend Miss Heron has made him believe that if Peg had done anything foolish it was on my account. Linda," she said wryly, "the home wrecker!"

"Well, of all the fool notions," he said blankly, staring.

"How unflattering to you," Linda said, "in a sense." But her attempt at facetiousness was no good, no good at all. She pushed her hair back from her forehead and ate some toast which she did not want. It nearly choked her.

Rix said, "Look here, I'll tell him the truth—"

"You'll tell him about yourself and Nelda?" asked Linda. "No, I don't think so. It won't do any good. And it would certainly throw several monkey wrenches into that situation. I don't want to break up another home," she said, and tried to smile.

"But he hasn't any right to think that," Rix told her, "and if you're upset about it . . ."

She said, "I'm not upset. Why should I be? I'm not interested in the big-brother attitude. I can take care of myself, and if that's what he thinks of me, so much the better for his peace of mind and for Nelda. Besides," she added with half a sigh, "I needn't worry about Nelda any more, need I . . . I mean, you and Nelda?"

He gave her a grave, direct glance.

"No," he said, "you needn't. Nor Peg. I told her so."

"Okay," said Linda. "Then everything's all right."

A little later she was ready to leave. She said, "You turn in and get some sleep, Rix. You can't see her again tonight."

He had just telephoned the hospital. The report was good.

"I can't thank you enough," he said. "I'll never be able to thank you."

"For what, silly?"

"For standing by . . ."

He put his arm around her as they stood together at the half-opened door and kissed the top of her head, lightly. She experienced no emotion whatever beyond a sudden dreadful fatigue and a longing to be off, out of this apartment and all that it stood for in anxiety and waiting, misunderstanding and near tragedy.

His arm tightened. "You're a swell kid," he said.

The elevator door clanged shut. In his preoccupation Rix did not hear, nor Linda in her fatigue. But Tony just stood there and looked at them. He said, "Sorry to interrupt. I've arranged things, Anderson. There won't be any publicity, and of course it was an accidental overdose. She'll be able to come home in a few days and your own doctor can—"

LINDA didn't hear any more of that. She had released herself from Rix's absent-minded hold and was walking unsteadily away from them, ringing the elevator bell. She leaned against the wall until the car came. She got in and went down and to Rix's car. It was still parked outside.

She beckoned the doorman. "You'd better have the car put in the garage," she told him, with a great effort, "or telephone Mr. Anderson and see what he wants done with it. I don't think he will want it again tonight. But he may," she added, wondering if in a case like Peg's there was a danger of relapse. She leaned into the unlocked car and began tugging at her suitcase. She thought in despair, "I can't lift it. I can't."

The doorman asked, "Is there something I can do, Miss?"

"My suitcase," she began. He didn't know her. He had seen her come in with Rix, but how did he know it was her suitcase? Perhaps he believed she was trying to steal something! At the thought, illogical anger seized her and nervous tears filled her eyes. She said childishly, "It is my suitcase, I tell you. You can telephone Mr. Anderson and see if it isn't. And I wish you'd take it out of there and call a cab for me."

Tony, coming out of the apartment to stand beside her, said, "Here. I'll take that." He lifted the suitcase out and gave the doorman a coin. He said, "Never mind the cab."

"But I *want* a cab!" wailed Linda.

He took her by the arm and propelled her toward his own car. "Get in," he ordered grimly and she mustered her last ounce of strength to crawl in and sit there like a small and graven image. The doorman watched them drive away and scratched his head dubiously. He was not quite sure whether he had witnessed an attempted . . . no, an accomplished burglary, plus abduction or not. He ambled back to his post. Perhaps he had better ring the Anderson apartment and make sure.

He hoped his suspicions were entirely unfounded. Otherwise, his lack of instant action might be difficult to explain to an irate tenant, manager and, he shuddered, the police.

TONY drove in silence for a block, then, halted by a light, he reported unnecessarily, "I'm taking you home."

"Naturally," said Linda, with a sodden sort of sniff.

"Go on and cry," he suggested, without sympathy.

"I'm not crying and, if I am, is it any of your business?" she inquired with a small, moist show of spirit. "I've been up since all hours, practically all night," she added, remembering the session in Nelda's room, and her own vain attempts to sleep thereafter. Came the dawn, she thought, and what a day!

He said briefly, "Perhaps this will teach you not to be such a little fool." The lights changed; they drove on. He said, "You aren't really in love with him, Linda. You just think you are, from habit."

"Is that so?" she inquired, somewhat aroused. "What makes you think so?"

"You couldn't be," he told her. "You aren't that kind of a girl. You—oh, of course you were hurt, badly, by Rix Anderson. And it was a shock to meet him again. When you told me you were all over it, I knew better. I knew your roots went deeper than that, and that you couldn't get over anything as quickly. But perhaps I was wrong, perhaps you were over it," he suggested, "and this is just a sort of crazy flare-up—and now," he ended, "you've learned your lesson."

She thought wildly: I'll laugh, and then I'll cry again, and then I'll be hysterical and first thing you know, *I'll* land in Bellevue too! Aloud she said:

"Tony, I wish you'd get it through your head. I'm not in love with Rix. He's not in love with me. I came up to town with him to find Peg because he was distraught with anxiety. After all, I am an old friend, not only his friend, but hers. So I did what I could to help, and that's all there is to it."

"Does that explain that touching little scene which greeted me when I got out of the elevator?" Tony demanded.

She asked blankly, "But why do you care? I mean, it's so absurd. He put his arm around me, yes. It didn't mean anything to either of us, personally. I was glad he did because I was just about ready to drop, I was so tired. And you're acting like a stuffed shirt, Tony Dennison."

"Thanks," he said, startled. "You change faster than any woman I ever met. I wonder if anyone really knows you."

So now I'm a woman of mystery, she thought wildly, me, Linda Wheaton from Benfield. The Garbo of Benfield, corner of Main and Elm—this is fantastic.

"I don't change," she began stubbornly, "that is, I mean—"

"You don't know what you mean. When I first met you," he said, "I darned near fell in love with you myself. I mean I could have except that Rix was in the picture, solid as a wall, and you were all decked out with 'No Trespassing' signs. The thing I liked so well about you was your—well, your happiness, it shone through you like light through crystal. You were gay and gentle and full of fun, and so sure of yourself . . . of the world and your future. It was perfectly wonderful. I was sick to death of girls who were, or pretended to be, cynical and complicated. You were as simple as sunlight and just as welcome. Then next time I saw you, you were different. Here, in New York. The happiness was gone, and you were working at having fun. You were harder and on your guard. It troubled me, but I thought I understood it. It was a sort of camouflage. You'd been hurt; you didn't want to be hurt again. I thought: Well, at least it was a protection. Against the sort of men who didn't know how sweet and—"

"If you say innocent and trusting, I'll murder you!" said Linda.

"I wasn't going to," he said, "but that covers it. Men who didn't know you and took you at your own apparent valuation. Well, I thought, New York's full of wolves, and here's Red Ridinghood, fresh out of New England. But that funny little armor you had acquired, even though I hated to see it, I felt would serve you. I watched you and Tom Yorke . . ."

"Tom," she said, "is a reformed wolf, if he ever was one. He has asked me to marry him . . . Look out!"

Tony dragged the car back into a proper and suitable position, and the taxicab into which he had nearly sideswiped was spared. The wild-eyed driver stopped his cab by the curb and just sat there breathing prayerful imprecations.

"Tom," said Tony, shocked, "isn't a marrying sort of guy!"

"He isn't marrying me," agreed Linda, "if that's what you mean, because I don't want him. And you needn't go running to him with that," she added, "and I'm sorry I told you. I wouldn't have done so—I'm not the put-it-on-the-billboard type—only you make me so darned mad!"

"WELL, anyway," said Tony, recovering, "I thought your new attitude would protect you against Rix Anderson. But it didn't. And I'm disappointed in you. Not that I can't understand you wanting to get back at Peg—I suppose most women would—but to go to such lengths . . . ! Of course," he conceded, "if you're really in love with him I suppose there's no telling what you would do." He shook his head. Incalculable girl. He had always liked her so much. He had pitied her, protected her, been her friend. He had never been angry at her before. He was now, clean through. Angry at, disgusted with. . . . He said firmly, "I'm ashamed of you, Linda. When I think of that poor girl . . ."

COLLIER'S "Most elaborate set of signals I ever saw" MISCHA RICHTER

She said, "We're passing the club. Stop, for heaven's sake. Well, think of her," she added, "all you want. But forget me. Good night."

She made a dignified exit marred by the fact that Tony had to leap out with her bag and carry it up to the club steps. He said, "Sorry you're sore, Linda. It was for your own good. And besides," he added in a burst of candor, "I'm so disappointed in you. I thought you were different."

"Well, I'm not," she said, breathing fire. "I'm just like anyone else, only more so. A menace," she amplified, "a home wrecker, a—a so-and-so. Spell it any way you like and add a broomstick for camouflage . . . See if I care!"

"Linda!"

THE club door opened, Linda seized her bag and fled. The club door closed and young Mr. Dennison returned to his car a very puzzled and perturbed young man. In addition to all this uproar, he had quarreled with Nelda. She had been very much annoyed with him when he had torn himself away from her and the joys of a Southampton Sunday, with the avowed intention of following Linda to see that she came to no harm.

He hadn't, now that he thought it over, believed Nelda when she'd told him that if anything came of this escapade of Peg's . . . "If she has run off and left him—and it would be like her to be dramatic—it's Linda's fault. I saw the two of them in the garden last night . . . Rix and Linda, and when I taxed her with it—honestly, Tony, I can't countenance such goings on under my roof, now, can I? She told me brazenly that she had been engaged to Rix, that Peg had taken him away from her but that Rix had realized his mistake . . ."

Because he hadn't believed her he had come to New York. Yet maybe he would have, anyway. Now, he didn't know what to believe.

It would take a little time to make his peace with Nelda. She was, and he had known it all along, accustomed to having her own way. Her arrogance was part of her, it suited her, it became her as did her heavy silken hair and her narrow eyes and the atmosphere of luxury and ease which surrounded her. Women were the devil, he thought. They could certainly mess up your life. He was crazy about Nelda, of course; he hadn't thought he'd a chance. He'd rather enjoyed carrying the torch and then out of a clear sky . . . Come to think of it, he hadn't demanded anything of her, hadn't even asked her to marry him. He'd just found her in his arms one evening and she'd said dreamily, "But we can't be married for months yet, Tony."

After that, all was as merry as a marriage bell, or nearly so. They had their differences of opinion, naturally, but he had told himself that was just a matter of adjustments. And now Linda . . . and that ex-fiancé of hers and his volcanic wife, not only getting entangled with each other, but disrupting the course of his and Nelda's romance. It was all too much. He thought: I think I'll join the Navy, and found, after a moment, that it was an excellent idea. The law could wait, a war couldn't; we'd get into it, sooner or later; better be in on the ground floor, or rather, on deck.

Also he had a strange suspicion that his mother wasn't as happy in his engagement as she had been at first. Of course Nelda didn't pay much attention to her; she didn't realize, perhaps, that older people liked the little attentions . . . Nelda was too used to being the center of things herself. Not like Linda. Linda was charming with old people.

Linda again!

He thought: Well, I suppose I'll see her in the office tomorrow and she won't be speaking to me. He wondered what she was doing now, probably telephoning Rix Anderson, he decided. Serve her right if Peg recovered and, in her sane mind, divorced Rix and let Linda have him. A proper happy ending, Tony told himself, and wouldn't she rue the day!

He went through a light and it took all his charm, his integral tact and his legal experience to talk himself out of it. This had been by far the worst day he had ever lived through, he informed himself glumly.

LINDA, meantime, had gone to her room in the club. Cynthia, entertaining an elderly couple, friends of her parents, in the lounge, saw her trekking past, followed by the slower footsteps of the night duty boy, who carried a bag. There was something about Linda's back . . . and the way her hair was wild about her face . . . and her hat in her hand . . .

The elderly couple departed. Cynthia went upstairs and knocked at Linda's door.

"Who is it?" asked Linda, muffled.

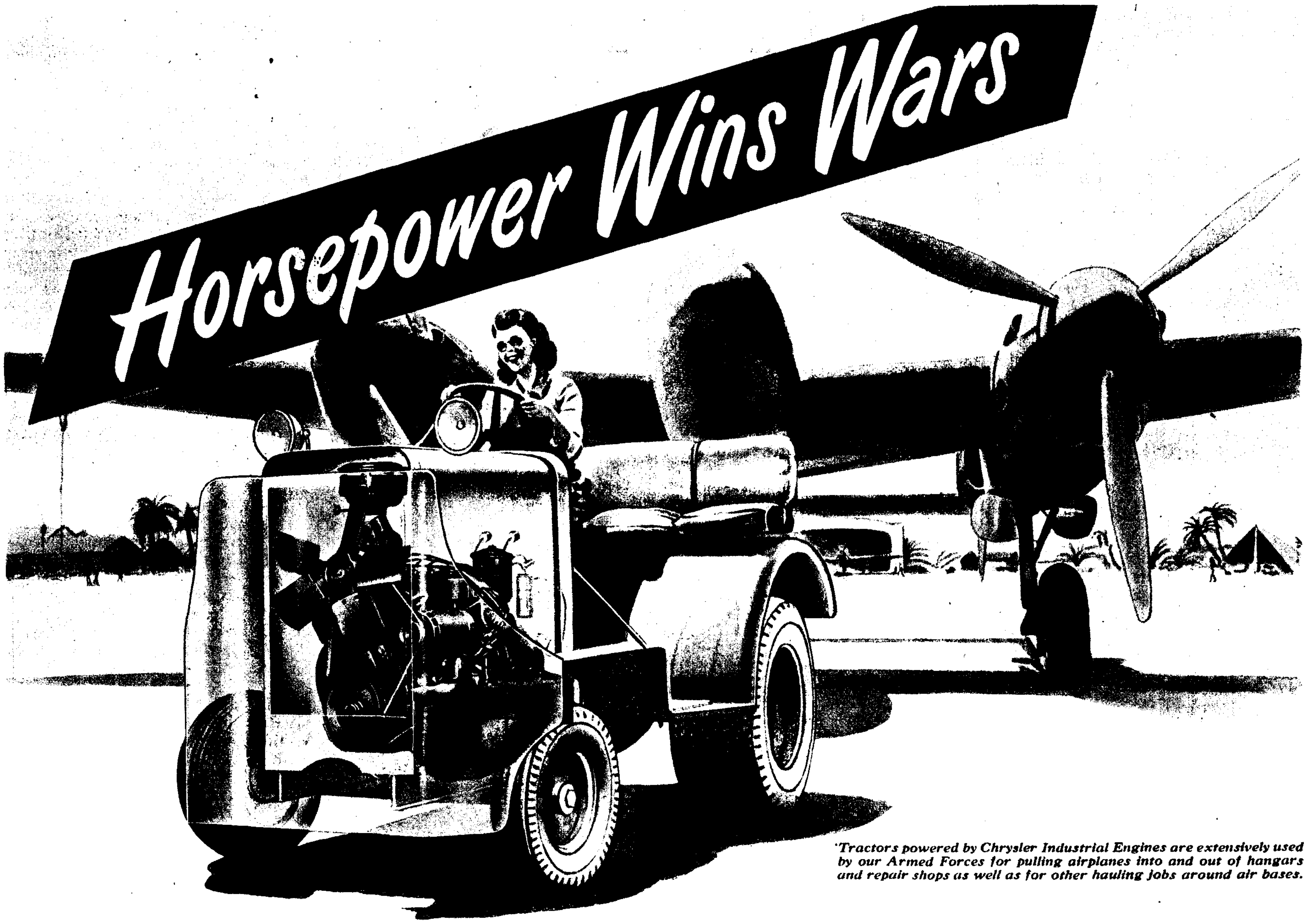
"Cynthia . . ." She thought: She's been crying, but hard . . . "I have a message for you . . . I—"

Linda got up and padded to the door in her bare feet. She said, "Come in. What message?"

Cynthia came in. She said, "Get back to bed. Not that you'll catch cold, it's too hot. I'll sit here. No message," she said, firmly, and sat herself down. "It's just that something's wrong. You don't want to tell me, I suppose. You're not the type which confides, and heaven knows, I can spot 'em a mile off. Only if something's really unpleasant in Denmark and I can help, I'd like you to know I'm at your disposal."

Linda sat up in bed. There was no light in the room except a faint glow from the street. She was a small shadowy shape in a thin nightgown. She said, in a loud, astonished voice, "I haven't a friend in the world. That is, not here. In Benfield, maybe, but this isn't Benfield," and burst into tears.

Cynthia let her cry. After a time she vanished into the bathroom and returned to report practically, "Here's cold water. Nice wet washcloth. And I found some spirits of ammonia. Drink this and don't say anything more if you don't want to. I have some sleeping medicine in my room. If you promise to let me in with it, I'll go



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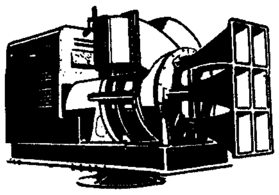
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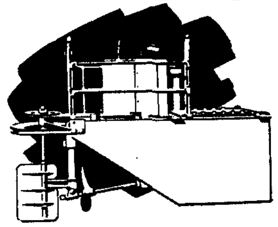
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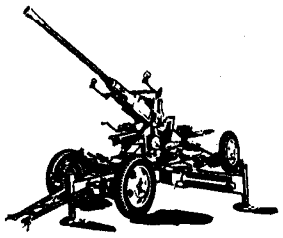
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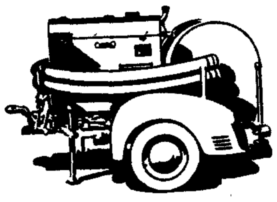
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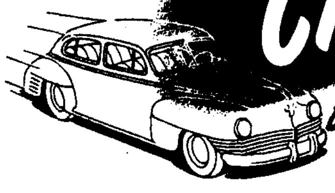
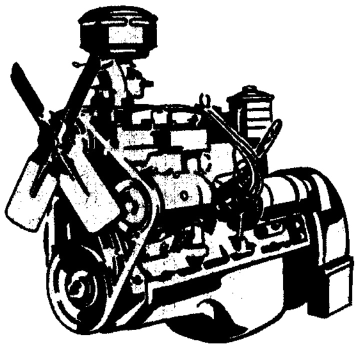


CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION: Industrial Engines . Marine Engines . Marine Tractors . Navy Pontoons Harbor Tugs . Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts . Tank Engine Assemblies . Tank Parts . Airplane Wing Panels Fire Fighting Equipment . Air Raid Sirens . Gun Boxes . Searchlight Reflectors

THE NATIONWIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WARTIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS get it, give you a pill, tuck you up, and forget this ever happened."

"Sleeping medicine!" repeated Linda, in what amounted to a whispered scream. "If I as much as hear the word, I'll—!"

"Okay, okay," said Cynthia. "But you're wrong about not having any friends. You can't escape friends, you know," she said quietly, "any more than you can escape other important things . . . like birth and love and death, like trouble and taxes and having fun . . ."

"I tried," said Linda, drearily.

"Tried what?"

"To escape."

"I see," said Cynthia. A good deal became clear to her in that moment. Linda . . . she liked the little thing so much. Linda was—friendly but she wasn't friends. She was fun to be with but she didn't let you come very close. "Someone has hurt you," said Cynthia. "Someone must have hurt you very much."

Linda said, "I don't care now. I mean, you can take just so much, can't you, and no more? It began back in Benfield."

She began to talk and Cynthia listened. It was a simple story, as Linda told it. She didn't try philosophizing or analyzing, or go into the psychologies. She merely said that she had known a man all her life and that they had been engaged for a long time and she had been very happy. "I was happy anyway," she said. "I loved everything. My home. My people . . . even my job. But I didn't want a job that would last, because I wanted more to be married and have my own place and kids. I didn't care about a career, big or little."

BUT the engagement had been broken. In a word, Linda had been jilted. Her man had run off with her best friend, so here she was in New York, looking, after all, for a career and not wanting friends, old or new, and, heaven knows, not wanting a new love.

There'd been one friend, however. A man. She liked him, and he was in love with another girl. That's what put their friendship on a solid basis. But then back into the picture came her ex-fiancé and her ex-best friend, now man and wife.

From then on, it was a little involved, but Cynthia was patient. She sorted out all the relationships after a while. And then she asked a few questions.

She asked, "So you went to Miss Anonymous and asked her to lay off your former and now married boy friend? And she wouldn't? Why did you do that?"

"I didn't want the man she was engaged to to be hurt," said Linda. "And that was plain or fancy two-timing. The worst kind."

"And after the ex-boy friend and his wife were reconciled tonight," said Cynthia, "why were you still so upset? Wasn't that what you wanted? You don't care for him now, do you?"

"No," said Linda, "and haven't for a long time, longer than I knew."

"And you've forgiven her?" Cynthia pursued relentlessly.

"Of course . . . I—I'm going to see her as soon as they will let me," said Linda. "I'm so terribly sorry for her, Cynthia."

"Naturally," said Cynthia. "But what I don't understand is, why all the tears? Now . . . those which you can't write off to reaction. Everyone's happy again, and the menace has been removed from the life of your friend, the happy and unsuspecting fiancé of Miss Anonymous." She sighed. "Your passion for discretion makes discussion difficult," she complained mildly.

"His name's Tony," said Linda.

"Tony then. Tony has been restored to his fiancée's arms and will never know that she was faithless," said Cynthia.

"Don't joke," said Linda mournfully. "Darn it. Don't you see, Cynthia, he—Tony, thinks I'm the cause of it all. He thinks I plotted to get Rix back." She spoke the names now, unconsciously, "And that it was *because* of me that Peg tried to do what she did. Because of me. Not because of—"

"Miss Anonymous," interrupted Cynthia hastily. "I understand."

Linda said, "I can't believe it. We've been such good friends. If he didn't know me better than that, what was his friendship worth? How do you ever know whether you can trust people or not, Cynthia?"

"YOU'RE trusting me," suggested Cynthia, "although I admit you aren't in your right mind. Look. You can, you know. If tomorrow you want it all forgotten, it shall be. I won't mention it again. Not ever."

Linda sighed, damply. She said gratefully:

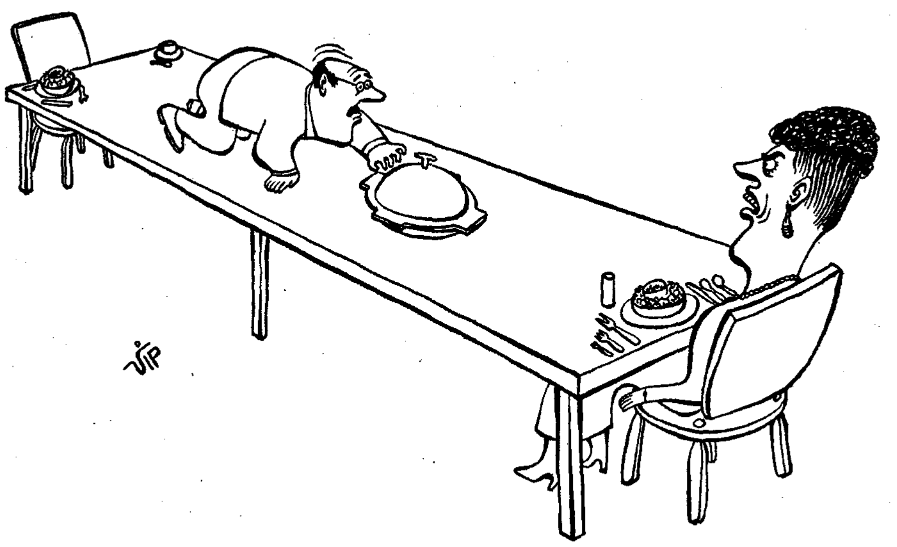
"Please . . . I've wanted to talk to you about everything long before this. But I couldn't. I was afraid. I thought: I won't make friends, I won't be hurt . . ."

"Well," said Cynthia after a while, "I was hurt once, rather badly. No one knows about it, even Sally. I won't go into it. It's a long story, rather sordid in spots and dreadfully boring because it happens so often. It's a funny thing that it happens generally to the kind of gals who know all the answers and are pretty sure it couldn't happen to them. You must have wondered why I took this job. It isn't too exciting. Well, I took it because I once had another job, an exciting one, one I was trained for. Didn't Sally ever tell you I was a laboratory technician? Well, I was . . . and I met a man while I was working in a laboratory. I fell in love with him and he was married.

"He had been separated from his wife for a long time. He told me. It was perfectly true. He said he would ask her to divorce him. That wasn't true. He didn't want a divorce, he didn't wish to remarry. He liked playing the field. So," said Cynthia, "I exploded right out of the lab and into the club. It was safer here and quieter. I wouldn't run into him or any of his friends or do the kind of work which reminded me of him. That's what I thought when I took this over. It was some time ago. Now I'm groping out of the fog. And in a little while I'll go back to the work I was meant to do. I have a hunch that women with my training are going to be needed, and badly, before long."

She was silent. And after a moment Linda said, "Thanks, Cynthia."

"Don't thank me," said Cynthia. "One good confession deserves another. I might add here that I had a good friend who saw me through this. You've not met her. She's a nurse and she's gone to England. I don't know what I would have done without her. It's odd, but none of us are very strong. Very few can stand on their own feet. We need someone's shoulder to cry on, we need an ear to listen and a hand to clutch, the strongest of us."



COLLIER'S "Haven't I told you a thousand times not to reach?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"I suppose so," said Linda slowly. "I felt that way about Tony . . . a shoulder, an ear, a hand. He saw me through that awful day when I met Rix and Peg again. I didn't ask him to, he was just there. Now, of course, he won't be there any more. And I can't set him straight," she said, "can I, Cynthia?"

"No," said Cynthia, "you can't. Not unless you wish to destroy his happiness with Miss Anonymous, who sounds to me as if she'd be a lot better off for slight immersion in boiling oil."

Then she got up and said, "I'm going to get that pill. You can take it and sleep with a clear conscience. I'll telephone your office in the morning—we have the number, downstairs, I think, on the emergency book—and tell them you won't be in. You haven't slept. You're washed up. You sleep all day and we'll go out to dinner and a movie and you'll turn up Tuesday with a shining morning face . . ."

"But—"

"Hush your mouth," said Cynthia, "and listen to Momma."

When she had gone the room seemed very empty. She came back presently with the sleeping tablet and a glass of fresh cold water. "Drink this," she said, "Alice in Wonderland."

Linda chuckled, feebly. She obeyed. She said, "I wish you wouldn't go away just yet, Cynthia. I wish you'd sit there and tell me what you think about it all."

"I think you're crazy," said Cynthia gently, "and I think you're in love with your good friend Tony, because if you weren't, why would you—"

Linda sat up. "Oh, for goodness sake," she wailed despairingly. "Of course I am. I've been, ever since that day when I saw Rix again and—Cynthia," she cried, "I'm such a fool and now it's worse than ever!"

"Of course it is," said Cynthia soothingly, "but there's nothing you can do about it tonight. Lie down, infant, and for heaven's sake go to sleep."

ON TUESDAY morning, and with reluctance, Linda returned to the office. She did not feel like the prodigal son; she felt more like the fatted calf, being led to the slaughter. She felt like nothing on earth. She felt on the verge. On the verge of what . . . ? Of any number of things, a highly complete nervous breakdown, a volcano with stomach trouble, or manslaughter. It didn't matter. Well, maybe there was something she could do about it, she thought, hysterically, in the elevator.

She could enter a sanitarium, she could flee the impending eruption, and she could curb, by drastic measures of self-discipline, her primitive desire to strangle Miss Nelda Heron with a strand of her own sleek golden hair. Didn't someone do that to someone in a poem by Mr. Browning? I must, she muttered mentally, ask Professor Phelps.

In short, Miss Wheaton, taking up her briefly interrupted secretarial duties, was in a bad way.

Matters were made, if anything, slightly worse by the solicitous attitude of the office force, which, it appeared, had missed her, en masse, on the previous day. Linda received their inquiries in a hair-shirt attitude of deep remorse. What a brute she had been, fending off friendly overtures. So darned engrossed with herself and her stupid little ego that she couldn't recognize the sincere give and take of ordinary friendliness when she encountered it. She was grateful to find herself alone at last in the Powell office. Mr. Powell, fortunately, was not in town and unopened letters glared reproachfully at her from his massive desk. Work, the panacea; work, the ultimate physician. She seized the letters and a letter opener.

She thought: If Anthony Dennison walks in at that door I'll drop dead! Or jump out of the window!

Either method would be an effective way to terminate their acquaintance, she pondered further, with a small, if watery giggle.

The morning passed. He did not come. So what? So, if he didn't she would drop dead or jump out of the window. Oh gosh, thought Linda, by nature no Lady of Shalott.

CYNTHIA had made things very clear. Cynthia had said, sitting beside her, waiting for the sleeping medicine to do its stuff, "You see, it's as I said, you can't escape . . You can't escape friends or love or life in general. You can't escape being hurt. Until, or unless, you die. That's part of being alive, Linda, you little dope. You came to New York wrapped up in your pride, but it didn't do any good, did it? You wanted to be hard, invulnerable, and ambitious. You wanted to ride roughshod, using everyone you met, men and women, to further your own aims. But you didn't know exactly what your aims were and you hadn't had much experience in riding roughshod or any other way. Also you were yourself. Definitely you can't escape what you are, what you have been for over twenty years, your basic character."

There had probably been more of these pearls of wisdom, but Linda herself had been unstrung, the sleeping pill had packed a powerful wallop and in the middle of lecture number one, continuation course in how not to live alone and like it, Linda had fallen asleep.

Came noon, came lunchtime, and Tony had not put in an appearance. Linda went out to lunch with several of the girls in the office. She had joined them in the rest room where they were engaged in keeping their powder dry and their lipstick red. She asked with unusual timidity if anyone was going her way.

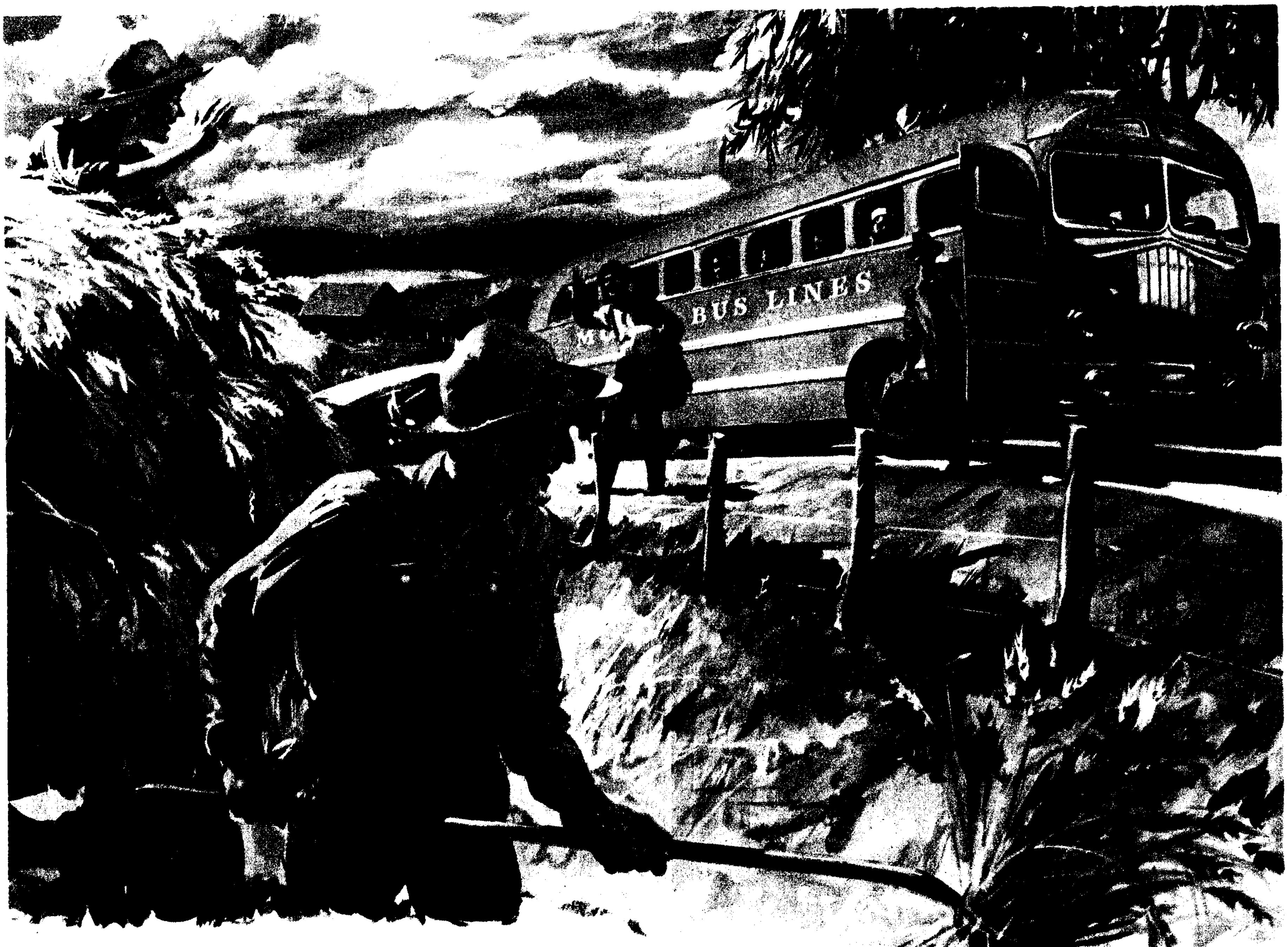
During lunch someone remarked that Tony had gone to Westchester to confer with a client who had a bad disposition, arthritis and a very important suit.

The afternoon went by. Linda telephoned Rix at his office. He reported that he had seen Peg briefly and that she was much better. Linda could see her in the evening if she wished. He'd stop at the club for her. Also he had telephoned his mother. She would come to New York and take over at the apartment and be there ready to receive Peg on her return. Everything, said Rix, was wonderful.

That's what *he* thought!

She was getting ready to leave when her door opened and Tony walked in. His greeting was not gushing. "What happened to you yesterday?" he demanded

(To be concluded next week)



IN THERE PITCHING WITH THE FARMER

Buses Deliver Manpower to Help Harvest America's Crops

Our fighting men and workers are counting on food from this year's harvest . . . so are our allies all over the world. And the American farmer will never let them down. Against heavy odds, he is coming through with a crop. Now he is calling for manpower to save it!

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Last Hours of an Empire

Continued from page 26

of the British First Division ashore. At 4:30, we left for the next objective of the clean-up campaign. The blitz switched to Lampedusa. A few Germans had retreated to the south end of Pantelleria but were cleaned up later.

That night our cruisers and destroyers bombarded Lampedusa at 11:00 P.M. Wellingtons of the North African command hit the island a few seconds after we ceased fire. Star shells and bomb flashes made me think of home on the "Glorious Fourth" of July. At 2:00 A.M., we repeated the dose. At 6:30, we repeated with bombs and shells from the seaside. By this time, shore batteries became active and shaved a little paint off our side with one of those too-close shots and deposited shrapnel aboard. We finished the allotted firing and stood off on account of bad weather until late afternoon.

The Walrus plane whose pilot, Sergeant Cohen, claims to be the first to whom the islanders attempted to surrender, was forced down on an airfield between bombing raids, and the next sortie by bombers caught him on the ground. He dived for a fox hole with several Italians. After the raid, he fixed his plane and went back to the base with the news.

In the meantime, we saw the white flag flying and dispatched one company to take over four to five thousand Italian soldiers. When the surrender was received aboard the flagship, a message from the destroyer H.M.S. Lookout, dispatched with the infantry, reported: "Second in command agrees to the terms of unconditional surrender, but the governor is resting at a point about thirty-minutes' walk inland."

About the time of the capitulation, Italian gun crews ashore were getting out white sheets and attempting to signal us their surrender. Some of our sailors watching the shore through binoculars reported a lone girl in a red dress pacing up and down along the sea wall. This unknown lady (whom no one saw again) was named by the soldiers and sailors "the Lampedusie Floozie."

Surrender Without a Fight

Two more islands remained. Linosa, the larger of the two, was sought next, this time with only one cruiser and two destroyers. That evening as we left, H.M.S. Lookout was dive bombed 25 times as 100 aircraft raided our new island possession. There was no damage except that the boys were a little shaken up.

Following daylight, we took Linosa without firing a single shot. Linosa's commander had learned the fate of Pantelleria and Lampedusa, so he chucked in his hand. We arrived, saw the white flag and dispatched a small force which Captain Slayter described to me as "two men and a boy in a whaler," to take over the garrison of 169 prisoners and establish the control of the island. They found four soldiers waiting on the beach to surrender and take the officers by donkey to the commander, who was peacefully asleep in his quarters. From there, we took over Lampione, which had been evacuated a few days before.

Back at Malta, everyone was feeling pretty cocky after long years of isolation and this hanging-on business which would draw the sap of life out of anyone. They cheered the ships as we returned to the harbor.

Next morning, I walked to a hilltop with a Maltese shopkeeper who pointed toward Sicily across the narrows and said, "Those Italians have been bombing us for three years. Now it's our time for revenge."

King George VI visited Malta a few days later. Long viewed as the inspiration for the island's heroic resistance, his presence brought crowds pouring into the streets. Children scrambled onto the perilous, high bastion. Women wept, while the visit keynoted the personal affection, devotion and emotions of the people toward their King.

Setting the pace of the day's spirit, at 9 A.M., the King's flotilla entered the Grand Harbor of Malta amidst handclapping, and the church bells of the three cities about the harbor swelled the voice of the people's rejoicing. From a special dais over the top of the bridge of his cruiser H.M.S. Aurora, the King saluted the anxious crowds.

A Great Day for Malta

Laughter and gaiety, restrained for a long time, had its fling today. I stood at one side of the customhouse steps as the King alighted from the brass-funneled, antiquated barge. Lord Gort greeted the King, and the Royal Malta Artillery band played the national anthem. Then the King stepped forward to inspect the guard of honor, steel-helmeted artillerymen under the command of Major H. R. Micallef. The King did not return Micallef's snappy salute but, instead, put forth his hand.

From the balcony, harking to the ancient days of this capital, the King received a terrific ovation from the people whose spirit through the dark days of bombardment now found voice in what a localite described as a supreme occasion for the Maltese. Through flag-decked streets where gusts of wind whirled the pink and red azalea blooms overhead, the King passed on a visit which included every hamlet and village in this small island.

At the dockyard, the crews of Malta's naval station literally glistened in their summery whites, while, in contrast, just behind the dockyard officers and perched high upon a heap of wreckage, was a machinist who had seen two wars and been crippled in the blitz. He waved a tiny worn flag while, with wet eyes, he sang the anthem and was joined by his pals.

A parish priest almost made the King cry. The priest was stocky Canon Emmanuel Brincat, the son of a dockyard policeman now a parish priest at Senglea, which is the dockyard colony overlooking the Grand Harbor and which is the most bombed town in all the Mediterranean. It was his honor to show the King what little remains of his parish. The priest spent more time with the King than any other islander with the exception of Lord Gort. The combined army, navy and air-force personnel was presented to the King to the tune of brass bands.

Clad in solemn black robes and a black beaver hat trimmed with purple cords, Canon Brincat, gray beyond his thirty-eight years, just waited quietly on foot between rows of kiddies and grownups. His parishioners once had 10,000 homes, now they have 1,707.

The King saw shelters under the rocky terrain which were responsible for saving lives and therefore only 80-odd people have been killed in spite of the world's worst destruction.

Today, the sky line is a jagged, lifeless row of blasted, crumbling walls. Their only semblance of victory is in these people who stood silently about their King and their priest as they viewed the statue of Our Lady of Victories, by a miracle still unscathed, and believed to be a good omen by the parishioners.

THE END

Old Lady with a Punch

Continued from page 19

men, feeding them chicken à la king, ham and eggs, pancakes, or hot soup and coffee from an electric range. In tropical rainstorms, she leaks all over, but she'll keep singing along all day, steady as a battleship.

When the war started, nobody thought the old Catalina would last very long; she would be replaced by something faster and better armed and armored. She was comparatively slow, she wasn't meant to dive, and she was as big as a house—a fair target for a smart antiaircraft U-boat crew.

But they put her to work—up North where it got down to 20 below and down South where it ran to 110 above in the palm trees' shade. The boys took her out and dropped smoke bombs and dived the Old Lady onto them and practiced bombing that way, and she took it and heaved herself skyward again and went on. They stowed gadgets into her—radiophones, new guns, sights, rafts and other things, and they put retractable wheels on her.

She went out and did jobs her builders never intended. She slugged it out with the deck guns of submarines and sent down her bullets and bombs to sink the raiders. She was a lady and she bore no malice. Once a sub was sunk, she did what she could, commensurate with her own safety, to help its crew keep on living. She piled up a long record of sunken subs—but she did more than that.

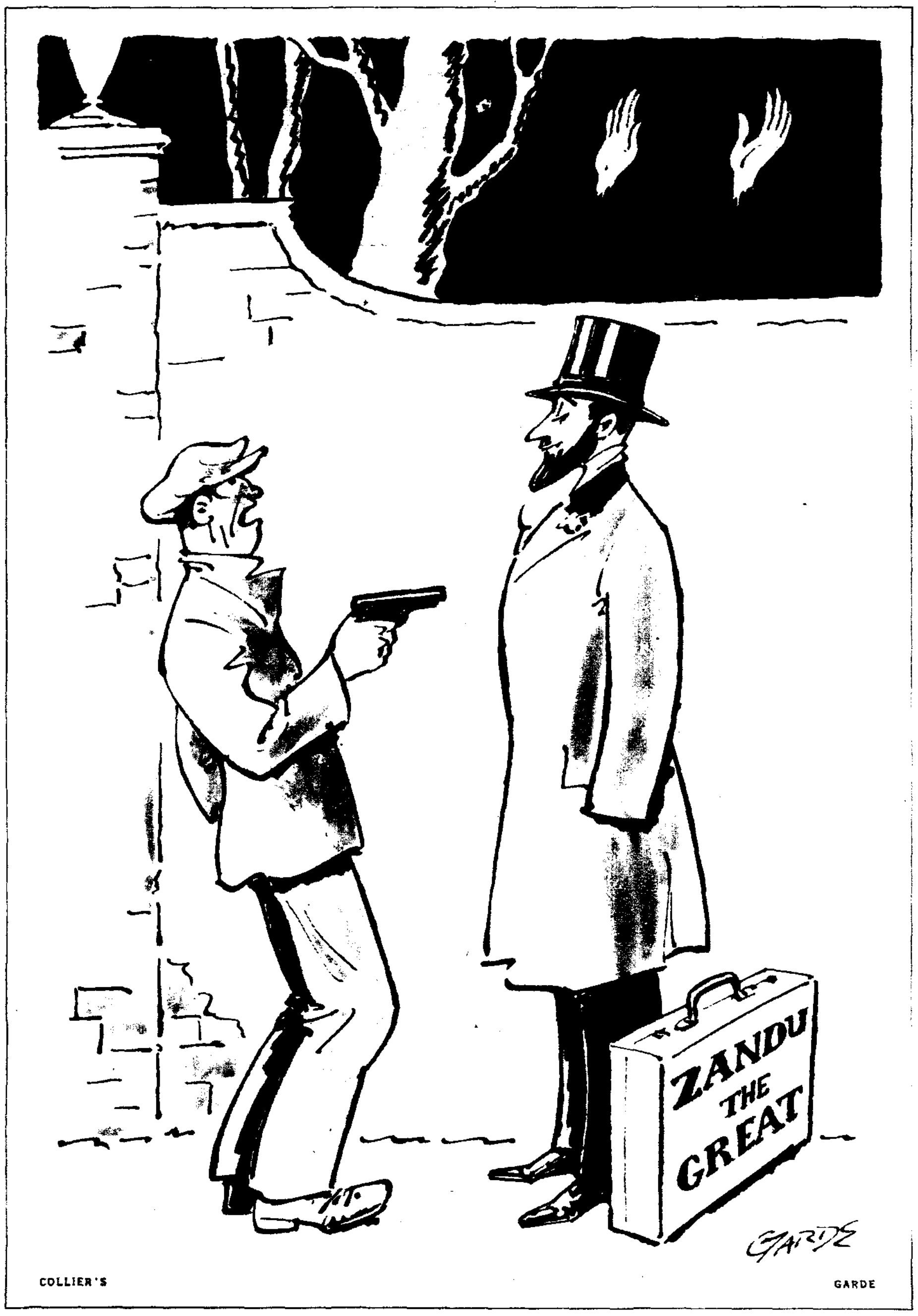
She piled up experience—and experience is what sinks subs. Every time she fought, her crew turned in long, detailed reports about everything—wind, clouds, sun; what the sub did; what the Old Lady did, and the result.

Getting subs, for instance, is a matter of split-second timing. From the reports, the Old Lady's crew know that, if she sights a surfaced U-boat so many miles away, she has just so many seconds to get over the spot and get her depth bombs away, assuming that the sub spots the plane, and crash dives at once.

Back at the bases Army and Navy men, working together, keep track of the Old Lady. They know where every other ship and plane in their zone is, too. The men in Combined Operations sit tense, listening to the reports that come in over the radiophone until the Old Lady sends a signal that she's got another one—or they grow grim and silent when a rattle of gunfire comes through the phones, and then there is a sudden silence that never will be broken. Sometimes the luck runs out, and the Old Lady doesn't come back. But that doesn't happen very often.

Occasionally when it seems safe, the Old Lady slides down onto the water and picks up survivors, but not as a rule. Down on the water, she's duck soup for any other sub that might be lurking around, and if there is any kind of heavy sea running, it's too risky to chance getting on and off again safely. But, generally, the shipless men below get a raft and some food and water, if there's time. Maybe that isn't total war, but it's the way the Old Lady plays it. Since we're winning, maybe that's the right way, after all.

THE END



COLLIER'S GARDE

"Could it be Denture Breath?"
"And isn't my plate a little looser?"

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

WHY RISK THESE TWO DANGERS BY BRUSHING PLATES OR BRIDGES WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS?

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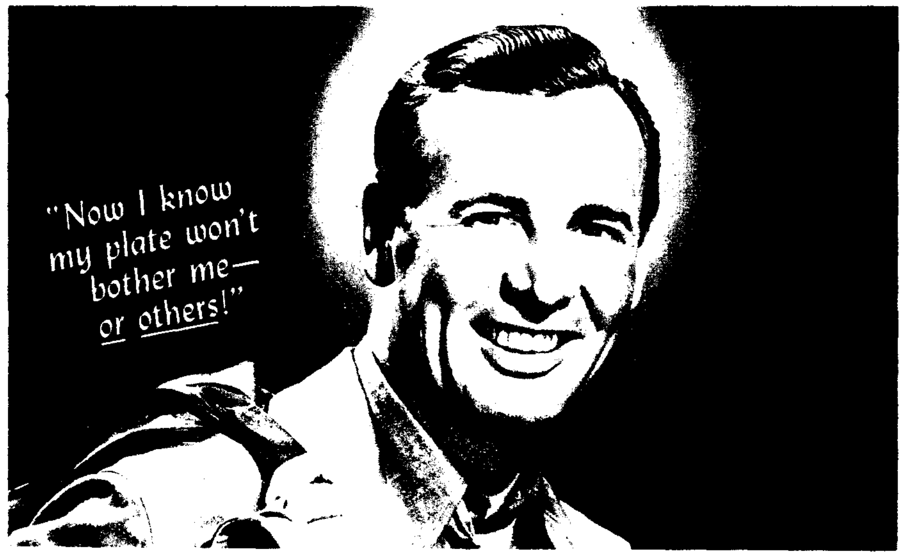
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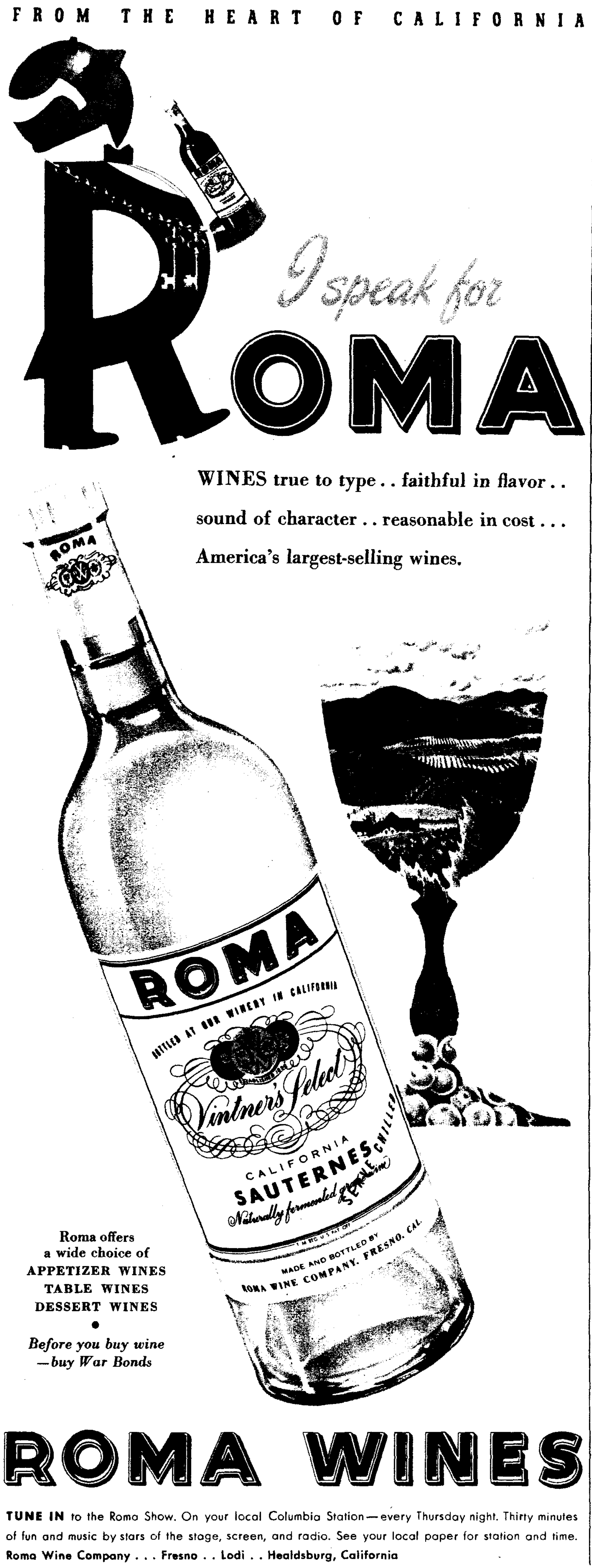
FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

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Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California

Corinthian Pilar

Continued from page 50

Minotis managed to get away, but the Turks turned him back at the border, and a Gestapo officer who had seen him play Hamlet in Berlin had no difficulty in recognizing him through his disguise as a British merchant. Taken back to Athens, he was given his chance of playing Goethe's Faust in the interest of Nazi *Kultur* or of being jailed. He escaped again, disguised as a fisherman, but in the Aegean, ran into heavy naval firing which threatened to halt his flight.

Finally he reached Smyrna and was given a British passport as a captain in the British army. At the request of King George of Greece, he was flown to New York by clipper and joined the king's staff in Washington.

In the meantime, Paxinou had presented Hedda Gabler in New York, an artistic success but a financial failure, and she was amazed when movie scouts asked her to make a screen test. Having expert advice as well as her own good theatrical sense, she refused to take a New York test. These cannot possibly be done as well as a Hollywood test, and she knew that since she wasn't a flaring beauty, the results might ruin her forever on the West Coast.

How She Got What She Wanted

The matter lingered until Paramount agreed to bring her to Hollywood on contract to make a test. With their money involved, she knew they would take care to get the most out of it. She tested for Pilar in company with Akim Tamiroff and won the role. Critics have agreed that she either steals the acting honors in For Whom the Bell Tolls or comes close to it.

"They are kind enough to say that it is because I know something about war," she explains, with the faint suggestion of a lifted eyebrow, which seems to mean that she is just as certain she could do it well if she had never heard about the war.

She was born at Peiraeus, the Greek port, the daughter of a wealthy grain broker named Basil Constantopoulos. Her first ambition was to be a singer and she entered the Conservatory at Geneva, Switzerland, at the age of thirteen. She was there for three years, won the Conservatory's gold medal and went on to further studies in Berlin and Vienna. She sang in opera in Athens under Dimitri Mitropoulos, now conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony. Then she decided she wanted to be an actress, a profession regarded among the upper classes of Greece as slightly better than scullery work.

"I ask your blessing, dear mamma," she said to her mother.

"If you walk out of this house into the theater," replied her mother, not touched by her reverence, "you will not walk back in again."

She walked and, sure enough, she didn't get back. It was all of ten years and a series of successes that swayed even her stern parent and brought an end to the feud.

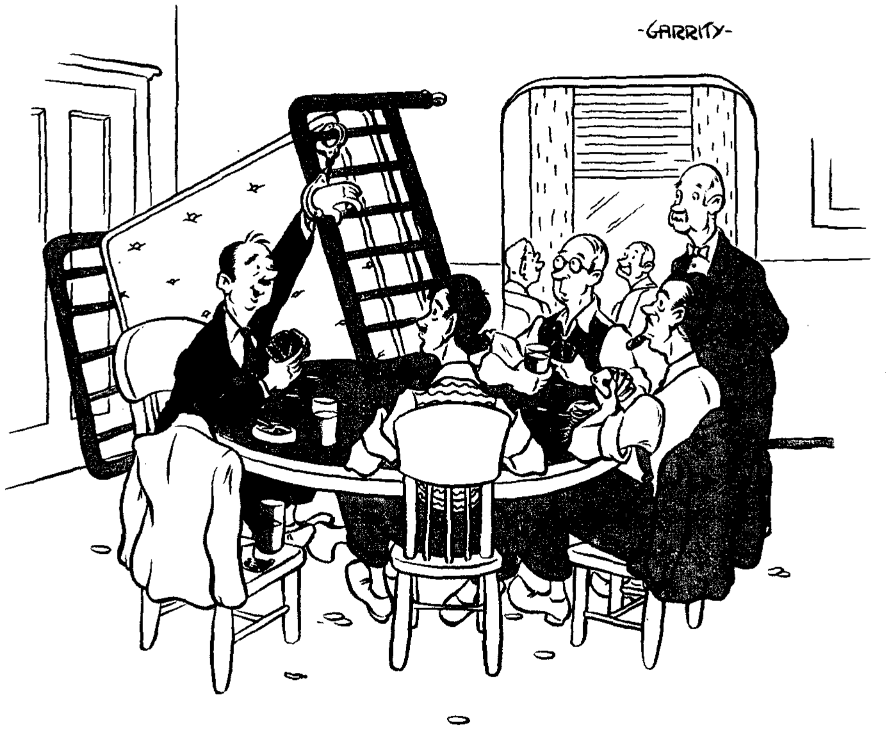
She joined the Cottopouli stock company and stayed there two and a half years, possibly because she had lived such a sheltered life that a weekly salary seemed insulting to her, and Cottopouli was never one to be aggressive. In short, he paid her nothing.

While with this charming society, she came to America in 1930 and played a six-months tour. This was in Greek, and her expatriated countrymen thought she was great. She returned to Athens to join the newly formed Royal Theater under Fotos Politis and in due course she and her husband became the Lunt and Fontanne of the Greek theater. They played in revivals of the Greek classic dramas. She won renown as Clytemnestra in Aeschylus' Oresteia. In 1939, the Royal Theater company went to London to present Electra and Hamlet.

Now Katina Paxinou is in Hollywood. She is not beautiful, she is not young, she will never pose for leg art. The best she can hope for is a series of character roles, and in these she will be overshadowed by a high-school girl who has been discovered in the corner drugstore by an agent who is crazy about chocolate malted milks.

She will have to live on the fact that she was once Pilar in For Whom the Bell Tolls. This is a great role; it may be her only important part in the movies. *Sic transit gloria mundi;* which, translated loosely, might mean: Sex is a wonderful invention, and what would Hollywood do without it?

THE END



"I didn't think I'd make it tonight, but luckily my wife had to go to a Red Cross meeting"

COLLIER'S MARTIN GARRITY

Saber and Swing

Continued from page 12

and cattlemen, professional horsemen who looked dubiously on the cavalry talent, Ding-Dong stood on a street corner, trying to lift his spirits by counting beavers. But there were no kicks in it with half the townsfolk growing beards for the celebration. Nothing carried a boot to one who so bleakly realized he would be the first soldier ever to leave a cavalry regiment equipped only for life in a filling station.

From around a group of laughing cowboys a tremendous woman hove in sight, stopping with the suddenness of a transport throwing over its anchor when she observed his cavalry uniform. Glowing, she studied the campaign hat with its chinstrap, and the handsome cavalry boots.

"That's a solid set of threads, soldier," she boomed.

"Oh," he said politely. "You dig that jive?"

WHILE he had taken it for granted Wyoming had its share of cats, he was surprised to meet such an outsized lady alligator. Under the street light was a broad face with high cheekbones, tawny hair, wide blue eyes and a broad mouth. Beneath her tweed sports coat were the kind of shoulders he had always preferred on his doghouse men.

"Gate," she beamed, "me and jive are ol' sparring partners. Hit me when it's mellow, I'm a gone filly. Them long-underwear artists! If it wasn't for my career I'd take time to do something about them."

"You're solid," he admitted. "You front a combo of your own?"

Her gaze clouded. "You kidding?" she demanded shortly. "Or don't you believe in posters? They got them up all over town and they all got my picture on 'em. Give me the grip! I'm Lady Rose Marie, world's champion female wrestler."

When his eyes widened she accepted his stunned silence as a fitting tribute, pressing on him a card. Handsomely embossed was a picture of herself wearing tights, an American flag woven across her bosom. Not only did she make it clear she could throw any living woman so foolish as to make a hundred and sixty-five the afternoon of the match, she volunteered she was wrestling there that week, giving the Pioneer Days that feminine touch.

"Stop around some night and I'll throw one of the local talent right in your lap," she invited. "You like 'em blonde or brunette?"

"Neither, thank you," he said fretfully. "Besides, I wouldn't know them anyhow." Not wishing to be thought impolite, he added, "My name's Williams. The Army calls me Charles but the cats call me Ding-Dong."

The levity with which he took one of the great names of their time brought only a scowl. "A smart guy, hunh?" she said menacingly, but before she could make up her mind where to throw him, he was jostled under the light. Widening slowly, her eyes took on the light common to pilgrims who have blundered upon Mecca. "Gee!" she breathed, "you *are* Ding-Dong Williams!" Lips forming into a maidenly pout, "Two champs meeting like this and nobody here to take their pictures!"

"It's just as well," he said darkly. "I'm having a hard enough time staying out of Army bands. With reeds they want me to fight Japs!"

"Brother," she cried, "you're coming with me!"

Never was the issue in doubt. Having a good thirty pounds on him, Lady Rose Marie seized him and towing him through the crowd like a demented trailer, she plunged toward the USO. Scattering cowhands in her wake, it developed she was not only a champion lady wrestler but a 200 per cent patriot, always anxious to cheer the visiting firemen. By the time she dragged him into the old red brick building housing the service center he was numbly aware that he was about to be with reed, ready or no.

"You oughtta be ashamed," she snorted, "loafin' around street corners when the USO's filled with hepcats!"

Crowding the tiny floor were couples making to the music of a strictly-from-hunger combo. While Ding-Dong stared at the Waacs present, Lady Rose Marie bore down on the matron in charge. Behind her was a coffee bar where soldiers were chinning with one another while they dunked their sinkers.

"Ma'am," Lady Rose Marie boomed, "you better put out that Standing Room Only sign. I got Ding-Dong Williams here and he's really ready!"

Her thunderous voice so unnerved the hostess she was only too willing to concede that whatever else the stricken young man might be, he was of vast importance. When she announced from the stand that a Private Ding-Dong Williams had graciously offered to play one of his renditions (she secretly suspected him of being a harmonica expert) the shouts deafened her.

With a whoop the soldiers came racing from the coffee bar. Lovesick parties surged from the lounging room, their loneliness suddenly forgotten. The dance floor was a struggling sea of chili-bowl haircuts. When Ding-Dong stepped on the stand, borrowing a clarinet, the sight of that famous sober face and dark hair so neatly split in the middle brought whistles and catcalls. With a nervous smile Ding-Dong turned to the piano.

He was a grinning colored boy.

"Hold That Tiger," Ding-Dong said thickly, suddenly itchy. "When I gotta give, I gotta give. You hit it, I'll throw it away."

From the minute he lifted the clarinet the room stilled. Bursting out with the authority of a block-buster, Ding-Dong was gone before his suitcase man was even set on his skins. Riffing it, licking it, only the piano stayed with him on the first chorus while he hung it up there for the boys to rise and shine.

"Hit it, man!" cried the colored piano. "Send me solid, boy!"

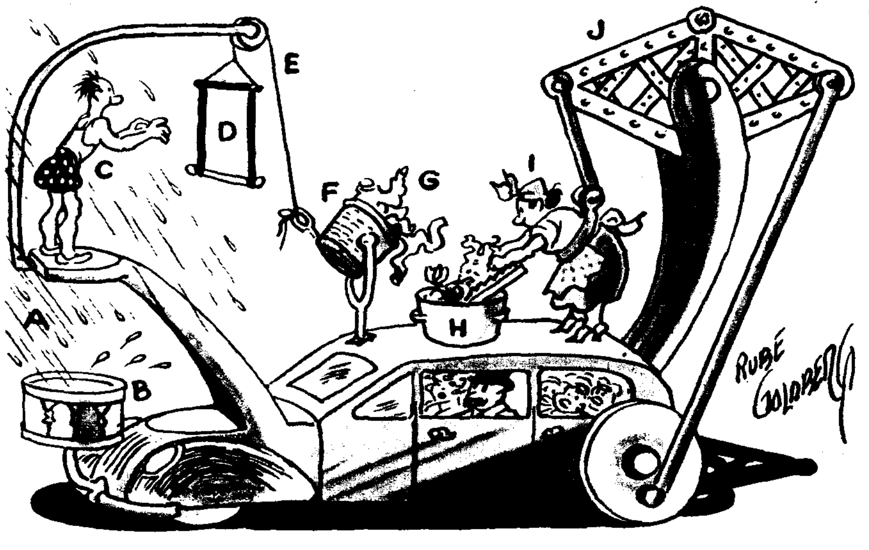
GONE with the boogie beat, Ding-Dong drove it away, cloud-bound, and jumping jive hit with all the staccato greatness of a reed man who had always been up in the buggy. While he rose higher and higher, sharper and sharper, the brass caught that juke-box getaway and were blasting it in behind him, hitting it on the nose as he jammed the chorus again and again, never hitting the same phrase twice. When he brought them into full ensemble, throwing the stops away, the bass took it on a slapping beat. When the slush-pump man went out of his mind, the whole building began to jump. Then he was really taking his licks where he found them, Ding-Dong Williams working in one.

"Rock me and sock me!" yelled the keyboard. "Never goin' home!"

With that Ding-Dong sold out. For the first time he was in there on Stealing Apples with an alley clarinet letting its dirty tone play out all the indignation welling within him. With a clarinet warm and loving in his mouth, he told Sergeant Brennan what he thought of him for keeping him away from the horses. The other cats were hugging the beat on Henderson Stomp. But not Ding-Dong. He was beating Brennan eight to the bar.

Beneath him the soldiers could stand it no longer, letting themselves go in Jitter-

"S-T-R-E-T-C-H GAS COUPONS" SAYS RUBE GOLDBERG



RAIN (A) BEATS ON DRUM (B)—TRAPEZE ARTIST (C), THINKING DRUM BEAT IS SIGNAL TO START HIS ACT, JUMPS TO TRAPEZE (D), CAUSING STRING (E) TO TIP BASKET (F) AND DUMP SOILED CLOTHES (G) INTO TUB (H)—CONSCIENTIOUS HOUSEWIFE (I) STARTS WASHING CLOTHES VIOLENTLY, MOVING WALKING BEAM (J) UP AND DOWN AND STARTING CAR—IF THERE IS NO RAIN, STAY HOME AND SPEND THE ACROBAT'S SALARY FOR MORE WAR BONDS.

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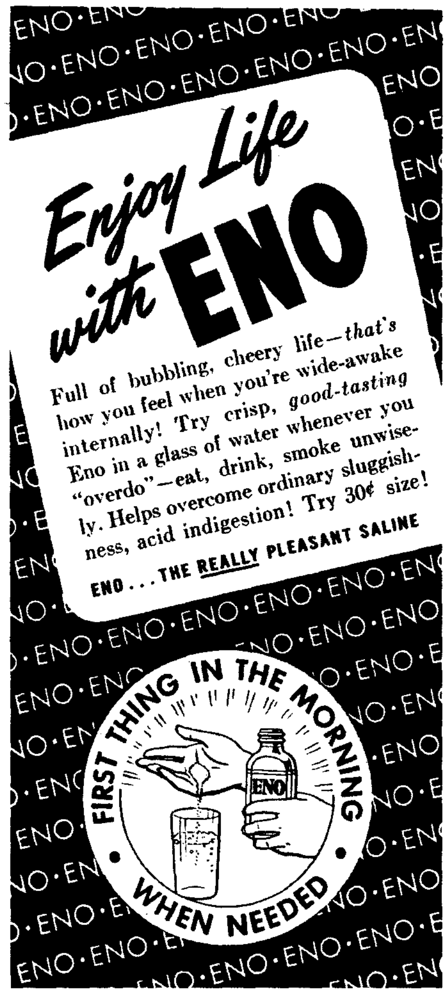
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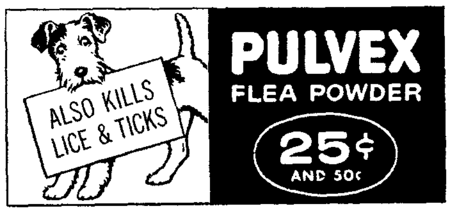

PULVEX FLEA POWDER

25¢ AND 50¢

bug and Balboa. When the hostesses were exhausted the boys grabbed one another in wild shines and shags all through When My Sugar Walks Down the Street. Lady Rose Marie had herself a time, laming two men. Throwing the Armed Forces around like dumbbells, she shook the place to the foundations.

Driving his combo to a powerhouse finish, Ding-Dong closed the session on a full stop. For a split second there was an unearthly silence. With a solid roar then, the soldiers grabbed him up on their shoulders, carrying him triumphantly to the coffee bar. Not until he had signed a dozen autographs painfully including his middle initial could Lady Rose Marie get him out into the night air. Numbed from blowing his blues away, he stared at her.

"You're cute," she said, taking his arm. "You wouldn't be married, would you?" She gave him a little squeeze, wrenching several ligaments.

"No, ma'am," he said, disentangling himself. For a lady muscle artiste she was awfully impulsive, and he quavered, "What's more, I'm not going to be. Being married's got no dignity. People are always fighting and things."

Lady Rose Marie brought up a great sigh. "A girl can ask, can't she?"

ROUNDING the corner that took them to the bus station, with only the deepening shadows of the buildings about them, she stopped suddenly. "Wait a minute, toots," she said, glancing over her shoulder. "I want a word with you private."

Having made sure they weren't observed, her voice softened to the dreamy rumble of a freight train. "You must have a lotta influence with the Army," she said wistfully. "Look at the way those soldiers go for you. How about you making a pitch for me with the Waacs?"

"The Waacs?" he said faintly.

"Yeah," she sighed. "Boy, would I be something in one of those uniforms!" Hardening, "But they keep turning me down just because I'm muscle-bound. Every time I take a physical they reject me just because I can't scratch my own back, the stinkers. That's where you come in."

"Me?" he asked, fearing things were sort of getting out of hand. "I got nothing to do with the Waacs. That's one service I haven't been in yet."

"So what? You can throw your weight around with some brass hat, can't you? Just tell him you got a lady friend who can throw any six Waacs he mentions."

While he was seeking to explain he didn't have any influence with anything that didn't have a reed on one end, heavy feet were nearing the corner and then a bulky figure swung around the building.

"Well, if it ain't our little glamor boy," Sergeant Brennan leered, hands on his hips. Looking over Ding-Dong's bulky companion, "Where did you pick up this skirt? With a truck?"

Lady Rose Marie gallantly shoved her escort aside, demanding, "Who's calling who a skirt around here? You don't look so tough to me, soldier."

Only too happy to prove it, she suddenly dived under his arms, and Sergeant Brennan was aboard her broad back as she whirled 'round and 'round in an airplane spin. "I'll teach you to go talking about a lady's weight!" she cried, before catapulting him twenty feet down the street.

WHEN the sun rose over Fort Bixel Monday morning Ding-Dong was already lurking at the stables. "Lissen, Williams," Sergeant Brennan had moaned as Ding-Dong helped him to his hutment, "you keep your trap shut about what happened, I'll fix it for you to be with those horses." Unable to contemplate the insults he would rate if it was ever learned a dame had thrown him halfway home, he was as good as his word. That very afternoon he had limped over to the CC, reporting that a jerk with no more brains than Williams was only fit to go around with a broom.

Armed only with a currycomb and the best of intentions, Ding-Dong was loosed on the horses. Down the long row of stalls he sweated, doing his best to be friendly. Unfortunately, while the cavalry mounts stolidly accepted his attentions, they were strictly G. I. and Ding-Dong didn't smell like any cavalryman to them. By noon chow call he was fretfully aware they were if anything, on the long-underwear side, taking their rations where they found them. Not a one of them acted like Gene Autry's horse, neighing and always biting the nearest bandit.

Only Nasty had the martial spirit he had expected in war horses, making several attempts to kick Ding-Dong where it would do him the least good. Nasty was by Nightmare out of Side Pocket, a big handsome sorrel with a mean gleam and cold distrust of anyone less than a colonel. By the second day, things had reached a state where the mere sight of Private Williams set Nasty to pawing and snorting, anxious to resume their battle.

"What am I going to do?" Ding-Dong queried the stable sergeant. "He won't even let me come near him. All the time he acts like Sergeant Brennan."

"You lay offa Nasty," the sergeant advised. He was a grizzled balding party with seven hash stripes. "He's Old Leather Britches' mount, see? And Colonel Morgan likes his horses like himself, full of pepper, get it?"

Learning Nasty's owner brought a glimmer to Ding-Dong's eyes. Colonel Morgan was Bixel's commanding officer, a bristling little man lurking behind a fierce cavalry mustache and widely suspected of sleeping on nails and eating recruits for breakfast. "Oh," said Private Williams, "maybe the colonel's right, hunh? These horses don't have that upbeat."

"A colonel's never right," the sergeant said coldly. "Thirty years in this man's Army I been watching them dream up ways of getting their braid. You just keep using that brush, Williams. In the Army, we don't want horses with personality. We want horses that do what you tell them."

"Yes, sir," said Ding-Dong, "you like 'em more solid than ride-out."

But all that afternoon he brushed coats and hauled feed bags with a faraway look in his eyes. Here was his chance to rise and shine, maybe even ending up with a horse of his own. The whole post knew the CO was grimly determined to impress the local cowboys, eagerly awaiting his chance at the closing-day ceremonies. On that Saturday his best troop had been invited to give out at the Fair Grounds. And Larabee, filled with ranchers and rodeo riders, would be tougher than a Pendleton audience. And if Colonel Morgan then found out Ding-Dong had been on his side, furnishing him horses that gave like crazy, he would be so overwhelmed he would take him right off the stable detail, probably starting him as a guidon carrier.

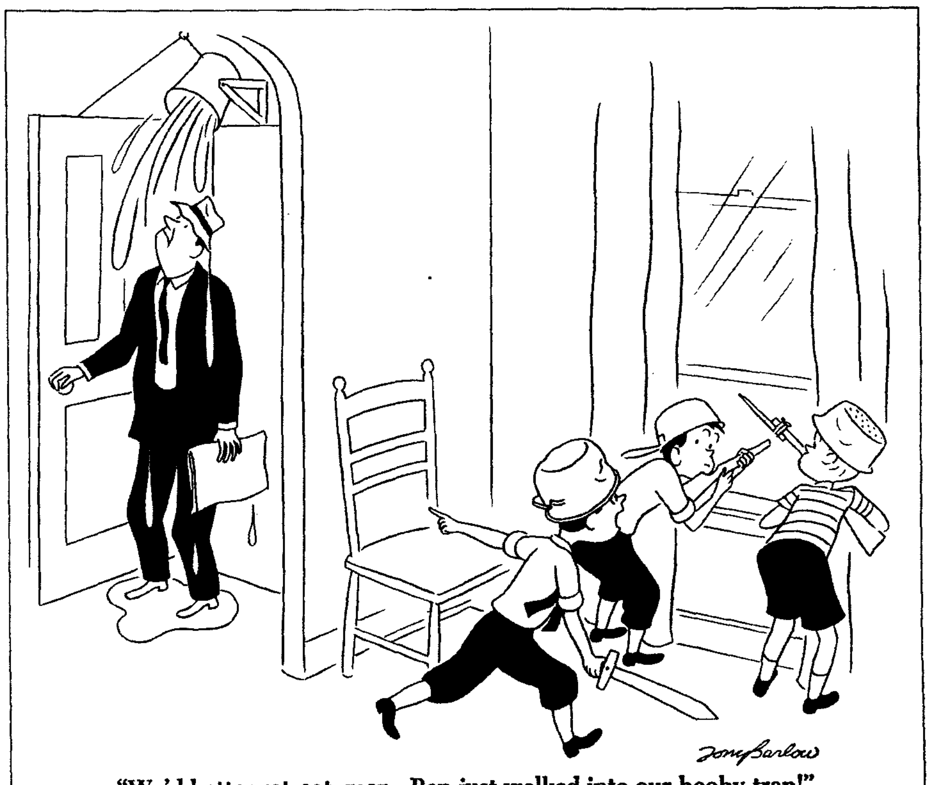
Cornering the sergeant, "Maybe," he said hopefully, "you could let me live with the horses a while? Then if one of them gets sick at night you got somebody to go for a doctor."

WHILE the sergeant had his private opinion of anyone who wanted to sit up holding hands with a horse, he consented. Anything was better than having to reason things out with his new hand. Ding-Dong, permitted to set up a cot in an empty stall, thoughtfully brought with him his precious licorice stick.

His indoctrination course for horses lacking oomph opened to full stalls at exactly ten o'clock that same evening. With Fort Bixel ghostly quiet at lights-out, Ding-Dong left his bed and, under the dim night light, set himself up for a one-man jam session. Hardly had he licked into Rampart Street Parade before his audience's eyes flew open. Ignoring their well-bred bewilderment, Dr. Williams went to work. The stables were far from the hutments and Gold Coast, and getting that old feeling, he let out the stops.

Needling his charges with all that was wild and eager in Dixieland jive, he widened their eyes with Ride, Red, Ride and I Want to Learn to Shimmy Like My Sister Kate. Horses who had never had their minds on anything more distant than their next meal began to twitch their tails. Growing more stimulated, they began to think darkly of certain cavalrymen who were, oddly enough, their riders. Longing for the days when they had been rugged individualists, loping where their whims took them, they were soon pawing their stalls, neighing for action. Come one, come all, they were ready.

Within forty-eight hours Ding-Dong knew he had them. No longer could his mounts take their jazz or leave it alone. The Rebel Yell helped. Never having met any cats who had personally heard the Rebel Yell at Gettysburg, he invented one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of his own, noodling around until he settled on a shrill E above C. Hearing that high call to battle, the horses went out of their mind, two of them kicking the boards loose in trying to get at Nasty. Now he knew what sent them, Ding-Dong took them on a night ride that lasted until the sun was streaking the parade grounds. Colonel Morgan was taking them out on a rehearsal that day and Ding-Dong wanted them to be real broncs.

When Colonel Morgan brought the troop in from the field that afternoon Private Williams was eagerly waiting at the stables, ready for his promotion. Decked in his parade best, trying to look like a Northwest Mounted policeman under his campaign hat, his large eyes were glowing. Now he had found his mounts all fired up, the colonel would probably order him into the saddle at once, even asking him to bring his clarinet along on bivouacs.

"Who's been doping these horses?" the colonel roared in a voice that exploded like a trench mortar. His frosty blue eyes bulging from his weatherbeaten face like overripe grapes, he grabbed Ding-Dong. "Look at 'em!" he stormed. "Just look at 'em! They'd make a jar-head mule look like Man o' War! Who's running this stable anyhow?"

While the sergeant came running as fast as his bowlegs would bring him, Ding-Dong, bolted to the floor with chagrin, stared at his long-eared hepcats. Glazed eyes met his, several of the more enthusiastic jitterbugs falling asleep then and there. Tails dragging, too spent to even flick the flies from their backs, they looked like remnants from a milk route.

"Why," the sergeant stammered, "I don't know what's happened."

"They're just knocked out," Ding-Dong said unhappily. "Maybe they hadda little too much jam last night."

"Jam?" roared Old Leather Britches. "Who's been issuing jam to these horses?"

"Well," Ding-Dong said bleakly, "now you mention it, it was me."

Trying his best, he tried to explain he had only been making with his clarinet after taps. "For horses they're real solid," he said. "They like their jive. Eight bars of the Rebel Yell, they're sent but good. You see, I was just trying to get them off that downbeat so they'd go like crazy over at Frontier Days. Only I sorta overdid things."

Brought up in the best Jeb Stuart tradition, Old Leather Britches came apart at the seams. "But that's not Army!" he croaked, already fearing this would reach the attention of the Cavalry Journal. "Not at all!" For all the campaign ribbons on his chest he was still a great believer in living as long as possible and he was edging toward the door. Ruddy with anguish, he gasped, "Call out the guard, sergeant! This man's a psycho!"

When he first entered the post hospital Ding-Dong was quite touched by all the attention he received. Not until two days had passed in which people kept peering at him through the little square in the door did he begin to wonder if this was strictly union. By Saturday morning when a nervous young medico kept tapping his knees and asked him if his mother had possibly been frightened at the way he grew up, Ding-Dong was becoming a bit worried. If he hadn't known better he wouldn't have answered at all.

"You leave my mother outta this," he said. "When I lost my lip she was the only one who understood. Everybody else thought I was washed up."

"When you lost your lip?" repeated the medico, his own paling. "I—I see you got it back all right."

"Naturally," said Ding-Dong, wondering if this doctor was real bright. "Hot men are always losing their lips. Twice I've lost mine just like that!"

"That's very interesting, Ding-Dong," the doctor said shakily. "Very. Well, I'll look in again Monday. Don't start chewing your mattress now."

When he left, Ding-Dong sat there a long time, fretting if being a psycho wasn't sort of a first cousin to a reefer. With people treating him like a broken-down oboe player he was beginning to feel like one. Growing more and more nervous, he paced his little room. Now he thought of it, it looked sort of like a cell. His despair mounted when peering from the one window he saw Colonel Morgan leading Troop 3 into Larabee for the closing day's ceremonies. Like all Saturday noons, the fort was almost deserted. Drearily realizing all the other soldiers would be out at the Fair Grounds watching his beloved horses, Ding-Dong sank down on his bunk.

"Hey, you," said the guard, "you got a visitor."

Looming behind him was Lady Rose Marie, big as life and looking it.

"What's this I hear about you being with strait jacket?" she demanded through the door. "You're not letting them get away with that, gate. How you going to get me into the Waacs while you're cooped up like this?"

With her big, homely face staring at him through the little square, all his misery came pouring out. Brokenly he told her how he had only been trying to give the horses a little oomph and then, when they got overtrained, the colonel had him locked up. Nobody would believe the horses had liked their jive. Whenever he brought it up they acted like he wasn't real bright.

Lady Rose Marie's brows met in a dark frown.

"That's the Army," she said bitterly. "They got no imagination. When they're not wanting a lady to scratch her back, they're locking up the number-one licorice stick. How you going to prove anything from in there?"

"That's it," he said miserably, "if they'd only let me go out to the Fair Grounds—" And then, lowering his voice, "Where's the guard?"

"Him?" Lady Rose Marie brightened. "You're right on the beam, Ding-Dong. What'll you bet he listens to reason?"

Within five minutes she had not only turned up with the guard's keys but had bustled Ding-Dong into her car. While they roared over the dusty road between the shaggy buttes Private Williams fell into a silence only short of a coma. Like it or not, he had to show Old Leather Britches he was telling the truth. Unless he could get the horses to prove it he would be spending the rest of the war cutting out paper dolls and things. Things.

"Quit frowning," she said. "You wanta look like a top kick?"

Not a store was open in Larabee. Over at the Fair Grounds, clouds of dust hid the rodeo riders bulldogging the last of the Brahma steers. Watching them from the wooden stands were townspeople and soldiers, brawny ranchers and cattlemen, all of them sweating in the sun. Dazzling in his dude-ranch getup, the Frontier Days master of ceremonies was bellowing at the crowd. Competing for their attention was a forty-piece cowboy band from Cheyenne.

"And now, folks," cried the announcer as the rodeo riders, having triumphantly circled the arena, galloped through a chute, "we have the cavalry troop from Fort Bixel! On your feet, everybody!"

With the Star-Spangled Banner the crowd's dust-choked voices boomed across the arena as the troop came loping in behind the flag, guidons waving. Led by Colonel Morgan they promptly broke from parade formation. Squadrons wheeled and turned, cutting the sharp patterns so dear to the cavalry. The audience, politely resigned to being bored after the breath-taking feats of the rodeo brethren, settled into their seats. Only the plump drum major from Cheyenne, bulging uncomfortably in his chaps, had his back

FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES
Royalton

The Pipe that makes a Good Tobacco Taste Better . . .

Men who choose tobaccos with care—make Royalton their pipe preference. For they know that good tobacco *and* this superb pipe complement each other to afford the utmost in smoking satisfaction.

Royalton Silver Crown $5.00 Choice Grains

Wherever Better Pipes are Sold . . .

© 1943, Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Pk., N. Y.

Lips Sun-parched and Swollen?

Use Chap Stick for fast relief. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal blisters and cracked skin and take down the unsightly puffiness. Use Chap Stick before exposure to *prevent* dry, parched lips. Be sure it's *Fleet's*—the one and only Chap Stick. 25 cents at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

Fleet's Chap Stick

On duty with U. S. Forces from Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

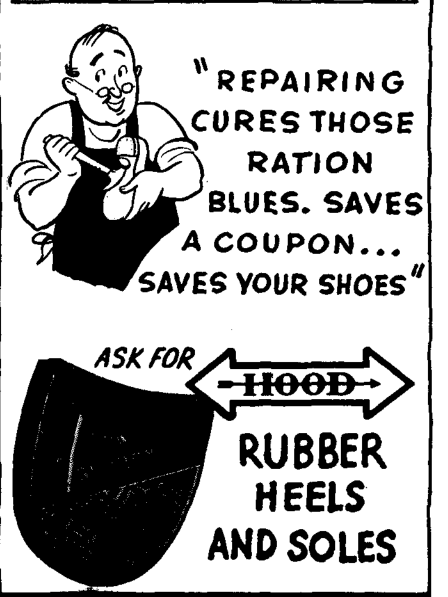
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Room with Bath $2.00 up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
←GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..



"REPAIRING CURES THOSE RATION BLUES. SAVES A COUPON... SAVES YOUR SHOES"

ASK FOR HOOD RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES

GET ANOTHER LIFE FROM OLD SHOES WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS

turned to the troops. He was being very hurt with his musicians.

"Wake up, fellowth," he pleaded. "Right through the Thtar-Thpangled Banner one of the reedth wath faking it. Leth quit playing like enemy alienth."

Hidden behind the bass-drum section Private Williams winced. Not until the drum major had turned his vast expanse of checkered shirt to the crowd did he peek out from under his wide-brimmed hat. Lost in his heavy vest, already itching under his vast, curly chaps, Ding-Dong hoped no one would ever learn he had played in a band with such a crummy beat. He hadn't had any choice. It was the only band around, and having lured the end clarinet off the stand with ten dollars, he had just made it onto the stand as the troop appeared. Now, with less chance of being shot for a deserter, he gazed bleakly on Colonel Morgan's men and their oomphless horses.

Wheeling through intricate cuts and turns, Old Leather Britches' disposition was as bad as Nasty's. Magazine cameramen, perched on the roof, had long since relaxed, lighting cigarettes. Relapsed into professional silence, the crowds watched the cavalry with a regrettable lack of enthusiasm. While the band blasted into There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, Ding-Dong knew the moment was at hand. Edging toward the microphone, he forgot his own troubles in wanting to make that crowd sell out.

SHRILLING across the arena went the Rebel Yell. Held high and piercing, it cut through the dust, cleaving the silence in one wild shriek.

Gone with the break, the mounts quivered, balked, ears pricking.

Holding it on that E above C, Ding-Dong's eyes grew as glazed as his horses' and he was away. Grabbing There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight for his get-off, he broke into Copenhagen. With the band still in there trying for a tie, he threw the books away. Biting into it he took a ride-out chorus, filled with wild riffs and licks, hardly aware that the greatest trick riding since Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders had broken out all over the arena. Nasty, giving one wild leap, took Leather Britches crashing right through one of his most cherished maneuvers, scattering cavalrymen throughout the Fair Grounds. With Ding-Dong's battle cry ten times as wild and compelling over that microphone, the other mounts, not conceding Nasty a single buck, took things into their own teeth. Bucking, leaping, they sought to unsaddle their riders that they might be alone with the clarinet.

Hardened cameramen almost tumbled from the roof in their furor at catching a true spectacle of the Old West. Ding-Dong, splitting the air in the wildest jam session ever heard north of Denver, wasn't aware of it. The plump drum major, quite beside himself, had seized God Bless America and found not even that was sacred. Out of this world, his guest clarinet grabbed that, too, working in twelve bars of Way Down Yonder in New Orleans.

FIGHTING their mounts all over the grounds, the cavalrymen stayed with them, as rodeo riders, perched on the fence, sought to reach the safety of the stands. From sheer necessity the yellowlegs, anxious to avoid a medical discharge, gave a performance never equaled outside the Pendleton Roundup. Colonel Morgan, as shattered as Nasty, bent to his back, furiously challenging the sorrel's efforts to scrape him off against the fence. Then, as suddenly as it had started, the stampede was over, Colonel Morgan taking eight bows while he wondered how his arteries had ever held out.

Lady Rose Marie, taking no chances on Ding-Dong being brought down by the MPs, had seized him from behind, was already streaking him back to Fort Bixel, glassy-eyed but happy at an afternoon's work well done.

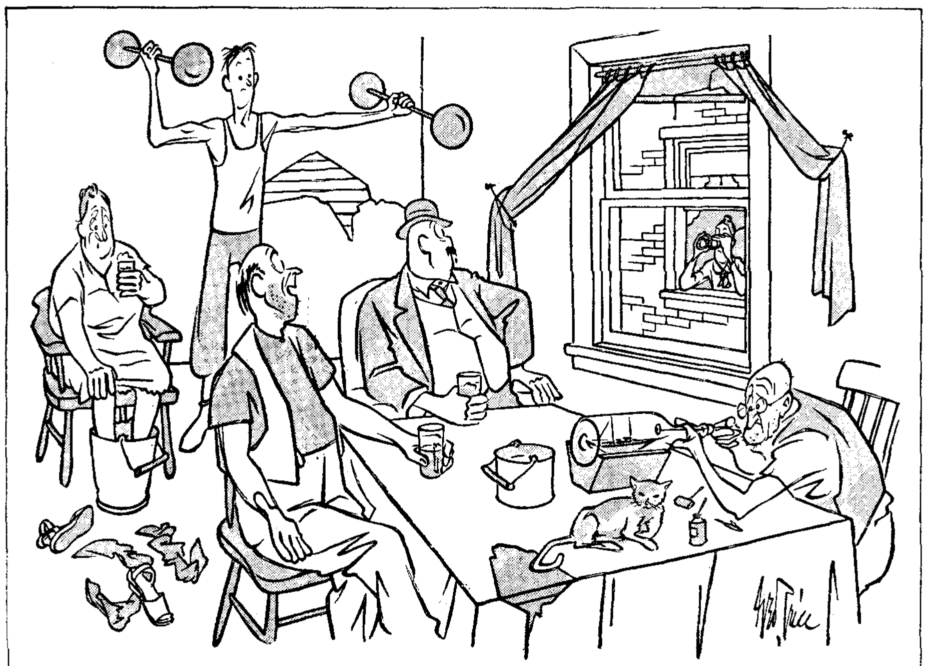
That very evening Old Leather Britches, properly offhand at the information that eleven rodeo riders had already sought to enlist at Bixel, had Private Williams brought to his quarters under heavy guard. When the door closed, he turned on him, his eyes blue slits in an icy face.

"Well, Williams," he barked, "what have you to say for yourself?"

Harassed as he was, "Nothing, sir," Ding-Dong said blankly. "I like the hospital real well. They bring me my meals and everything."

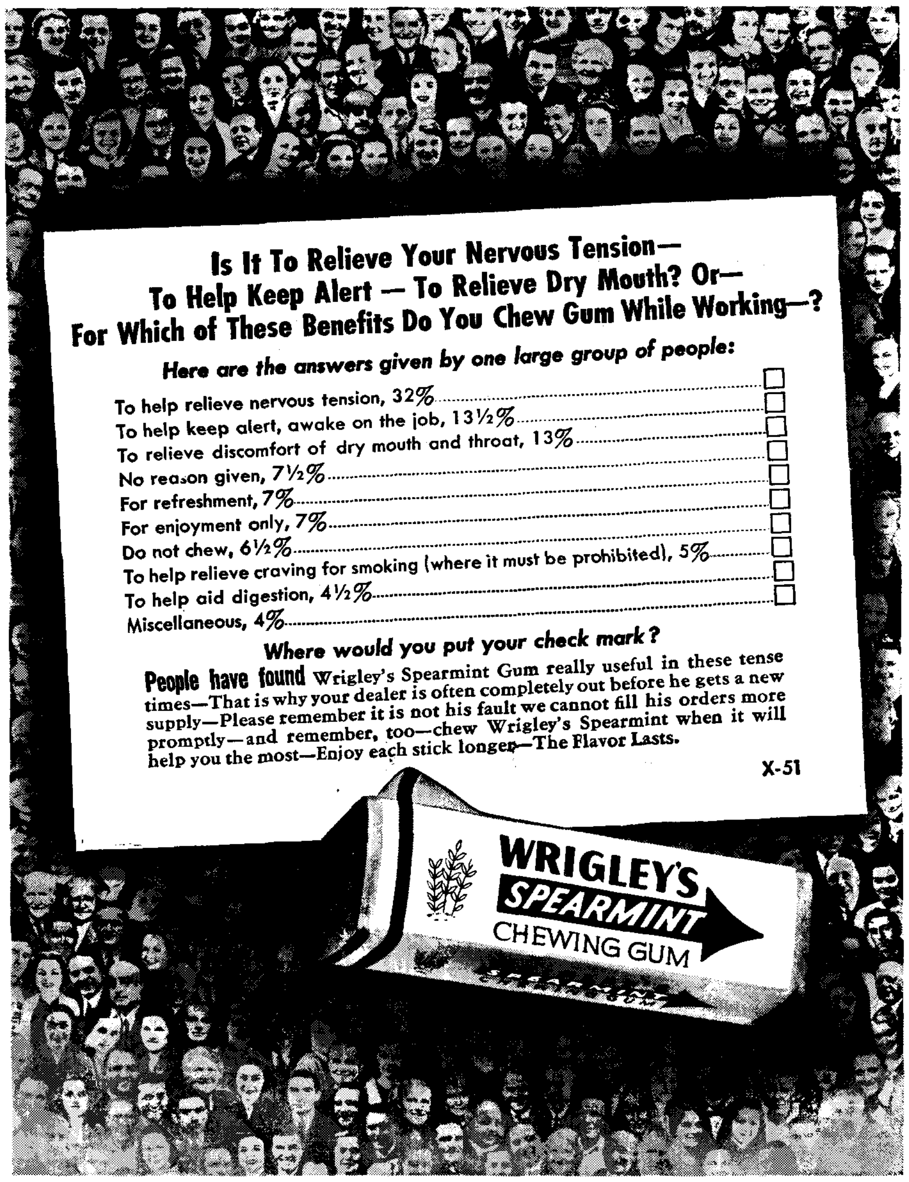
Filling the air with sulphur, the colonel informed him it was only through the Grace of God and awkwardness he wasn't court-martialing him then and there. Only too well aware that the case of the clarinet and the jitterbug horses might become a *cause célèbre,* he coughed then. "While it may not have come to your attention," he said, "we gave Larabee quite an exhibition this afternoon. Under the circumstances, I am even going to overlook the fact that a hospital guard was found thrust in a laundry hamper. But, dammit, I can't let any man undermine the whole cavalry! Monday you report to the Air Corps. And see to it you take that infernal clarinet with you!"

THE END



"Her own life is drab and uneventful, so we let her share ours"

COLLIER'S GEORGE PRICE



Is It To Relieve Your Nervous Tension—
To Help Keep Alert — To Relieve Dry Mouth? Or—
For Which of These Benefits Do You Chew Gum While Working—?

Here are the answers given by one large group of people:

To help relieve nervous tension, 32% ☐
To help keep alert, awake on the job, 13½% ☐
To relieve discomfort of dry mouth and throat, 13% ☐
No reason given, 7½% ☐
For refreshment, 7% ☐
For enjoyment only, 7% ☐
Do not chew, 6½% ☐
To help relieve craving for smoking (where it must be prohibited), 5% ☐
To help aid digestion, 4½% ☐
Miscellaneous, 4%

Where would you put your check mark?

People have found Wrigley's Spearmint Gum really useful in these tense times—That is why your dealer is often completely out before he gets a new supply—Please remember it is not his fault we cannot fill his orders more promptly—and remember, too—chew Wrigley's Spearmint when it will help you the most—Enjoy each stick longer—The Flavor Lasts.

X-51

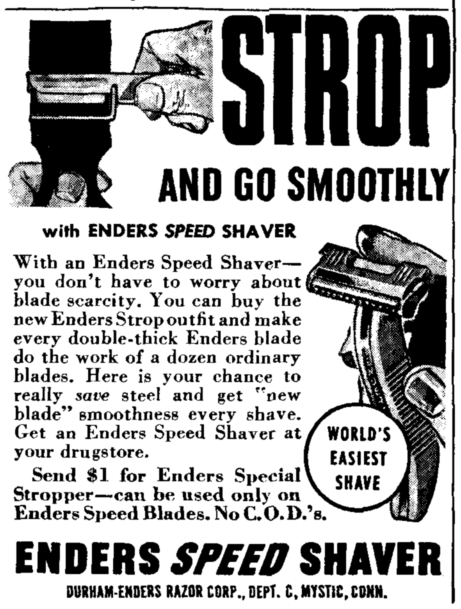
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
CHEWING GUM

BUY MORE BONDS
BRIGHT STAR FLASHLIGHT BATTERY

Batteries have gone to war,
In the air, on seas, on shore;
You can't buy them as before:
When it's over there'll be more.

BRIGHT STAR
BATTERIES

UNFAILING SERVICE
FOR 32 YEARS



STROP

AND GO SMOOTHLY

with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

WORLD'S EASIEST SHAVE

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. C, MYSTIC, CONN.

I'M SIZZLIN' FOR Squirt
DON'T FORGET THE Squirt
Squirt
Squirt
5¢

When you are sizzlin', try a bottle of Squirt... the lively, bubbly grapefruit drink that really quenches thirst. No matter how hot or busy the day... stop for Squirt and start fresh!

BIGGEST SELLING
GRAPEFRUIT DRINK
IN THE WORLD!

*A Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company. Copyright, 1943, The Squirt Company Beverly Hills, Calif.

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

"I will advertise thee what this people shall do..."

Numbers 24:14

WHAT made millions of us ransack our homes and yards and collect millions of pounds of aluminum and iron and copper for the government? Of course we wanted to help win the war. But what stimulated us on a particular day to start assembling the piles of old metal that became mountains of salvage?

What induced millions of us to buy War Bonds on a particular day? Yes, we wanted to use our dollars to help defeat and destroy Hitler and Mussolini and Hirohito. But who gave us the words and the urge to write our names down on pieces of paper at a set time and place? It is easy to delay where money is concerned.

The answers are obvious enough. Advertising was the tool our government used. Advertising is the tool our allies and our enemies also use. In London and in Moscow, as well as in Washington, in the dictator countries as well as among the democracies, advertising is the mechanism through which governments seek to bring about unity of action.

We and all other peoples have made fresh and important discoveries about advertising during these years of total war. To advertise is to make generally known. What we are learning is how various things are made generally known — how actually to inform people so that they will act.

The discoveries made are far-reaching in their meaning for us now and in the long future. Much has already been learned. More remains to be discovered. Already, informed statesmen recognize in advertising one of the great forces through which millions and tens of millions of people can be persuaded to act in unity for a common end.

For essentially advertising is the art of persuasion. Persuasion is the oldest and still the most valuable of all the weapons of statesmen. When Julius Caesar got ambitious he went to a Greek teacher of rhetoric to learn ingratiating speech. Mr. Churchill, best of the moderns, talks in the same tradition.

Advertising has not always kept such good company. When Barnum was creating sacred white elephants with a can of paint, advertising had some of the character of a trollop. There are still people in Washington, and elsewhere, who think that nothing, including advertising, has changed.

In Washington they are the people who think that advertising is just an extra and wholly unnecessary expense added to the cost of living. What they have never learned is that the high American standard of living and, in truth, the mighty industrial machine of America, is today the hope of all free people as a direct result of advertising.

For the American standard of living is founded on mass production. Advertising created the active desires that made possible national markets. The needs of national markets gave rise to the vast factories that have become our help and our refuge in this terrific struggle. Without advertising, our productive capacity would be only a small fraction of what it is today.

Good men and bad men have advertised. Sound products and shoddy products have been brought to the attention of the people. The businesses that grew great through advertising, however, produced honest commodities. Anything widely known has to be good if it is to survive. No amount of advertising will persuade people long to accept a poor product or a wrong idea.

Not even all business men have understood the meaning of the advertising force they were using. Some of the consumer spokesmen have been hostile thinking that if advertising were eliminated, the cost of a toothbrush or a motorcar or a life-insurance policy would be so much the less. There was never a more mischievous fallacy since Aesop wrote his fables. Cut out advertising and you have severed the spinal column of the national markets — the source and motive force of America's productive energies.

Yes, this magazine derives its revenues largely from advertising and so we are an interested witness. There's no denying that. An interested witness, if alert can, however, give a faithful record and an honest interpretation.

Consider the facts for yourself. Like many other human activities, advertising has developed and progressed, remarkably, during recent years. It is an art, not a science, and it is an art based on some very imperfect sciences. In its present uses advertising borrows the techniques of some of the social sciences — psychology, statistics and such. These are not perfect. Nor are the graphic arts that the advertiser also uses.

But make no mistake, advertising has arrived in this war. Our government faces a problem — inflation, for example. In such a matter the interests of every separate group are in conflict with our interest, as a whole people.

How are we going to behave and vote? As members of small groups, farmers, unionists, merchants, manufacturers? Or as citizens of a great nation, intent upon the common good?

Perhaps the only force that can lift us above our petty, separate interests is national advertising. It has the power, if anything has, to persuade us to work together, to forget our conflicting interests for the wartime, and to strive for the common safety of us all.

That's a job for any man. We will do it and, in large part, through advertising. We are learning some new things in this war and one of them is a clearer understanding of the nature of advertising.

Just to share our thoughts with somebody else—or our picnic lunch with a friend—helps us to keep our balance in a topsy turvy world. For millions of Americans the simple joys of companionship are made deeper, richer, more satisfying with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ . . . brewed with just he *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Reflection of No bitterness

Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
SCHLITZ

Just the KISS of the hops . . .

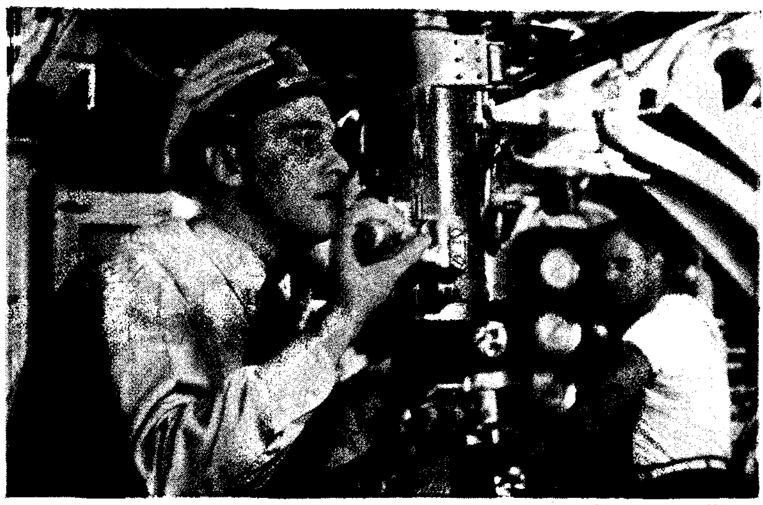
Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

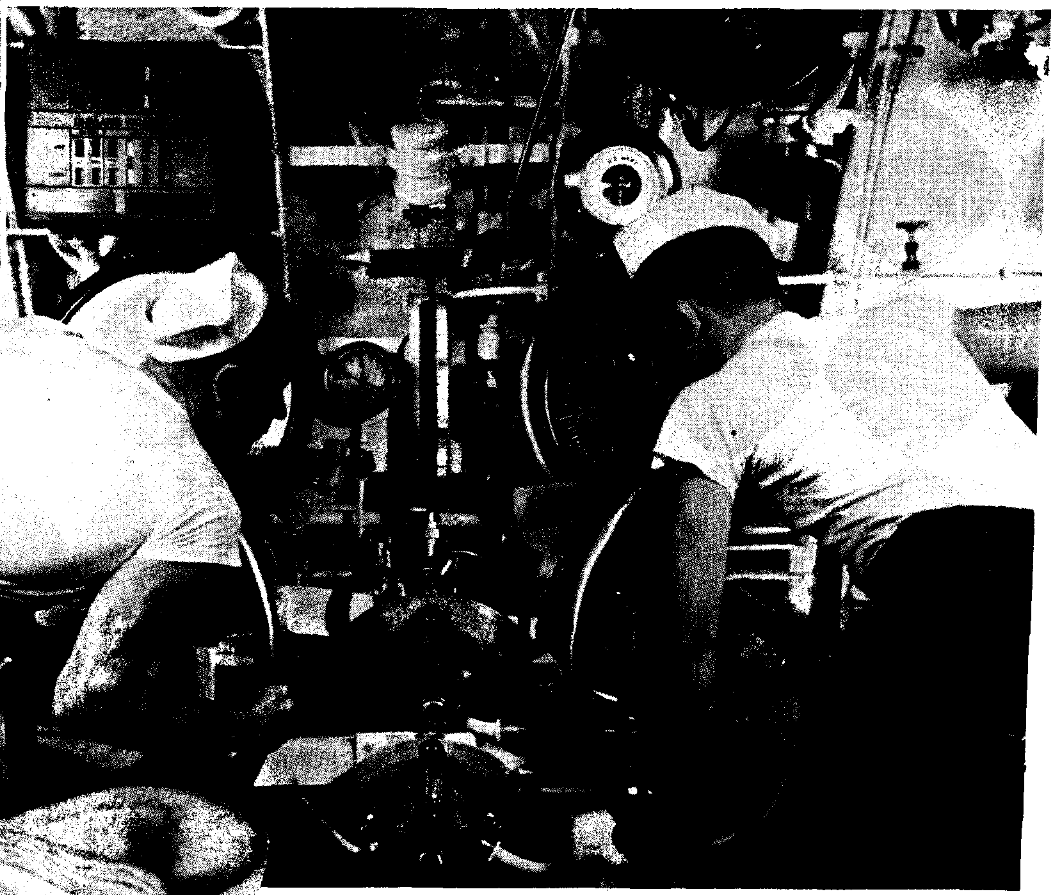
In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copyright 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



They've Got What it Takes



"UP PERISCOPE!" ↑

And, as the skipper's eye scans the horizon, every man of his crew is tensed for the words, "Target sighted!"

"TAKE 'ER DOWN!" →

...the men at the right lean into the bow and stern plane wheels...the ballast tanks are flooded—and the ocean swiftly closes over them.

● For days...weeks on end sometimes...they live in the close, cramped quarters of their cell of steel. And comforts are few and far between. Even the enjoyment of a smoke must be denied at times. But when it *is* permissible...*when the smoking lamp is lit**...you can write it down in your own smoking log that the preferred cigarette with men in the Navy is *Camel!*

"WHEN THE SMOKING LAMP IS LIT* IT'S CAMELS FOR ME! THEIR **FLAVOR** AND **MILDNESS** SUIT ME TO A 'T'"

**Smoking lamp is lit—sailor slang for "smoking permitted."*

FIRST

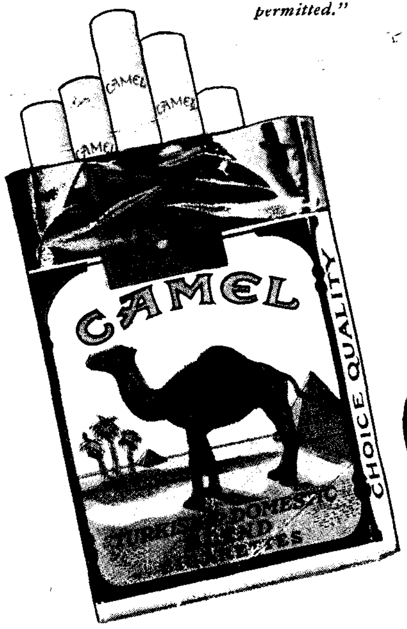
IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Navy, Coast Guard, Army, and Marines, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN CANTEENS AND POST EXCHANGES.)

ON the home front, too, your own job...factory, farm, or office...may not be so exciting as that of the men in the "Underseas Navy"—but it can be just as important, just as demanding in its way. That's why the smoking experiences of men in the service, and their preference for Camels, is worth your looking into. Light up a Camel yourself...try them on your own taste and throat. Try them on your own "T-Zone."

BUY
WAR BONDS
STAMPS

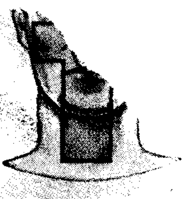


Camels

THE "T-ZONE"

—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.